The Complete PROSE of T. S. Eliot

The Critical Edition

VOLUME 8

Still and Still Moving,

1954–1965

edited by

JEWEL SPEARS BROOKER &

RONALD SCHUCHARD

VISIT…

The COMPLETE PROSE *of*
T. S. Eliot

RONALD SCHUCHARD, *General Editor*

The COMPLETE PROSE *of*

T. S. Eliot

THE CRITICAL EDITION

VOLUME 8: *Still and Still Moving, 1954-1965*

Edited by JEWEL SPEARS BROOKER and

RONALD SCHUCHARD

JOHNS HOPKINS
UNIVERSITY PRESS
BALTIMORE

faber and faber
LONDON

This book was brought to publication
with the assistance of the Hodson Trust.

Eliot Prose © Estate of TS Eliot 2019
Editorial Apparatus © Faber and Faber Ltd and
Johns Hopkins University Press 2019
All rights reserved. Published 2019
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Johns Hopkins University Press
2715 North Charles Street
Baltimore, MD 21218-4363
www.press.jhu.edu

ISBN-13 978-1-4214-0687-9
ISBN-10 1-4214-0687-X

CONTENTS

Still and Still Moving, 1954-1965, Introduction xi
Editorial Procedures and Principles xxv
Acknowledgments xxxv
List of Abbreviations xxxix
List of Illustrations xliii

PART I: Essays, Reviews, Addresses, and Public Letters

Items previously unpublished are indicated by a star (★); *items previously unrecorded in the Gallup bibliography are identified by a diamond* (♦).

1954
Introduction to *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound* 3
A Message. To the Editor of *The London Magazine* 11
On Poetry and Drama★ 14
Tribute to Wallace Stevens 20
Cold War Casualty. To the Editor of *The Times* 22
Preface to a Polish translation of *Murder in the Cathedral* 23
Clemenza per Ezra Pound: Una lettera di T. S. Eliot 24
To the Editor of *Poetry* 26
Mrs. Runcie's Pudding 27
A Note on *Monstre Gai*, by Wyndham Lewis 29
Books of the Year Chosen by Eminent Contemporaries [I] 35

1955
The Women of Trachis: A Symposium 37
Das Theater ist unersetzlich 38
Memorial Tribute for Paul Claudel 42
A Note on *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata*, by David Jones 44
Gordon Craig's Socratic Dialogues 47
Author and Critic★ 53
Goethe as the Sage 62
The Literature of Politics 85

A Letter from Mr. T. S. Eliot. Program for production of *Murder in the Cathedral*♦ 96
Mr. Donald Brace. To the Editor of *The Times* 97
Homage to Ezra Pound on his 70th Birthday 99
Address at the E. McKnight Kauffer Memorial Exhibition★ 101
Billy Graham versus M.R.A.★ 104

1956
Preface to Oriya translations of selected poems by T. S. Eliot 112
Tribute to Artur Lundkvist 113
Fr. Cheetham Retires from Gloucester Road 114
Poetry and the Schools 117
Christian Social Thought. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 119
The Frontiers of Criticism 121
Fun Fair Tower in Battersea Park. To the Editor of *The Times* 139
Kipling and the O.M. To the Editor of *The Manchester Guardian* 141
To Save or Not to Save. To the Editor of *Time and Tide* 143
Memorial Tribute for Arthur Stuart Duncan-Jones 145
Brief über Ernst Robert Curtius 147
Tribute to Ezra Pound 152
Foreword to *Symbolisme from Poe to Mallarmé: The Growth of a Myth*, by Joseph Chiari 153
"Pygmalion." To the Editor of *The Times* 157

1957
Das schöpferische Recht des Regisseurs 159
An Appeal to our Readers 161
The Importance of Wyndham Lewis 163
Wyndham Lewis 166
Statements on the Nuremberg Trials 172
Homage to Wyndham Lewis 1884-1957 174
Tribute to John Davidson 175
Classic Inhumanism [I]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 176
Classic Inhumanism [II]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 178
Speech to the BBC Governors 180
Johnson as Critic and Poet 185

Preface to *On Poetry and Poets*, by T. S. Eliot 225
The Spoken Word: Address for "Third Programme Entertainment" 228
Classic Inhumanism [III]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 231

1958

Preface to Oriya translations of *Selected Poems* by Ezra Pound 233
Personal Choice: Selected Poems by Metaphysical Poets★ 235
The Disembodied Voice. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 243
Message on Ezra Pound. To the Editor of *Books and Art* 245
Preface to *My Brother's Keeper*: *James Joyce's Early Years*, by Stanislaus Joyce 246
Speech on receiving an honorary degree at the University of Rome★ 249
B.B.C. Programmes [II]. To the Editor of *The Times* 255
B.B.C. Programmes [III]. To the Editor of *The Times* 257
The Silver Bough. To the Editor of *The Sunday Times* 259
Introduction to *The Art of Poetry*, by Paul Valéry 261
Address to the Lands Tribunal: London Library Rating Appeal★ 275
Memorial Tribute for Lady Margaret Rhondda. To the Editor of *Time and Tide* 279
Letter on Idris Davies 281
Bishop G. K. A. Bell. To the Editor of *The Times* 282
Message to the Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad 284
Very Rev. F. P. Harton. To the Editor of *The Times* 286
Independent Television. To the Editor of *The Times* 288
Books of the Year Chosen by Eminent Contemporaries [II] 290

1959

Rudyard Kipling. Address to the Académie septentrionale 293
Mr. Edwin Muir: Triumph of the Human Spirit. To the Editor of *The Times* 312
Memorial Tribute for Bishop G. K. A. Bell★ 314
The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling 317
Foreword to *Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Studies*, by J. Middleton Murry 323
The Panegyric: Memorial Tribute for Father Eric Cheetham 330
Memorial Tribute for Collin Brooks 334
Address for opening the Sheffield University Library 339

Memorial Tribute for Edwin Muir★ 344
Response on receipt of the Dante Gold Medal 358
A Note of Homage to Allen Tate 362
Letter on Sean O'Casey 364
Memorial Tribute for Nora Wydenbruck. To the Editor of *The Times* 365
Greeting to the Staatstheater Kassel 367
London Library. To the Editor of *The Times* 370
Address at the Centennial Celebration of the Mary Institute 372
Il grande statista. Una lettera di Eliot e la traduzione del titolo 378

1960
To the Editor of *Ukraine and the World* 380
Foreword to *One-Way Song*, by Wyndham Lewis 382
Memorial Tribute for Adriano Olivetti♦ 385
The Influence of Landscape upon the Poet 387
Speech at the Royal Academy of Arts dinner★ 391
Memorial Tribute for May Lamberton Becker★ 396
Religion in America★ 398
On Teaching the Appreciation of Poetry 405
Tribute to Giuseppe Ungaretti♦ 416
T. S. Eliot Replies [re *Cocktail Party*]. To the Editor of *Encounter* 418
Autobiographical Note: *Harvard Class of 1910 Fiftieth Anniversary Report* 419
Mr. Eliot's Progress. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 423
Mr. T. S. Eliot. To the Editor of *The Sunday Express* 425
Greeting to Landestheater Linz 426
Wyndham Lewis. To the Editor of *The Observer* 428

1961
Bruce Lyttleton Richmond 430
Preface to *John Davidson*: *A Selection of his Poems*, edited with an Introduction by Maurice Lindsay. With an essay by Hugh McDiarmid 434
Sir Geoffrey Faber: A Poet among Publishers 437
Not Consulted: New English Bible [I]. To the Editor of *The Sunday Express* 442
Preface to *Poems and Verse Plays*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal 443
New English Bible [II]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 445

New English Bible [III]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 447
New English Bible [IV]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 449
Belief in the Existence of the Devil. To the Editor of *The Church Times*♦ 450
New English Bible [V]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 451
Memorial Tribute for Geoffrey Faber 453
To Criticize the Critic 456
Preface to an Exhibition Catalog for E. McKnight Kauffer★ 475
Mögen Sie Picasso? 478
A Note of Introduction to *In Parenthesis*, by David Jones 479

1962
Memorial Tribute for Harriet Weaver 482
New English Bible [VI]. To the Editor of *The Times* 485
The Rules of English. To the Editor of *The Times* 486
Memorial Tribute for Violet Schiff 487
New English Bible [VII]. To the Editor of *The Times* 489
Shakespeare's Tomb [I]. To the Editor of *The Times* 490
Shakespeare's Tomb [II]. To the Editor of *The Times* 491
Tribute to Victoria Ocampo♦ 492
Memorial Tribute for Sylvia Beach. To the Editor of *The Times* 493
Poetry and Criticism [I]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 496
Poetry and Criticism [II]. To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* 497
George Herbert 498
Going into Europe: A Symposium 529
T. S. Eliot on the Language of the New English Bible [VIII] 530

1963
Words and Meaning in the New [English] Bible [IX]. To the Editor of *The Sunday Telegraph* 537
Revision of the Prayer Book: New English Bible [X]. To the Editor of *The New Daily* 538
Response to the Catholic Book Club Campion Award★ 540

The "Cambridge School" and the New Morality. To the Editor of *The Church Times* 542
Introduction for the Poetry Book Society's Festival of Poetry 545
Landlord's Identity. To the Editor of *The Times* 547
Memorial Tribute for Louis MacNeice. To the Editor of *The Times* 548
Anti-Semitism in Russia. To the Director of the 92nd Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association 550
A Note on *The Tower*. *Selected Plays and Libretti*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal 552

1964
Tribute to Wilfred Owen 554
Memorial Tribute for Richard Aldington 555
On Translation: A Note on George Seferis 557
Memorial Tribute for Aldous Huxley 559
Split Infinitive. To the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph* 563
Preface to *Selected Poems*: *Edwin Muir* 564
Tribute to Georg Svensson on his 60th birthday★ 568
Tribute to Mario Praz 569
A Note on *The Criterion 1922-1939* 570
Memorial Tribute for John Fitzgerald Kennedy★ 572
Autobiographical Note: Class of 1910 Valedictory Tribute for T. S. Eliot 573

PART II: Signed Letters and Documents with Multiple Authorship

Copyright Bill. To the Editor of *The Times* (24 Oct 1956)♦ 579
A Message to Tito (14 Jan 1957)♦ 581
Special Duty of the B.B.C.: Future of Sound Broadcasting. To the Editor of *The Times* (26 Apr 1957)♦ 583
Hungarian Writers on Trial. To the Editor of *The Times* (29 Oct 1957)♦ 584
Letter to Hungarian Prime Minister János Kádár (1 Feb 1958)♦ 586
B.B.C. Programmes [I]. To the Editor of *The Times* (19 Feb 1958)♦ 589
Plan for Memorial to A. H. Bullen. To the Editor of *The Times* (23 Mar 1960)♦ 591
Appeal for Little Gidding Church. To the Editor of *The Times* (26 Nov 1960)♦ 592
Pilkington Report. To the Editor of *The Times* (4 July 1962)♦ 593

Index 595

STILL AND STILL MOVING, 1954-1965
Introduction

Old men ought to be explorers
Here and there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity
For a further union, a deeper communion . . .
East Coker, V

T. S. Eliot's meditations on aging in *Four Quartets* cast a forward light on the life and work of his autumnal years. "Old men ought to be explorers," muses the poet in *East Coker*, not in time ("here and now"), not in space ("here and there"), but in depth, moving deeper into a realm "where the darkness shall be the light and the stillness the dancing," and in height, moving higher "into another intensity." Intellectually and spiritually, such exploration – "I said to my soul, be still" – requires cultivation of the core principle of biblical and Buddhist meditation. Eliot uses a variety of images in *Four Quartets* to point to this resonant and essentially mystical paradox. His simultaneous commitment to both sides of the paradox is evident in the prose published during his final decade. The depth of insight in his essays and speeches suggests that he had tasted the inner freedom that comes from disciplined stillness, and the awareness of time past and time future in his meditations reveals that he was still moving.

Still and Still Moving contains the prose that Eliot composed between 1954 and 1965 and one major essay, "Johnson as Critic and Poet," written in 1944 but not published until 1957. Most of the pieces are occasional, in that the shorter pieces were written to commemorate the life and work of friends or to comment on current events, and the longer ones responded to the receipt of honors or awards. The voice in previous volumes of the prose tends to be impersonal, reflecting Eliot's position on personality in "Tradition and the Individual Talent"; the voice in *Still and Still Moving*, even in formal speeches, is far more subjective. Eliot removes his mask and shares memories and lists facts about and milestones in his life and work. These autobiographical moments include the "Class of 1910" reports that he periodically

submitted to Harvard and the memories of childhood and youth that he shared in 1959 with audiences in St. Louis, Missouri, and in Brookline, Massachusetts, across the river from Harvard. As shown by a steady stream of letters to the editors of various periodicals, he continued throughout the 1950s to participate in debates on political, civic, and religious issues. In addition, he penned dozens of tributes to and memorials for old friends, some of whom he had known since the early London years. These moving panegyrics constitute a running *memento mori*, both for himself and for his readers. The figure of an old explorer who cultivates being "still and still moving" recurs throughout *Four Quartets*, culminating in the image of homecoming in the last paragraph of *Little Gidding*: "We shall not cease from exploration / And the end of all our exploring / Will be to arrive where we started / And know the place for the first time."

Most of the longer essays in *Still and Still Moving* originated as addresses to audiences who expected Eliot to speak on his vocation as critic and poet. These occasions nudged him to retrospection regarding his signature subjects – literary criticism and poetry. He does not, however, simply repeat his well-known early views on these topics but reconsiders them in the light of decades of experience. In "The Frontiers of Criticism," for example, Eliot reconsiders positions articulated in 1923 in "The Function of Criticism." Some of these late writings originated as introductions or prefaces to contemporaries he knew and admired, such as Pound and Valéry; others as re-engagements with older poets, notably Herbert and Goethe, whom he had undervalued earlier in his career. Although most of Eliot's comments on religion and politics are represented in this volume by his voluminous letters to editors, three speeches on these topics are here included: two on contemporary religion to friends in the All Souls Club and one on political prose to associates in the Conservative Union.

I. A PORTRAIT OF THE POET AS AN OLD MAN

The drift toward subjectivity in late Eliot is beautifully illustrated by the speech he gave in 1955 at Hamburg University following his receipt of the Hanseatic Goethe Prize. As a way of connecting with his audience, he numbers Goethe, whose work he had previously disparaged, as one of the friends occupying a place of honor in his office.

> On the mantelpiece of my office room there has stood for some fifteen years and more, among portraits of literary friends, the facsimile of a

> drawing of Goethe in old age. . . . Goethe stands with his hands clasped behind his back; the shoulders are bent and the posture stooping; but although the body may be weakened by infirmities, it is obviously still ruled by a vigorous mind. . . . we are in the presence of a man who combines the vitality of youth with the wisdom of age. (8.62)

Ten years after the Goethe speech, the day after Eliot's death on 4 January 1965, his office was photographed, and just as he had said, there along with portraits of his wife, Valerie, and friends, such as Virginia Woolf, Marianne Moore, Djuna Barnes, Groucho Marx, and Igor Stravinsky, is the drawing of "Goethe in old age" (illustration 15). Eliot goes on to describe the Goethe of the portrait as "serene, alert and critical," a figure who, in his unique combination of innate wisdom and poetic speech, exemplifies both the "true sage" and the "great European poet." This charming vignette is followed by several pages outlining "the mutation of my own attitude towards Goethe." Apologizing for this "egotistic frivolity," he explains, "After middle age, . . . I find that there may be a few authors whom I have never really known, in the sense of intimacy and ease, with whom I must settle my account before I die" (8.65). In a gesture that reinforces the impression that the drawing of Goethe is, at least aspirationally, a self-portrait, Eliot concludes his speech by returning to the beginning. The understanding that in Goethe "the wisdom and the poetry are inseparable . . . is something I have only come to perceive in becoming a little wiser myself. Thus I return to gaze at the features of the Goethe on my mantelpiece" (8.80).

A portrait, by definition, is static, and despite his extended account of the evolution of his views on Goethe, Eliot's musings on the portrait itself reflect more stillness than movement. His "Class of 1910" submissions to Harvard, on the other hand, reveal movement in time. Taken together, the fortieth, fiftieth, and fifty-fifth anniversary reports underscore the fact that his final years fall into two sharply delineated periods. The bright line of demarcation was his marriage on 10 January 1957 to Valerie Fletcher, a moment of sudden reversal from darkness to light, degeneration to rejuvenation, acquiescent misery to incandescent happiness. The fortieth anniversary report, submitted in 1950, is brief and dark:

> My wife Vivienne Haigh died January, 1947. No vacations. No ideas. I have produced one book *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* and one play *The Cocktail Party*. I have visited Paris, Rome, Stockholm, and Germany, mostly lecturing. Visited New York (1946), as representative

> of Faber & Faber Ltd., and Princeton (1948) as guest of the Institute of Advanced Study. (7.481)

In contrast, the fiftieth anniversary report in 1960 is rich in detail and exudes a sense of well-being. After listing awards, decorations, memberships, and publications, Eliot submits a mildly humorous autobiographical narrative. He notes "two important qualifications" to his twenty-fifth anniversary report: "I now prefer claret to burgundy, and I prefer Inspector Maigret to Arsène Lupin." The commission to write *The Rock* in 1933, he claims, was a landmark – "the year in which I broke into Show Business." He compares his routine in the 1930s – "five days a week at my office, reading manuscripts, interviewing authors, dictating letters, and editing *The Criterion* as well as publishing books" – with that of the last few years – "I appear at my office only on three days of the week, and I write very few blurbs." He mentions the successful production of *The Elder Statesman*, his seventieth birthday party, and his interest in the London Library and the revision of the Psalter (8.421). The passage from misery to contentment, he testifies, was paved by his marriage. "As for my satisfactions – the greatest, most complete and abiding satisfactions are those which spring from my marriage . . . to Valerie Fletcher; and without the satisfaction of this happy marriage, no achievement or honor could give me satisfaction at all" (8.422).

The *volte-face* associated with Eliot's marriage accelerated a resurgence of memories that had begun with the invitation to give the centennial address in 1953 at Washington University in St. Louis, an institution founded by his grandfather. His remarks on "American Literature and the American Language" are there framed by memories of his grandfather and of Smith Academy, originally a department in Washington University (7.792). In 1959, as part of a pilgrimage to introduce his wife to America, Eliot gave two speeches that reflect a dialectical recovery of joy in his memories of America. In October, on the occasion of receiving the Emerson-Thoreau Medal from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Brookline, Massachusetts, he spoke on "The Influence of Landscape upon the Poet." The speech is a paean to the river and the sea – "the Mississippi, as it passes between St. Louis and East St. Louis" and the Atlantic Ocean and "coastal New England . . . from June to October" (8.389). Three weeks later, in St. Louis, he gave the centennial address at Mary Institute, founded by his grandfather and attended by his four sisters. This speech, brief and intimate, consists almost entirely of memories of himself as a small boy at play, not old enough to go

to school. Eliot follows both of the 1959 addresses by reading *The Dry Salvages*, a poem that, despite its titular reference to the New England coast, frames a bigger picture. It "begins where I began, with the Mississippi; and . . . ends where I and my wife expect to end, at the parish church of a tiny village in Somerset" (8.189).

Eliot's final report to Harvard, submitted in late December 1964, only days before his death, is as brief as the fortieth anniversary report, but strikingly dissimilar in tone. He now takes frequent vacations "in warmer climes" with his wife "who takes wonderful care of me." He reports that *Collected Poems 1909-62* has been published and expresses pleasure at having received the Presidential Medal of Freedom. The arrival of this report in Cambridge coincided with the announcement of his death in London. Two of his former classmates appended a valedictory tribute. Recalling happy days with Eliot at Harvard and over the years, they concluded: "How extraordinarily lucky we were to have had him as one of us" (8.575). On 8 January, four days after Eliot's death, President Lyndon Johnson wrote to Valerie to express his sympathy and that of the American people:

> Few men in our time have contributed so richly to literature . . . the bestowal upon him of the Order of Merit, the Nobel Prize, and the Presidential Medal of Freedom testify that his spirt and his craftsmanship won a lasting place in the land of his adoption, in the country of his birth, and in the international community of letters.

Despite his late happiness, the portrait of Eliot emerging from *Still and Still Moving* remains a study in chiaroscuro. His last years were streaked with shadows cast by his failing health and that of his friends. Decades of smoking cigarettes and living in damp industrial London left him with the emphysema that was to claim his life. His condition was aggravated by transatlantic crossings to New York, Boston, Minneapolis, and Chicago to lecture and to visit his sisters in Boston and Pound in St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, DC. During the 1950s, he was forced to spend weeks on end in the London Clinic and part of each winter in more hospitable climes. Before his marriage, he was accompanied on winter rest cures by friends, including Geoffrey and Enid Faber, who sailed with him to South Africa in 1950 and again for ten weeks in 1954. Beginning in 1957, he was accompanied by his wife on visits to America and long winter holidays in Jamaica or the Bahamas.

Many of Eliot's contemporaries, equally advanced in age, died during the 1950s. His brief prose pieces include over a dozen special tributes and two dozen obituaries. There are a number of birthday greetings – Pound on his seventieth, Wallace Stevens on his seventy-fifth, and Bruce Richmond on his ninetieth. Some of the memorial pieces are for literary friends he had known for more than four decades, including Wyndham Lewis, Richard Aldington, Sylvia Beach, Harriet Weaver, Aldous Huxley, and Violet Schiff. Eliot also published elegiac tributes for professional friends such as his illustrator McKnight Kauffer, his business partner Geoffrey Faber, his Harcourt Brace editor Donald Brace, and his *Times Literary Supplement* editor Bruce Richmond. Beginning in the 1930s, his circle of friends expanded to include co-religionists, notably Father Eric Cheetham and Bishop George Bell, both included in his memorials. The tributes for Bishop Bell and Edwin Muir were in the form of broadcasts, and that for McKnight Kauffer featured an exhibition.

A disproportionate number of Eliot's tributes are related to Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis. Pound and Lewis, among the first to support Eliot when he arrived in London in 1914 and 1915, had fallen on hard times, and Eliot worked tirelessly to improve their situations and preserve their reputations. Pound was confined in St. Elizabeths, and Lewis was blind and living in a condemned flat in the Notting Hill section of postwar London. Eliot visited Pound on his trips to America and campaigned for his early release. In 1954, as part of an attempt to keep Pound's achievements in the public eye during the long period of his confinement (1946-58), he edited a selection of Pound's literary essays and wrote a substantial introduction demonstrating "the central importance of Pound's critical writing in the development of poetry during the first half of the twentieth century." He also praised Pound's generosity to other poets, his translations of foreign writers, and his gifts as a teacher and publicist for the arts (8.4).

Lewis, in contrast to Pound, was at hand in London, one of several reasons his situation was for Eliot more urgent than that of Pound. When Lewis returned to London after the war, he insisted on reoccupying his old flat in Notting Hill, in spite of the fact that it had been condemned due to bombing. Eliot and Ashley Dukes tried to get him to move, but blind and seriously ill, he refused, and remained at his desk even as the demolition crew moved in. As he had with Pound, Eliot did what he could to keep Lewis's writing in view. In 1954, he read *Monstre Gai*, part of a then unfinished trilogy, in manuscript and wrote an introduction to the trilogy in the context

of Lewis's other writing. He referred to Lewis as "the most distinguished living English novelist" (8.32) and as "one of the few men of letters in my generation whom I should call, without qualification, men of genius" (8.174). Eliot extends this lavish praise in three obituary pieces which intersperse his memories of Lewis with special praise for the writing Lewis did after he was totally blind.

II. A PORTRAIT OF THE CRITIC IN OLD AGE

The increased subjectivity that characterizes Eliot's later essays culminates in his convocation address at the University of Leeds on 1 July 1961, published posthumously as "To Criticize the Critic." The subtitle, he told Robert Giroux on 27 July, was "A Retrospective View of my Own Literary Criticism." In the opening sentences, Eliot explains how he will proceed. "In casting an eye over my own literary criticism of the last forty-odd years I hope . . . to draw some conclusions, some plausible generalizations." In justification, he points out that "there is no other critic, living or dead, about whose work I am so well informed as I am about my own" (8.456). What follows is a bird's-eye sketch of himself as a literary critic, beginning with his work for the *Egoist* in 1917. In order to place himself in the history of criticism, he lists five kinds of critic, ending with the type that he considers himself to be: "the critic who is also a poet," one whose criticism is "a by-product of his creative activity." For inclusion in this hybrid category, the critic "should be known primarily for his poetry, but . . . his criticism should be distinguished for its own sake." His primary examples of the poet-critic are Coleridge and Johnson, but he also mentions Dryden, Racine, and Arnold. "It is into this company that I must shyly intrude" (8.458).

Eliot's analysis of his own work is based on a distinction "between the essays of generalization (such as 'Tradition and the Individual Talent') and appreciations of individual authors" (8.462). The first is largely deductive, moving from conviction to evidence, from a theory of literature to comments on individual poems; the second is largely inductive, moving from individual poets and poems to generalizations about literature. After rereading all of his literary criticism, Eliot concludes that he will be remembered primarily for his essays on poets with whom he had identified and whose work had shaped his own.

> My best work . . . [is] concerned with writers who had influenced me in my poetry. . . . that part of my criticism concerned with writers towards

> whom I felt gratitude and whom I could praise wholeheartedly, is the part in which I continue to feel most confidence as the years pass. (8.468)

Eliot's reputation owes much to the essays of generalization, perceived by the New Critics and others as outlining a coherent theory of literature. But at some level, he insists, even those theoretical essays originated in his poetry workshop. Referring to doctrines such as the "objective correlative" and the "dissociation of sensibility," he adds:

> As for the phrases of generalization which have been so often quoted, I am convinced that their force comes from the fact that they are attempts to summarize, in conceptual form, direct and intense experience of the poetry that I have found most congenial. (8.468)

Still and Still Moving includes Eliot's last important essay of generalization, the 1956 lecture on "The Frontiers of Criticism," and three of his most substantial essays on individual poets, the 1944 lectures on Johnson, the 1959 lecture on Kipling, and the 1962 booklet on Herbert.

"The Frontiers of Criticism" originated as a lecture at the University of Minnesota in 1956. It was presented in a sports arena to an audience numbering nearly 14,000, an indication that Eliot had become the equivalent of a rock star in the arts. His friend Allen Tate, at this time a professor at the university, was instrumental in securing the invitation and had the pleasure of introducing him. Tonight's speaker, he said, "is an old friend whom I would acknowledge as my master," and alluding to Dante's description of Aristotle in *Inferno* IV as the "maestro di color che sanno," he refers to Eliot as the "*maestro di color che scrivono*" (8.135, n.1). Tate, a poet and an essayist who had served as the Poet Laureate of the United States and a consultant to the Library of Congress, was a leading New Critic, a fact that is germane to Eliot's argument in the lecture. More than any other essay in his critical canon, "The Frontiers of Criticism" addresses his kinship with the New Critics.

"The Frontiers of Criticism" is a companion piece to a foundational document for the New Critics, Eliot's 1923 essay, "The Function of Criticism." Being "essays of generalization," both are essentially deductive. Each begins with a theory and then brings in examples that support it. The principle common to both the essay and the lecture is defined in the 1923 essay as the autonomy of literature and the contingency of criticism. "I have assumed as axiomatic that a . . . work of art is autotelic; and that criticism, by

definition, is about something *other* than itself." "No exponent of criticism has . . . ever made the preposterous assumption that criticism is an autotelic activity" (2.464, 459). The function of literary criticism, he argues, is to deal with literature as literature, not as history or psychology or sociology. When criticism deals with literature as anything other than literature, it has crossed a frontier and morphed into something else. Over thirty years later, in "The Frontiers of Criticism," he continues to defend this principle and argues further that the end of criticism should be "to promote the understanding and enjoyment of literature" (8.132).

> If in literary criticism, we place all the emphasis upon *understanding*, . . . we are in danger of slipping from understanding to mere explanation. We are in danger of pursuing criticism as if it was a science. . . If, on the other hand, we over-emphasize *enjoyment*, we will tend to fall into the subjective and impressionistic, and our enjoyment will profit us no more than mere amusement." (8.134–35)

In both 1923 and 1956, Eliot is articulating the theory that criticism has a frontier. He points out that, in 1923, he had been focused on criticism that had veered across the boundary into subjectivity – namely, the Romantic criticism that depends on "the inner voice" (2.461), whereas in 1956, he is focused on the other extreme, criticism that has veered over into objectivity, treating criticism as science. The first privileges enjoyment; the second privileges understanding. "Thirty-three years ago," he recalls, it was "the impressionistic that had caused the annoyance I felt . . . to-day, . . . we need to be more on guard against the purely explanatory" (8.135). His example of excessive explanation, however, is not taken from contemporary criticism but from a famous older book, John Livingston Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu* (1927). Based on an exhaustive study of Coleridge's reading before and during the composition of "Kubla Khan" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Lowes coordinates the images in the poems with sources in Coleridge's reading. Eliot maintains that *The Road to Xanadu* was "an investigation of process," which was "beyond the frontier of literary criticism." "No one, after reading this book, could suppose that he understood *The Ancient Mariner* any better" (8.126).

In the end, Eliot agrees with his host Allen Tate in "The Limits of Criticism" and William Wimsatt in "The Intentional Fallacy" (1946) that the meaning of a poem cannot be deciphered by probing the poet's intention or by explaining its origins. Too much information about the origin

of a poem distracts "from *the poem as poetry*, instead of leading us in the direction of understanding" (8.133). When a great poem is written, Eliot concludes, "something new has happened, something that cannot be wholly explained by *anything that went before*" (8.129–30).

In "The Frontiers of Criticism" (as in "To Criticize the Critic"), Eliot claims that his essays on individual poets are stronger than his essays of generalization. "I wrote best about poets whose work had influenced my own, and with whose poetry I had become thoroughly familiar, long before I desired to write about them." The criticism came later and was secondary, a "by-product of my private poetry-workshop," "a prolongation of the thinking that went into the formation of my own verse" (8.124).

Despite its eponymous title, "Goethe as the Sage" does not fit into Eliot's "appreciations" category. As suggested in the title and confirmed by the subtitle, "A Discourse in Praise of Wisdom" (8.62), it is an "essay of generalization," an appreciation of a special kind of poetic wisdom, an appropriation of the "serenity" he read in the "large and luminous" eyes and the complexity he perceived in the "benign and mephistophelian" expression of the Goethe on his mantlepiece (8.62). Furthermore, Eliot repeatedly says that his best essays have been on authors whose poetry he loved and absorbed. But Goethe's work was not formative for Eliot, a fact underscored by the long apology in the lecture. Like Eliot's other essays of generalization, "Goethe as the Sage" contains almost no quotations from the poetry.

Still and Still Moving contains three long essays on writers whose work Eliot had loved for decades and whose influence was formative – Samuel Johnson, Rudyard Kipling, and George Herbert. As indicated in his numerous essays on Kipling and his 1930 preface to "The Vanity of Human Wishes," his engagement with two of these writers began in childhood. "Johnson as Critic and Poet" consists of two lectures Eliot gave at the University of North Wales in 1944, the first on *Lives of the Poets* and the second on Johnson's poetry (8.214, n.1). Written ten years before the period encompassed in *Still and Still Moving*, it anticipates the argument in "The Frontiers of Criticism" and confirms the retrospective in "To Criticize the Critic." As in the later pieces, Eliot places Johnson with Coleridge and Dryden as "one of the three greatest critics of poetry in English literature" and associates their excellence with the fact that they were first and foremost poets. But instead of generalizing about poet-critics, he focuses narrowly on passages from *Lives of the Poets* and on poems such as "The Vanity

of Human Wishes." Quoting extensively from both *Lives* and the poems, he concludes with generalizations about the value of a common style and the importance of surrendering to an earlier author steeped in history.

In 1957, Eliot was invited to be a member of Académie septentrionale in Paris, and as part of the ceremony, to give an "address in praise of Rudyard Kipling," a previous recipient of the prize. Given his lifelong engagement with Kipling, Eliot agreed and in 1958 gave the address later published in the *Mercure de France* as "Rudyard Kipling." The speech is clearly one of his "appreciations of individual authors." He recounts his early love of *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and discusses Kipling's poetry in detail. As in all of Eliot's "appreciations," the paper is replete with quotations from Kipling's verse.

The most substantial appreciation of an individual author in Eliot's final decade is his 1962 discussion of George Herbert, which originated as a booklet in the British Council series, "Writers and their Work." The long essay is *sui generis* in the Eliot canon because its structure was pre-determined by the series guidelines. The first part, roughly one fourth of the whole, consists of a biographical sketch of the writer; the remaining three fourths consists of an appreciation of his work, divided equally between attention to content and to technical virtuosity. The biographical sketch focuses on Herbert's family, with emphasis on their connection to Donne and his circle. Herbert's brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was a metaphysical poet, and his mother, Lady Magdalen Herbert, was one of Donne's close friends. She is commemorated in "The Autumnal," one of his best-known poems, and in the sermon he preached for her funeral. George Herbert, following his education at Cambridge and a brief career in politics, was ordained and spent his few remaining years as the rector of a rural parish church not far from Cambridge. Within months of his death at the age of thirty-nine, his poems were published by his friend Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding in a collection called *The Temple*.

The remaining part of Eliot's essay is a perfect example of his "appreciations of individual authors" and of his preferred approach of moving from specific poems to generalizations. Having set the stage in the biographical sketch, he contextualizes his readings of Herbert with comparisons to Donne, dealing first with the issue of poetry and belief and second with distinctive technical features of metaphysical poetry. A major point regarding poetry and prayer emerges from a comparison of Donne's "Batter my heart, three person'd God" and Herbert's "Prayer (I)." Quoting both sonnets in full,

Eliot focuses on the final two lines of each. Donne ends his prayer with an image of rape: "Except you 'enthrall mee, never shall be free, / Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee." Herbert concludes with a vision of Paradise: "Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud, / The land of spices: something understood." Eliot observes that "In Donne's religious verse, as in his sermons, there is much more of the *orator*: whereas Herbert . . . has a much more intimate tone" (8.508). The two prayers suggest a different "balance" between intellect and sensibility, a "fusion" of conviction and feeling "in different proportions" (8.510). "[I]n Donne thought seems in control of feeling, and in Herbert feeling seems in control of thought" (8.508). The comparison of prayer poems suggests a difference between poetry as performance and poetry as "a record of the spiritual struggles of a man of intellectual power and emotional intensity" (8.510).

In the final section of the Herbert essay, Eliot examines poems and passages that illustrate features commonly associated with metaphysical poetry. Comparing his technical skill with that of Donne, Eliot argues that "of all of the 'school of Donne,' Herbert is closest to the old Master" (8.515). To indicate Herbert's finesse in using the conceit, Eliot describes his extended legal metaphor in "Obedience." To demonstrate that in Herbert "there is *wit*, like that of Donne," he quotes "The Quip" in its entirety (8.516). Eliot examines "The Church Floore" and "Redemption" as evidence of Herbert's mastery of diction and metaphor, his ability to charge simple everyday words "with concentrated meaning" (8.517). He quotes numerous striking "lines that remind us of Donne," such as the opening lines of "The Windows": "Lord, how can man preach thy eternall word? / He is a brittle crazie glasse" (8.518). Eliot concludes by quoting Herbert's "Love III." Cast as a conversation between Love (God) and the soul, it epitomizes Herbert's perfect balance between intellect and feeling. Beginning with the soul's awareness of his unworthiness – "Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back / Guiltie of dust and sinne" – it continues with a dialogue in which "quick-ey'd Love" reassures the soul that he has no reason to be ashamed – "So I did sit and eat." Eliot notes that it is fitting that this poem is the final poem in *The Temple*, for it "indicates the serenity finally attained by this proud and humble man" (8.523).

In the closing lines of "To Criticize the Critic," Eliot says that he trusts that his "exercise in self-examination . . . may suggest reasons why, as the critic grows older, his critical writings may be less fired by enthusiasm, but informed by wider interest and, one hopes, by greater wisdom and humility" (8.469).

Eliot's desire for wisdom is a reminder of the meditation on wisdom that is contained in his lecture on Goethe. Having had on his mantelpiece for "fifteen years and more" a portrait of "Goethe in old age," he tells his audience in Hamburg that his lecture "might almost be called a Discourse in Praise of Wisdom," adding that the drawing "would form an appropriate frontispiece to my text" (8.62). The portrait is not a masterpiece in its genre, and Goethe was far less important to Eliot than other poets such as Dante and Shakespeare. One can only speculate about the reason he chose to feature the drawing so prominently on his mantelpiece. A clue can be gleaned from a comparison of the essays on Goethe and Herbert. In the essay on Herbert, Eliot begins with a deeply personal word-by-word reading of Herbert's poetry and ends with an appreciation of his spiritual integrity and the serenity emerging therefrom. In "Goethe as the Sage," Eliot begins by reflecting on a drawing that seems to project such serenity. He proceeds to buttress his impression, not by discussing Goethe's poetry, but by expatiating on Wisdom as an abstraction and by associating Goethe with Dante and Shakespeare in a triumvirate called the "Great European Poet." Taken together, the two essays suggest that Eliot in his final decade was engaged in a pursuit of wisdom, wisdom that springs from spiritual sources but is inseparable from poetic speech as exemplified in the poetry of Herbert and the image of Goethe. In the winter of his life, in being still, in meditating on the *Logos* and in reflecting on the poetry of George Herbert, he returned with deeper understanding to the adage from *East Coker* – "The only wisdom we can hope to acquire / Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless."

This page intentionally left blank

EDITORIAL PROCEDURES AND PRINCIPLES

I. PUBLISHED PROSE

Criteria for Inclusion

Eliot's uncollected prose makes up the vast majority of the writings published in his lifetime and spans the period from his stories in the *Smith Academy Record* in 1905 to his final autobiographical note for the *Harvard College Class of 1910: Fifty-fifth Anniversary Report*, contributed in late December 1964, shortly before his death on 4 January 1965. These writings include hundreds of reviews and essays contributed to periodicals; commentaries in the *Criterion*; letters to the press (printed here and in the *Letters*; in each place they appear in different contexts of personal letters and public prose, thereby inviting separate readings and annotation); lectures and addresses published separately in wrappers or in boards; introductions, prefaces, and forewords to books and to translations of his works in foreign languages; testimonials and other contributions to domestic and foreign newspapers; and public broadcasts published or excerpted in the *Listener*. Beginning with volume 5, the increasing numbers of published items unrecorded in the Gallup bibliography are identified in the Contents with a diamond (♦).

By the mid-1930s, Eliot began to receive numerous invitations to give Prize Day speeches to secondary schools and addresses to and in support of various societies, charities, and churches. He often gave the only copy of his typescript to his hosts, who published or summarized the texts in their school magazines, newsletters, or local newspapers, most of which remained bibliographically unrecorded. Some of these typescripts and printed texts have been recovered; other typescripts have been lost, or the addresses were made from notes and outlines afterward discarded. But, in many instances, a staff member, or a reporter from a local paper, was present to write a report, often with substantial quotations, at times seemingly with Eliot's text in hand. In volume 6, these firsthand reports of addresses and lectures have been included in Part II, "Transcripts and Summary Reports of Lectures," as valuable records of Eliot's little-known secondary intellectual life in his cultural domain.

Among his own letters to the press are those of which he was a signatory with one or more others. His role in the authorship is often uncertain, but his growing support of public appeals, causes, and concerns is of permanent

interest. Such signed letters, which continue to appear in significant numbers in volumes 7 and 8, are collected and chronologically included in Part II, "Signed Letters and Documents with Multiple Authorship."

Chronology

With a few exceptions, the editors have arranged the majority of Eliot's unpublished and published prose writings in the original order of composition or publication to allow the reader to follow closely his developing patterns of thought as he immersed himself in intellectual journalism and literary criticism from year to year, decade to decade. The primary volumes of collected essays, together with their prefaces and introductions, have been disassembled and their contents returned to chronological order alongside the uncollected and unpublished prose.

Less than 10 percent of Eliot's prose writings underwent textual changes when they were reprinted or collected; most pieces were never revisited after their first publication in periodical and other forms. Some reviews and essays, however, particularly those included in *The Sacred Wood*, were combined and revised by Eliot as new essays: successively published reviews of books on Ben Jonson in November 1919, on Philip Massinger in May-June 1920, and on Swinburne and others in the two-part "The Perfect Critic" in July 1920. The original reviews were redacted as such and included in the volume under the first title of each pair. He collapsed three other reviews published between September and December 1919 under the title "Imperfect Critics" for the volume. Moreover, "Eeldrop and Appleplex" and "Tradition and the Individual Talent," both originally published in two separate parts months apart, have been combined into single pieces. In such uncharacteristic cases, we have sacrificed adherence to chronology in order to present the complete texts, but not without indicating the separate chronological positions and titles and recording significant textual changes.

A few other considerations have led us to relax the chronological order of publication in specific instances, including Eliot's doctoral dissertation on F. H. Bradley, a draft of which was completed and approved in 1916 but not edited and published until 1964. The editors have placed this lengthy work neither intrusively into the published reviews of 1916, nor awkwardly out of context in 1964, but logically at the end of the graduate essays of 1913-15, essays that led to and were organically drawn upon for the dissertation. In presenting a corrected, re-edited, and more

readable critical text in that position, the editors have drawn upon the original dissertation typescript, the proofs and correspondence of the suppressed first printing (1963), and the proofs and text of the 1964 edition.

The three volumes of university lectures – *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, *After Strange Gods, The Idea of a Christian Society* – as well as *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*, have been kept intact and edited as the coherent, self-contained works that they were intended to be; however, when individual lectures were published separately, the publication data and any alterations are recorded in the textual notes. The Clark Lectures (1926) and Turnbull Lectures (1933), edited and published together posthumously as *The Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry* (1993), have also been kept intact, each re-edited and included separately and chronologically in respective volumes. The dates of composition of individual reviews, essays, and lectures are given when they are known.

In volume 4 (1930-1933), the chronology has been altered to present together the majority of Eliot's lectures in America as the Charles Eliot Norton Professor at Harvard during the 1932-33 academic year. These include his Norton and Turnbull lectures and individual lectures written for delivery at numerous American institutions, together with the editorial reconstruction of five lectures destroyed before his return to England in June 1933. The unit is preceded by a separate "Chronology of Lectures and Readings." Those lectures that were not published until later in 1933 have been arranged by date of delivery, with subsequent publication information given in the notes. Eliot's Page-Barbour lectures, however, delivered at the University of Virginia in May 1933 but substantially revised before publication as *After Strange Gods* in 1934, appear in accordance with their publication date in volume 5 (1934-1939).

Standardization of Formats

Eliot's prose in little magazines and periodicals appears under a variety of house styles: the divergent formats, typography, spacing, and indents for paragraphs and set-off quotations have all been standardized. As the bibliographical descriptions and kinds of information provided for books under review also varied considerably from periodical to periodical, these descriptions have been standardized in the heading, as have the descriptions and dates of the periodicals in which the reviews first appeared. Unsigned reviews and essays are indicated as such in the heading or in an initial note;

all opening and closing signatures – signed or initialed – and pseudonyms are placed at the right margin at the end of the text.

Titles

Before 1919, many of Eliot's reviews were untitled; thereafter, most were titled unless they appeared as part of a "Commentary" in the *Criterion*. Since many reviews were given their titles by the editors of the periodicals in which they appeared, and since Eliot and his editors occasionally changed the titles of those essays that he chose to collect in book form, the editors have provided Eliot's final title ("Hamlet"), with the first and American titles ("Hamlet and his Problems") given in the notes. Titles of reviews, and titles under which Eliot's letters to editors of periodicals and newspapers appeared, were presumably supplied by his editors but are retained for ease of recognition.

Errors in Eliot's Published Prose

In the published prose, errors often appeared as a result of authorial carelessness or a typesetter's mistake. In small matters, such as a misspelling or an obvious typographical error, we have silently corrected the error. Larger matters, such as missing words, have been resolved through the use of editorial brackets or explanatory notes.

Mistranscriptions of Quoted Prose

Under pressure to meet deadlines, Eliot frequently made transcription errors when quoting passages of prose from other authors. His editors were often inattentive to these matters, and frequently did not arrange for him to read proof. Thus, the editors of the present edition have silently restored dropped words, supplied missing ellipses, added overlooked italics and quotation marks, and placed capitals made from lowercase letters in brackets. More substantial alterations are indicated in the textual notes. Eliot often provided selected page numbers for prose quotations in parentheses in the texts; when he did not do so, the editors have supplied missing numbers in brackets in the texts and in parentheses in the notes.

Misquotations of Poetry

When minor transcription errors occur in lines or passages of poetry quoted directly from a volume under review, they are silently corrected. However, some of Eliot's misquotations are more slips of memory than

mistranscriptions. Such misquotations are preserved in the text and corrected in the notes. In some instances, the misquotations affect the commentary, and in every instance, it is of interest to observe how Eliot held certain passages of poetry, especially from Dante and Shakespeare, in memory and summoned them spontaneously for unchecked use. Frank Kermode, editor of Eliot's *Selected Prose* (London: Faber & Faber, 1975), took pains to point out such misquotations in Eliot's essays, "not from pedantry, but from a conviction that in the poet Eliot misquotation is sometimes creative" (307).

American / English Punctuation Practice

From 1909 through the preface to the second edition (1928) of *The Sacred Wood*, all of Eliot's prose was printed in what is now called American punctuation style, with double inverted commas for quotations, punctuation inside quotation marks. English periodicals such as the *Egoist*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Nation*, the *New Statesmen*, the *Bookman*, the *Spectator*, the *TLS*, and others that printed Eliot's work used this common style. From the publication of *For Lancelot Andrewes* in 1928, however, all of the Faber editions of his collected essays were printed in English punctuation style, with single inverted commas, punctuation outside (inconsistently so). In editing the *Criterion*, Eliot followed the American style from 1922 to 1926, when it shifted to English style, with punctuation inconsistently inside and outside quotations. Many English periodicals, particularly those published jointly in America, continued to use the American style, and Eliot continued to publish unreprinted essays in American periodicals. Moreover, the American editions of his work systematically converted the Faber editions to American style. In an attempt to achieve uniformity and minimize error, the editors of this edition, in consultation with the publishers and the Eliot Estate, follow the American style throughout. The earlier Faber policy of italicizing all set-off quotations in Eliot's texts has not been followed.

Translations

A number of Eliot's essays and prefaces were commissioned for a foreign audience, translated, and published only in foreign translation. The translation and the English original are both included when possible. If the original English text has not been recovered, an English translation is provided. When an English text first published in translation was revised before publication in English, the substantive alterations are noted.

Annotations

Eliot's works were translated into thirty-eight languages in his lifetime, and his writings continue to attract a worldwide readership. In annotating this edition, the editors aim to serve scholars, students, and modern readers who come to Eliot's prose from numerous languages, backgrounds, and fields of interest – not only in literary criticism but in economics, education, philosophy, politics, theology, cultural theory, popular culture, and other disciplines. Eliot was reluctant to collect much of his prose because he felt that many of his remarks, originally composed under the pressure of deadlines, would need qualification, clarification, and correction. We have attempted to create notes that will enhance and clarify his highly referential prose, and have been mindful of both the immediate and the larger intellectual context of his writings: we draw upon his correspondence and manuscripts; where no source is given, it may be assumed that the original letter, manuscript, or carbon copy is in the collection of the Eliot Estate or at the Faber and Faber archive. When it is helpful, we make cross-references to earlier and later comments. We have attempted to identify every specific literary and nonliterary allusion; to trace all references to newspapers, periodicals, and other documents; and to identify the books and editions that he employed. As part of our larger aim to illuminate the breadth of Eliot's learning and the depths of recall that inform and enrich the texture of his critical prose, we have noted relevant inscriptions and markings in his personal copies. Eliot's own notes are indicated with an asterisk (*) after the superscript number; notes that include textual variants are indicated with a dagger (†) after the superscript.

II. UNPUBLISHED PROSE

Much of Eliot's prose was written not for publication but for reading or broadcasting to specific audiences on particular occasions: philosophical essays for postgraduate seminars, tutorials, and philosophical societies at Harvard, Oxford, and Cambridge; addresses as president of the Alliance française, London Library, Virgil Society, Books Across the Sea, Académie septentrionale, and other organizations; responses as recipient of honorary degrees, medals, and other honors; remarks at the opening of exhibitions and conferences; and appeals in aid of civic and charitable causes. Eliot chose to put these items aside as ephemeral materials in the life of a man of letters. Because of the scholarly interest and biographical richness that they contain, they are included, with thanks to Mrs. Eliot, in this edition. More than one hundred unpublished items, all of which

are identified as such, are incorporated chronologically into the individual volumes of *The Complete Prose*. The first is an undergraduate essay, "The Defects of Kipling," written at Harvard in March 1909, and the last a telegram, "Tribute to John F. Kennedy," read by Jacqueline Kennedy at the groundbreaking ceremony for the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., on 25 November 1964.

The early philosophical essays exist in pencil or ink manuscripts and in typescripts with holograph emendations. After Eliot left graduate school, he composed nearly all of his work on a typewriter, with frequent typeovers (xxxxx) and holograph corrections and insertions. On some occasions, his first wife, Vivien, or a secretary, typed his drafts. The BBC usually retyped his broadcast scripts, which often contain last-minute emendations. In editing the large variety of Eliot's unpublished writings, we attempt to present texts that are as accurate, clear, and readable as possible, with a minimum of emendation. To distinguish them from published writings, the editors have preserved some of the physical characteristics of the manuscripts (such as underlinings), choosing not to regularize them as published items lest they lose all the visual character of their composition. Previously unpublished texts are identified in the Contents with a star (⋆) and are introduced in the volume by headnotes that provide the occasion, date, place, and context of their preparation and presentation. The location and physical description of the manuscripts are usually given in the textual notes, especially when a fuller description is required. In some instances, such information is more logically placed in the headnotes or ordinary notes. When no source is given, it may be assumed that the original or carbon is in the collection of the Eliot Estate or in the Faber and Faber archive.

Eliot's unpublished texts are edited according to the following additional principles:

- False starts and insignificant deletions are excised, but ~~strikeouts~~, when illuminating or clarifying, are retained or given in notes.
- Typed or holograph underlinings for emphasis have been retained; occasional red ribbon color changes, an alternate method of emphasizing words and phrases, are represented in bold; underlined titles and foreign words are italicized; unpunctuated or mispunctuated titles of books, plays, and poems are corrected and standardized.
- Abbreviated titles, names, and places are expanded, as are ampersands, but his occasional uses of cf., i.e., e.g., sc., passim, etc., have been retained, unitalicized.

Obvious typographical errors have been silently corrected; readings of illegible words are followed by a bracketed question mark [?]; most compound adjectives (seventeenth-century poetry) are hyphenated, consistent with his ordinary practice.

Eliot's variant spellings – British, American, period (to-day), alternate (behoves) – are retained; opening and/or closing inverted commas (quotation marks) have been supplied where Eliot has overlooked them; inconsistent placement of punctuation inside and outside inverted commas is standardized; missing accents and diacriticals are supplied.

When the volume and/or page numbers for a quotation are given by Eliot in the margin or in the text, the numbers are placed in parentheses at the end of the quotation or in the notes; when editorially supplied, they are placed in brackets.

Clearly superfluous or unintended punctuation (commas before parentheses), and some unintended double punctuation (;–) have been deleted or corrected. Where the omission of punctuation causes confusion, it has been supplied; when, in Eliot's hand, the use of a semicolon or colon is unclear, the editors have interpreted the punctuation in terms of clarity and grammatical structure.

Eliot's substantive marginal comments related to the text but not part of the body of the text are quoted and noted where they occur. When Eliot makes marginal statements with lines drawn for insertion in the text during the process of composition, they are identified in the notes. When it is clear that Eliot has made insertions from the margin or an appended page *after* the body of the text was drafted or completed, as in his essay on "A Neglected Aspect of Chapman" in volume 2, they are introduced into the text with a bracketed and italicized phrase, [*insertion*:] or [*appended insertion*:], with the end of the insertion similarly indicated [*end insertion*]. His occasional notes and outlines on the verso of a page are recorded in the textual notes.

III. FUTURE EDITIONS

The contents of this edition, which are presented in eight separate volumes, are enhanced by the inclusion of more than two hundred published items that are not recorded in the Gallup bibliography. As extensive as our collection efforts have been, we are confident that fugitive items will be

found, and we encourage readers to submit them for inclusion in the edition, which is managed and maintained by Johns Hopkins University Press. A future digital platform will ensure that *The Complete Prose of T. S. Eliot* is a living edition, with the capacity to include newly discovered prose items, to correct errors, and to provide more illustrations and digital innovations for readers than would be possible in a print edition. To place Eliot's primary prose before scholars and readers expeditiously, the editors include only those writings in this first edition. Eventually, however, a wide range of secondary prose materials will be available, including (1) additional juvenilia; (2) "Foreign Exchanges," Eliot's monthly articles for *Lloyds Bank Monthly*, 1923-25; (3) unpublished personal notes and notes from student classes; (4) interviews; (5) unpublished book reports for Faber and Faber; (6) blurbs and endorsements; (7) outlines of informal talks; and (8) Eliot's translations of works by other authors, primarily for publication in the *Criterion.* As additional resources become accessible, we envision a website that contains both an increasingly comprehensive and accurate critical edition and an invaluable repository of prose materials for researchers and readers in a new digital age of Eliot studies.

This page intentionally left blank

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Our greatest debt is to the late Valerie Eliot, for her tireless devotion over many years to collecting, preserving, and ordering her husband's multiform writings, and for her confidence and trust in commissioning *The Complete Prose of T. S. Eliot: The Critical Edition*. We are also indebted to her personal assistant, Debbie Whitfield, who has graciously facilitated our access to editorial materials, and to trustees Judith Hooper and Clare Reihill of the Eliot Estate.

We are indebted to the late Finn M. W. Caspersen, the late William B. Warren, and the trustees of the Hodson Trust for a substantial grant to Johns Hopkins University Press to support the critical edition of this multivolume project. We prize the vision, technical expertise, and dedication of members of the Press who have made this edition a reality: Andre Barnett, Juliana McCarthy, Gregory Britton, Martha Sewall, Claire McCabe Tamberino, Jack Holmes, and the director of Project Muse, Wendy Queen.

The Beck Foundation and its Digital Center within the Emory Center for Digital Scholarship provided invaluable financial, technical, and personnel support for the creation of the electronic database of Eliot's prose writings. We are grateful to Sara Palmer, Electronic Full Text Specialist, for her masterful supervision of the markup of this edition, and to doctoral students Alyssa Duck and Emily Banks, for their diligent roles in the electronic process and checking of cross-references. The editors applaud their skill, dedication, and precision in completing these essential tasks.

Dean Robert A. Paul of Emory College and Deans Rick Rubinson and Lisa Tedesco of the Laney Graduate School of Arts and Sciences provided fellowship support for earlier graduate members of Team Eliot: Lori Leavell, Erin Sells, Stewart Varner, Shannon Hipp, Jessie Dunbar, John Davidson, Jae Turner, and Sumita Chakraborty. The SIRE Undergraduate Research Program at Emory provided a succession of fellows who made significant contributions to the database and other aspects of the editorial project: Ryan Plocher, Lisa Sweat, Ali Madani, Wesley Pickard, Shalini Ramachandran, Elizabeth Peele, Mary Fernandez, Fiona O'Carroll, and Anastassia Goidina.

Through the Institute of English Studies, University of London, the Eliot Editorial Project received a substantial three-year grant from the Arts and

Humanities Research Council (AHRC) to support the research of our English editors. The Institute, under the former direction of Professor Warwick Gould, emeritus, and now Director Clare Lees, has further provided an editorial office and technical support for all members of the editorial team, which has benefited from the assistance of Christopher Adams, administrator of the Institute.

The editors are grateful to Stephen Page and Matthew Hollis of Faber and Faber for their support of this critical edition, and to Faber archivist Robert Brown and Eliot Estate archivist Nancy Fulford for providing access to and assistance with archival materials.

We are thankful for the generosity and cooperation of Archibald Henderson, Eliot's bibliographer, who has shared with us scores of newly discovered prose items that he has brought to the bibliography through rigorous research.

We are especially grateful to our co-editors of preceding volumes, Anthony Cuda, University of North Carolina, Greensboro; Frances Dickey, University of Missouri, Columbia; Jennifer Formichelli, Boston University; Jason Harding, Durham University; Jayme Stayer, Loyola University, Chicago; David Chinitz, Loyola University, Chicago; and Iman Javadi, Cambridge, England, for their assistance, advice, and peer reviews. Iman Javadi rendered invaluable aid in the overall project by reviewing foreign language texts and notes. Other members of the greater Editorial Project were also helpful, especially John Haffenden, Institute of English Studies, editor of *The Letters of T. S. Eliot*.

Research support for the edition has been provided by fellowships and scholarships from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation; the Beinecke Library, Yale University; the Houghton Library, Harvard University; Emory University; and the Heilbrun Fellowship, Emory Emeritus College.

We are grateful to the following librarians and libraries for assistance and permissions: Debra E. Anderson, Trinitarian Bible Society, London; Stephen Enniss, Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas; Allen Fisher, LBJ Presidential Library; Susan Halpert, Leslie A. Morris and William P. Stoneman, Houghton Library, Harvard University; Wayne G. Hammond, Chapin Library Williams College; Marie Hansen and the Inter-Library Loan staff of the Robert W. Woodruff Library, Emory University; Carrie Hintz, Rosemary Magee, and Elizabeth Shoemaker of the Stuart A. Rose Library, Emory University; Anna James, Pusey Library, Oxford; Nancy Kuhl

and Ann Marie Menta, Beinecke Library; the Reference Staff of the Missouri Historical Society; Patricia McGuire, Modern Archive Centre, King's College, Cambridge; and the Reference Staff of the Pusey Library, Harvard University Archives.

The following individuals have provided valuable assistance of various kinds for this volume: Susanna Åkerman, Stockholm; Massimo Bacigalupo, University of Genoa; Jonathan Barker, British Council, London; Robert Crawford, University of St. Andrews; Giles de la Mare, London; Toby Faber, London; the late Donald Gallup; Maria Anna Illyés and Gyula Kodolányi, Budapest; Roger Kojecký, Christian Literary Studies Group, Oxford; Adam Lausch-Holubowicz, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London; James F. Loucks, Zanesville, Ohio; William Marx, Université Paris Nanterre; John D. Morgenstern, Clemson University; Joanna Rzepa, University of Essex; George Szirtes, Wymondham, Norfolk; and Sabine Volk-Birke, Martin-Luther-Universität, Halle-Wittenberg. We are further grateful to Celia Moreton-Prichard for her gracious and generous permission to reproduce her late husband Richard Moreton-Prichard's photograph of the mantelpiece and wall of images in Eliot's Faber office. The editors of *The Complete Prose of T. S. Eliot* wish to express their gratitude to Tom Broughton-Willett for his outstanding indexing of the volumes.

ABBREVIATIONS VOLUME 8

PUBLISHED WORKS BY T. S. ELIOT

ASG	*After Strange Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy* (London: Faber & Faber, 1934).
CPP	*The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot* (London: Faber & Faber, 1969).
EAM	*Essays Ancient and Modern* (London: Faber & Faber, 1936).
EE	*Elizabethan Essays* (London: Faber & Faber, 1934).
FLA	*For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays on Style and Order* (London: Faber & Gwyer, 1928).
HJD	*Homage to John Dryden: Three Essays on Poetry of the Seventeenth Century* (London: Hogarth Press, 1924).
ICS	*The Idea of a Christian Society* (London: Faber & Faber, 1939).
IMH	*Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917*, ed. Christopher Ricks (London: Faber & Faber, 1996).
KE	*Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley* (London: Faber & Faber, 1964).
L1	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 1: 1898-1922, revised edn., ed. Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton (London: Faber & Faber, 2009) .
L2	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 2: 1923-1925, ed. Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton (London: Faber & Faber, 2009).
L3	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 3: 1926-1927, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2012).
L4	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 4: 1928-1929, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2013).
L5	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 5: 1930-1931, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2014).
L6	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 6: 1932-1933, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2016).
L7	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 7: 1934-1936, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2017).

L8	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 8: 1936-1938, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2019).
NTDC	*Notes towards the Definition of Culture* (London: Faber & Faber, 1948).
OPP	*On Poetry and Poets* (London: Faber & Faber, 1957).
Poems1	*The Poems of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 1, ed. Christopher Ricks and Jim McCue (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press; London: Faber & Faber, 2015).
Poems2	*The Poems of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 2, ed. Christopher Ricks and Jim McCue (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press; London: Faber & Faber, 2015).
SE	*Selected Essays*, 3rd edn. (London: Faber & Faber, 1951).
SW	*The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism* (London: Methuen, 1920).
TCC	*To Criticize the Critic* (London: Faber & Faber, 1965).
UPUC	*The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, 2nd edn. (London: Faber & Faber, 1964).
VMP	*The Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry*, ed. Ronald Schuchard (London: Faber & Faber, 1993; New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1994).
WLF	*The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts*, ed. Valerie Eliot (London: Faber & Faber, 1971; New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1971).

PERIODICALS

NEW	*The New English Weekly*
NRF	*La Nouvelle Revue française*
TES	*The Times Educational Supplement*
TLS	*The Times Literary Supplement*

OTHER WORKS

DC1	*The Inferno of Dante*, Temple Classics edn., trans. John Aitken Carlyle (London: J. M. Dent, 1909).
DC2	*The Purgatorio of Dante*, Temple Classics edn., trans. Thomas Okey (London: J. M. Dent, 1910).
DC3	*The Paradiso of Dante*, Temple Classics edn., trans. Philip H. Wicksteed (London: J. M. Dent, 1910).

Gallup	Donald Gallup, *T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography*, revised & extended edn. (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1969).
KJV	King James Version of the Bible
Lives	Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, Chandos Classics, new edn. (London: Frederick Warne, 1872).
OED	*The Oxford English Dictionary*, ed. John Simpson and Edmund Weiner. 20 vols. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989).

ARCHIVAL COLLECTIONS

Beinecke	The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University
Berg	Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, New York Public Library
Bonn	Bonn University Library
Harvard	University Archives, Harvard University
Houghton	The Houghton Library, Harvard University
King's	Modern Archive Centre, King's College, Cambridge
Lilly	The Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington
Ransom	Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas at Austin
Reading	Reading University Library
Victoria	University of Victoria Library

This page intentionally left blank

ILLUSTRATIONS

Illustrations following page 292

1. Eliot with Geoffrey and Enid Faber in Cape Town, South Africa

2. Eliot in the Durban Art Gallery with the Wyndham Lewis Portrait of 1938

3. Eliot lecturing with a microphone

4. Eliot at a Harvard exhibition of his works

5. Cover of The Literature of Politics

6. Cover of The Frontiers of Criticism

7. Dust jacket for On Poetry and Poets

8. The Faber Board of Directors at their weekly Wednesday book meeting

9. Newlyweds in Leeds

10. Eliot before the Jacob Epstein bust

11. Dust jacket for To Criticize the Critic and Other Writings

12. Cover of George Herbert

13. Holograph tribute to Georg Svensson

14. The mantelpiece and photo wall in Eliot's Faber office

15. Lithograph of Johann Goethe

16. Eliot and E. McKnight Kauffer

17. Edwin Muir

18. Aldous Huxley

19. Mario Praz

20. Sylvia Beach

21. Letter of condolence from President and Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson

22. Valerie Eliot

This page intentionally left blank

The COMPLETE PROSE *of*
T. S. Eliot

This page intentionally left blank

PART I

Essays, Reviews, Addresses, and Public Letters

This page intentionally left blank

Introduction to *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, edited with an introduction by T. S. Eliot[1]

London: Faber and Faber, 1954. Pp. xv + 464; Introduction, ix-xv.

The editor of this volume is alone responsible for the choice of essays and reviews included; and he is therefore called upon to give account of his principles of selection. I have not aimed at including everything, in the area of literary criticism, that seemed to me worth preserving: there is enough material for another volume. Limitation of size has imposed the exclusion of much; so I have tried only to give a representative choice from Ezra Pound's literary criticism over a period of some thirty years. Being a retrospective selection, this book differs from the four books of critical papers from which the bulk of the material has been taken, and to the publishers of which I make acknowledgement: *Pavannes and Divisions* (A. A. Knopf, New York, 1918), *Instigations* (Boni & Liveright, New York, 1920), *Make It New* (Faber & Faber, London, and the Yale University Press, 1934) and *Polite Essays* (Faber & Faber, London, 1937). These collections were assembled in a form which does not seem to me permanently satisfactory: they have served their purpose in prolonging the effect at which the various papers were aimed on their original publication in periodicals. The books themselves have become more difficult to obtain; and there is furthermore some overlapping of contents between the American and the English collections. I have included also shorter pieces rescued from the files of periodicals: amongst such, I have made selection from photostats from American magazines, supplied to me by Mr. James Laughlin.[2] There must be other uncollected writings which have escaped our notice: Pound has contributed indefatigably to little magazines. There remain two books from which I have taken nothing: *Guide to Kulchur* (Faber & Faber, 1938) and the early but very important *The Spirit of Romance* (Dent, London, 1910). Both these books have been out of print, but have recently been republished by New Directions: they should both be read entire.

The present book is designed differently from any previous collection of Pound's essays; so I believe there is justification for its having been entrusted to another hand than that of the author. The author – like any author – would

make a somewhat different choice from that of his editor; he has, in fact, expressed regret at certain omissions, and deprecated the inclusion of several items which appear to the editor to be of more lasting value than they do to him.[3] But Mr. Pound has never valued his literary criticism except in terms of its immediate impact; the editor, on the other hand, wished to regard the material in historical perspective, to put a new generation of readers, into whose hands the earlier collections and scattered essays did not come when they were new, into a position to appreciate the central importance of Pound's critical writing in the development of poetry during the first half of the twentieth century.

I hope, furthermore, that this volume will demonstrate that Pound's literary criticism is the most important contemporary criticism of its kind. Of a very important kind – perhaps the kind that we can least afford to do without: what the kind is I shall have to consider presently. If this selection succeeds in its purpose, it will show (1) that Pound has said much about the art of writing and of writing poetry in particular, that is permanently valid and useful. Very few critics have done that. It will show (2) that he said much that was peculiarly pertinent to the needs of the time at which it was written; (3) that he forced upon our attention not only individual authors, but whole areas of poetry, which no future criticism can afford to ignore. And finally (what will matter less to *him* than any of the foregoing achievements) that he has shown a more immediate and generous appreciation of authors whose work one would not expect him to find sympathetic, than is generally known. It is for this last reason that I have included early reviews of poems by Robert Frost and D. H. Lawrence. For this reason also I have included the early essay on Lionel Johnson, otherwise unobtainable:[4] the edition of Lionel Johnson's poems of which this essay formed the Introduction was withdrawn immediately after publication. Mr. Pound tells me that his Introduction aroused hostility: it is difficult for me, and I think it will be difficult for other readers now, to understand why. This essay is of interest, not only for what Pound says about Johnson, but for Johnson's own opinions, there quoted, about his contemporaries – judgements to which, by the fact of quoting them, Pound seems to have given implicit assent.

To appreciate any retrospective collection of literary opinions and judgements, it is necessary to pay attention to the dates at which they were written. I have tried to establish as nearly as possible, the dates of all the pieces included; and here must make acknowledgement of invaluable help from Mr. Hugh Kenner of the University of California, and from Mr. Norman

Holmes Pearson of Yale University.[5]* Such dating is essential. Malevolent critics have two well-known resources: to quote and collate isolated sentences torn from their context, and to quote what a writer said twenty or thirty years ago as if it was something he had said yesterday. Every collection of statements written at different times and in different contexts must be protected as far as possible against such misrepresentation. The views of any writer, if his mind develops and matures, will change or will be modified by events; a statement may lose the validity which it had when it was written; but if it was valid for its place and time, it may still have permanent value.[6] Much of the *permanence* of Mr. Pound's criticism is due simply to his having seen so clearly what needed to be said at a particular time; his occupation with his own moment and its needs has led him to say many things which are of permanent value, but the value of which may not be immediately appreciated by later readers who lack the sense of historical situation.

Inevitably, after the passage of time, such a critic as Mr. Pound (who has never been afraid of his own insights) will appear to have exaggerated the importance of some principles, or of some authors, and to have unjustly depreciated others. He has enlarged criticism by his interpretation of neglected authors and literatures, and by his rehabilitation of misesteemed authors. As for the reputations that he has attacked, we must recall the reaction against the Augustan Age initiated by the Lake Poets. Any pioneer of a revolution in poetry – and Mr. Pound is more responsible for the XXth Century revolution in poetry than is any other individual – is sure to attack some venerated names. For the real point of attack is the idolatry of a great artist by unintelligent critics, and his imitation by uninspired practitioners. A great writer can have, at a particular time, a pernicious or merely deadening influence; and this influence can be most effectively attacked by pointing out those faults which ought not to be copied, and those virtues any emulation of which is anachronistic. Pound's disparagement of Milton, for instance, was, I am convinced, most salutary twenty and thirty years ago;[7] I still agree with him against the academic admirers of Milton; though to me it seems that the situation has changed.[8]

It is necessary to consider Pound's literary pronouncements in the light of the circumstances in which they were written, both in order to grasp the extent of the revolution of taste and practice which he has brought about, and in order to understand the particular kind of critic of which he is so eminent an example. He has always been, first and foremost, a teacher and

a campaigner. He has always been impelled, not merely to find out for himself how poetry should be written, but to pass on the benefit of his discoveries to others; not simply to make these benefits available, but to insist upon their being received. He would cajole, and almost coerce, other men into writing well: so that he often presents the appearance of a man trying to convey to a very deaf person the fact that the house is on fire. Every change he has advocated has always struck him as being of instant urgency. This is not only the temperament of the teacher: it represents also, with Pound, a passionate desire, not merely to write well himself, but to live in a period in which he could be surrounded by equally intelligent and creative minds. Hence his impatience. For him, to discover a new writer of genius is as satisfying an experience, as it is for a lesser man to believe that he has written a great work of genius himself. He has cared deeply that his contemporaries and juniors should write well; he has cared less for his personal achievement than for the life of letters and art. One of the lessons to be learnt from his critical prose and from his correspondence is the lesson to care unselfishly for the art one serves.

Pound's criticism is always addressed, implicitly, first of all to his fellow craftsmen; to all those who write the English language, though his especial concern and care has been for his fellow craftsmen in America. But it is precisely this address to *writers* that gives Pound's criticism a special and permanent value for *readers*. One learns from him appreciation of literature by learning to understand the preparation, study and training to which the writer should submit himself. Whether Pound is giving his attention to the enunciation of general principles, or to the reassessment of neglected authors and to expounding neglected literatures, or whether he is advertising the merits of new writers (corresponding to the three sections into which I have divided this book),[9] the motive is fundamentally the same: the refreshment, revitalisation, and "making new" of literature in our own time.[10]

It is something, but not much, for the classification of Pound's criticism, to place it with the other notable contributions of poets to criticism: the essays and prefaces of Dryden, the two prefaces of Wordsworth, the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge: all of whom were concerned with 'making new' in their own time. (I should like to add, to please myself, Samuel Johnson; and, to please Pound, Walter Savage Landor.) But none of these was so consistently concerned with teaching others how to write. And of no other poet can it be more important to say, that his criticism and his poetry, his precept and his practice, compose a single *œuvre*. It is necessary

to read Pound's poetry to understand his criticism, and to read his criticism to understand his poetry. I am not interested – it is inessential to my purpose – to assert that one kind of criticism is of higher value than another. What does seem to me true, and necessary to say, is that Pound's critical writings, scattered and occasional as they have been, form the *least dispensable* body of critical writing in our time. They began at a moment when they were very much needed: the situation of poetry in 1909 or 1910 was stagnant to a degree difficult for any young poet of to-day to imagine. Pound himself had a long way to go: and he has gone it. Comparison of his earliest with his latest verse should give ample evidence of how much he himself has learnt from his own critical meditations and from study of the authors about whom he has written.

To say that any kind of criticism has its limitations is not to belittle it, but to contribute towards its definition and understanding. The limitation of Pound's kind is in its concentration upon the craft of letters, and of poetry especially. (The fact that he ignores consideration of dramatic verse, which he regards, quite rightly, as a distinct form or application of verse, and which is a form or application in which he is not interested, is a deliberate limitation worth noting, but not otherwise important.) On the one hand, this very limitation gives him a wider range: Pound's contribution, by calling our attention to the merits of poetry of remote or alien societies – Anglo-Saxon, Provençal, early Italian, Chinese and Japanese, to say nothing of his beneficial, though irritating and sometimes disputable knocking about of accepted valuations in Latin and Greek literature – is immense. But when we want to try to understand what a foreign literature means, or meant, to the people to whom it belongs, when we want to acquaint ourselves with the spirit of a whole civilisation through the whole of its literature, we must go elsewhere. With some literatures, as the Provençal, that literature may, for aught I know, be comprehensively exhibited by the specimens of it which Pound recommends for study by the contemporary writer of English. For those literatures whose summits have been mostly in the drama, the exclusion of drama is serious: but Pound has never yet written about a form of verse which he would not care to practise. And (to take the foreign literature which I know best) Pound performed a great service (especially in *The Spirit of Romance*) for the English-speaking reader in emphasising the greatness of Villon.[11] He was quick to appreciate the originality of Laforgue and Corbière. He showed a discriminating taste among the minor poets of the "Symbolist Movement." But he ignores Mallarmé; he is uninterested in Baudelaire; and

to his interests such poets as Malherbe and La Fontaine are irrelevant.[12] In Elizabethan literature, apart from the drama, and apart from the songs about which he has spoken well, what about such poetry as that of Jonson or Chapman? I mention these omissions, not as cautious reservations in my admiration for Pound's criticism, but the better to praise it for what it is. You can't ask everything of anybody; and it is an illusion fostered by academic authorities on literature, that there is only one kind of criticism, the kind that is delivered on academic foundations, to be printed afterwards in the "proceedings" or as a brochure in a series.

I must add a word about footnotes. I have tried to avoid notes (with the exception of one modest correction bearing my initials)[13] except to supply dates. Any notes newly contributed by Mr. Pound are initialled E. P. Notes with no such indication are the author's notes to the text as originally published.

Mr. Pound regrets the omission (for which the editor is responsible) of an essay on René Crevel; he regrets that he has not yet written a study of the work of Jean Cocteau,[14] and that he has not produced a more recent and comprehensive study of the work of Wyndham Lewis. And I gather that he has recently been giving thought to Sophocles – an excursion into new territory, the fruits of which should be interesting. Other papers which he would have liked me to include struck me as being outside the frame of a volume entitled "Literary Essays."[15]

I should add that amongst the papers excluded from this volume of literary essays, are those on music, painting and sculpture, with two exceptions: the notes on Dolmetsch and Brâncuşi which I have appended as a reminder to the reader of all the other essays on the arts, which fall outside the scope of the present volume.[16]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In order to keep the importance of Pound's literary achievements and influence in the public eye during the long years of his commitment in St. Elizabeths Hospital (1946-58), TSE fostered this and other editions of Pound's poetry and prose while working steadfastly for his eventual liberation. On 28 Feb 1953, he wrote to Raffaele Calzini to apologize for the monthlong delay in writing to him, having had "to prepare a preface to a retrospective collection of Ezra Pound's Literary Essays," explaining his dedication: "With the Collected Poems, the Complete (up to date) Cantos, the Letters and the forthcoming Literary Essays, I hope that un auteur méconnu [a misjudged author] will gradually be recognised as the great animateur [leader] of the twentieth century English and American letters. As for his present confinement – I think that it should be

made to appear an absurdity. If you should be able to write something about him, in the Italian press, I believe that the influence in combating animosity against him in America might be appreciable." On 23 Apr 1953, TSE wrote to Pound on receiving his final approval: "I'm glad to hear that the Collection isn't too bad. I hope we got all the dates right: that took some time."

2. The American poet James Laughlin (1914-97), founder of New Directions, was Pound's friend and the publisher of his work in the United States.

3. On 8 July 1951, TSE informed Pound that he had compiled a tentative list of literary essays, adding "I have not included everything I want in; and it may work out that it will be better to make two volumes, at intervals" (Lilly Library).

4. The two reviews of Frost are of *A Boy's Will* (1913) and *North of Boston* (1914); also, the review of Lawrence is of *Love Poems and Others* (1913), and the review of Johnson is of the preface to *Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson* (1915).

5*. TSE's note: "Mr. Kenner is the author of *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* (Faber & Faber, London; and New Directions, New York: both 1951)." Professor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara, Hugh Kenner (1923-2003) went on to write *The Invisible Poet: T. S. Eliot* (1959) and *The Pound Era* (1971).

Norman Holmes Pearson (1909-75), professor of English and American Studies at Yale, worked with Donald Gallup to expand the Yale Collection of American Literature at the Beinecke Library and to promote American modernists, including Pound and H.D.

6. On 6 Nov 1952, TSE wrote to Pound: "One or two sensible suggestions have reached me from you. Dates are of course essential in any retrospective collection of papers, and it's a pity that *Instigations*, *Pavannes* etc. give no clue. . . . Always necessary to point out that some opinions a man held, and still more the particular way of putting them, bear relations to the situation at the time of writing. Also that any apparent inconsistencies or contradictions MAY be evidence of growth, greater knowledge, or adaptation to later circumstances" (Lilly Library).

7. TSE includes several essays in which Pound vents his harsh views of Milton, particularly "The Renaissance" (1914) and "Notes on Elizabethan Classicists" (1917), stating in the former: "Milton is the worst sort of poison. He is a thorough-going decadent in the worst sense of the term. If he had stopped after writing the short poems one might respect him" (216); in the latter: "The sin or error of Milton – let me leave off vague expressions of a personal active dislike, and make my yearlong diatribes more coherent. . . . He tried to turn English into Latin, to use an uninflected language as if it were an inflected one, neglecting the genius of English . . . I am leaving apart all my disgust with what he has to say, his asinine bigotry, his beastly hebraism, the coarseness of his mentality. I am dealing with a technical matter" (237-38).

8. In "Milton I" (1936), TSE concluded that, though he recognized Milton as a great poet, "he may still be considered as having done damage to the English language from which it has not wholly recovered" (5.375); in "Milton II" (1947), TSE returned to this judgment, reiterating that Milton's work "illustrates no general principles of good writing; the only principles of writing that it illustrates are such as are valid only for Milton himself to observe," but concluding that "it now seems to me that poets are sufficiently liberated from Milton's reputation, to approach the study of his work without danger, and with profit to their poetry and to the English language" (7.29, 35).

9. The three sections are "The Art of Poetry," "The Tradition," and "Contemporaries."

10. On 18 June 1934, in response to Pound's submission of "Make It New" as the title for a new collection of essays, TSE wrote that he was not "altogether happy about your new title MAKE IT NOO we may have missed subtle literary allusion but if we do I reckon genl public will also" (*L7* 237). TSE's reference in this introduction is filtered through Kenner, who had picked up the phrase and transformed it into the shorthand version of Pound's contribution to modernism.

11. The medieval poet François Villon used traditional forms such as the ballade to deal with poignant confessional material. In the *ABC of Reading* (New York: New Directions, 1934), Pound called him "the hardest, the most authentic, the most absolute poet of France" (104) and alluded to his *Le Testament* in several poems, the most important of which is "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley."

12. The Renaissance critic and poet François Malherbe was instrumental in developing the rules of French classicism; Jean de La Fontaine (1621-95) was the author of the immensely popular *Fables* (1668-94).

13. In Pound's essay "Mr. Williams' Position" (1928), TSE inserts a note to the statement that "None of [Williams's] immediate forebears burnt witches in Salem": "Note: we didn't burn them, we hanged them. T. S. E." (391). TSE's ancestor Andrew Eliot (1627-1704), who emigrated from East Coker, England, served as a juror on the Salem witch trials. In his notes for a speech at the University of Rennes (1952), TSE referred to the New England witches "que mon aieul s'est mis immédiatement à exterminer" [whom my ancestor started to exterminate immediately] (7.725).

14. René Crevel (1900-35) was a Surrealist poet associated with André Breton in Paris. The novelist, dramatist, and filmmaker Jean Cocteau was at the center of avant-garde art in Paris in the first half of the century. He is best known for his novel *Les Enfants terribles* (1929).

15. TSE's collection is part of a coordinated effort by Pound's friends and admirers to rehabilitate him as a man of letters. On 7 Nov 1950, TSE wrote to Laughlin of the "foreseen difficulty in keeping the economics out of this volume," adding that "if the worst comes to the worse, I shall have to use the argument that Faber and Faber want only the literary stuff." On 10 Nov, Laughlin replied, "By all means take strong line with Ezra against including any economic essays in the book."

16. Arnold Dolmetsch, French-born musician, instrument maker, and author of *The Interpretation of the Music of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries* (1915), helped to revive interest in early music and was admired by Yeats, Pound, and TSE, who met Dolmetsch in 1915 (*L1* 93) and later became a supporter of the Dolmetsch Foundation (3.654). TSE included Pound's "Arnold Dolmetsch" (1915) and "Vers Libre and Arnold Dolmetsch" (1917).

The Romanian sculptor Constantin Brâncuşi (1876-1957), who worked primarily in France, was a leading modernist who combined abstract form and simple lines with mimetic suggestiveness, as in *The Kiss* (1908). Pound's "Brancusi," in which he discusses the sculptor's work in relation to that of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, appeared in the autumn 1921 issue of *The Little Review*, leading TSE to write to Pound on 12 Mar 1922 that Lady Rothermere, his financial supporter of the *Criterion*, "warmly admires the Brancusi" (*L1* 642). In June 1926 in Paris, TSE, Lady Rothermere, Pound, Brâncuşi, and others attended the grand premiere of Antheil's *Ballet mécanique* (*L3* 199n).

A Message

To the Editor of *The London Magazine*

London Magazine, 1 (Feb 1954) 15-16

A message of good will, from an elderly man of letters, on the appearance of a new literary periodical, may easily be regarded as a mere act of courtesy towards a venture in which he bears no responsibility. In order, therefore, to make it evident that this is something more than a perfunctory gesture of benediction, I wish to produce my credentials and explain why I am interested in the success of *The London Magazine*.[1]

In the first place, I am interested because I myself edited a Literary Review for seventeen years.[2] I am far from wishing that *The London Magazine* should be cut on the pattern of *The Criterion*: for one thing, it must be shaped according to very different conditions; and, equally important, it must be shaped according to the mind of the editor. But my own years of editorship have given me some understanding of the essential functions of a Literary Review at any time, as well as some experience of the difficulties which it has always to confront. And that experience, in spite of and because of my own mistakes, should qualify me, to some degree, to appraise the editorial direction of a new periodical of the same kind. I am confident that the Editor and Board of *The London Magazine* will produce a periodical in which I shall continue to be interested.

My belief in the value of Literary Reviews has not waned: indeed, it has only been strengthened by awareness of the vacuum of the recent post-war years. It is undoubtedly a scandal that we have had in London since the end of the War, no literary magazines to compare with those which have sprung up in other countries. There are half a dozen, on the Continent, for which we have no equivalent. As for America, I am aware of a common Anglo-American danger of abandoning the central position for those of two extremes: the Academic and the Popular Educational. The type of magazine from the lack of which we suffer is neither that which provides a vehicle of expression for critics occupying university posts nor that which endeavours to elevate the Public Taste. What we need is the magazine which will boldly assume the existence of a public interested in serious literature,

and eager to be kept in touch with current literature and with criticism of that literature by the most exacting standards.

But will that public give its support? In England, there are far too many people, professing to be lovers of literature, who are ready to say either "this magazine lacks support, and therefore there is no point in my supporting it"; or else "this magazine is substantially backed, and therefore can do without my support." Too many of the people who ought to *subscribe* to a literary magazine say "I haven't time to read it regularly, but I shall buy a copy when there is something that I ought to read." Such people most frequently overlook the number containing something that they ought to have read. They say then that they are sorry they missed it. During seventeen years, I knew which lovers of literature, amongst those who could afford to pay the subscription, were subscribers, and which were not.

The first function of a literary magazine, surely, is to introduce the work of new or little known writers of talent. The second is to provide critical valuation of the work of living authors, both famous and unknown. The third is to be in the best sense *international*. The magazine must be aware of what is happening in other countries and of what is being written in other languages; and must keep its readers informed of what is happening – but never, I would say emphatically, merely in the way of "news" or gossip. The readers must be encouraged to read books, not merely to talk about books they have not read. But the most important international aspect of any literary magazine is that it should be read by, and should command the respect of, the editors and collaborators of similar magazines in other countries. And the new writers, whose work it introduces, should be writers who deserve the attention of writers and of readers of literary magazines in other countries.

I am addressing myself, however, primarily to those English readers, at home and overseas, who profess to take an interest in literature. It is their duty to take out a subscription to *The London Magazine*. Without literary magazines, the vitality of the world of contemporary letters is very gravely reduced. If our society cannot provide for such a magazine, a circulation large enough to justify its existence – and a subscription, it must be remembered, is not merely an act of financial support but a declaration of *moral* support – then the outlook for our civilization is all the more sombre.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. *The London Magazine*, founded as a literary review in 1732, went in and out of existence over two centuries, lastly from 1900 to 1930. During one of its most fruitful periods (1820-29), William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb were on the staff, and Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats were contributors. In Feb 1954, it was revived by John Lehmann, founding editor of the anti-fascist review *New Writing*. This inaugural issue contained poems by Louis MacNeice, Elizabeth Jennings, Thom Gunn, and William Plomer; fiction by Hugo Charteris, Pierre Gascar, and Elizabeth Bowen; criticism by L. P. Hartley; and a "Letter from New York" by Harvey Breit.

2. *The Criterion* was published from Oct 1922 to Jan 1939.

On Poetry and Drama

An address delivered on 19 Feb 1954 at Foyle's Literary Luncheon, Cape Town, for a program titled "Poetry and Drama," which included four ten-minute talks, one by TSE. His whimsical title, "POETRY IN 30 SECONDS," appears as a canceled alternative at the head of the text.

On 30 Dec 1953, TSE sailed for South Africa in the company of Enid and Geoffrey Faber. They spent five weeks at sea and three in Durban and Cape Town, returning to London on 12 Mar. The purpose of the trip was to escape the London winter and to see old friends. As his time in South Africa drew to a close, TSE wrote to John Hayward that his health had improved: "I am well, and sunburnt, and sorry to leave this delicious heat and sunlight." In Durban, he saw several friends, was interviewed and filmed for the local news, and posed for a photograph beside Wyndham Lewis's portrait of him in the Durban Art Gallery. He also met with friends in Cape Town, chiefly Hope Mirrlees, but the chief event was the luncheon at Foyle's Book Shop. Although he had agreed to give a talk, he confided to Hayward and Mirrlees that he was unenthusiastic. On 25 Jan, he told Mirrlees: "the great nuisance is that I have to attend (together with the Fabers) a Foyle's Book Luncheon on Friday the 19th (I don't like it being on a Friday, as I shall probably be forced to eat MEAT) at which I am to be one of several Speakers – I to talk for 10 minutes on 'Poetry and Drama.'" On 6 Feb, he wrote to offer her tickets to that "Foyle Literary Luncheon which is the thorn in my ointment. . . . Apparently they sell tickets to it; but we have been offered complimentary tickets. Would you like two? Not that I want my friends to hear me (and Mr. Messina, and Sir Le Rougetel of Jersey & somebody else) vapouring away about Poetry & Drama."

What can I say, worth saying, about "poetry and drama" in 10 minutes? First, to give, in a concentrated form, some at least of my reasons for believing that it is worth while to try to write plays in verse. Then, if I have time, to give a little advice, based on my own experiment and modest experience, to anybody who is tempted to enter upon this foolhardy enterprise.

First of all, the poetry in a verse play is not there for its own sake. It is not something extra, put on like the icing on a cake, to look pretty. And after all, the proof of a cake is in the eating; and the most elaborate architecture on a wedding cake only intensifies our disappointment, if the cake isn't good to eat after it has been cut. What we remember about a cake is the flavour: what we remember about a play is the plot, the situations, and the characters. Therefore, if we are to defend the practice of making the personages in a play talk verse instead of prose, we must do so on the ground that it has

dramatic value, whether we, in the audience, are consciously attending to the beauty of the language or not. We must claim – and I do claim – that verse in the theatre can be a more adequate means of expression of emotion at its greatest intensity, than prose.

The theatre is, or should be, a means of extending our knowledge of life, and a means of enlarging our understanding of human beings. It should supplement our personal, limited experience, and increase our knowledge of human motives and passions, by making us share in the lives of imaginary personages like ourselves in situations outside the range of our experience; and, conversely, it should help us to understand the behaviour of people different from ourselves, in situations similar to those we have found ourselves in. There has to be a likeness, to elicit our sympathy, and help us to undergo the feelings of the author's characters; and there has to be something unfamiliar, something outside of our experience, so that we can learn more about human life. This likeness and unlikeness extends to the language.

I believe that we all, whether we know it or not, want at our moments of most intense feeling, to express ourselves in poetry. Even poets, however, can't do that: there isn't time. Wordsworth was more or less right when he said that poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity – though I should be tempted to qualify that by adding that it isn't necessarily emotion, and not always recollection, and not always a state of tranquillity: but whether we agree on the terms, I think Wordsworth was right about the time lag and the relationship.[1] Anyway, a poet is no more able – perhaps less able – to write poetry when possessed by a violent emotion, than anyone else. But the poet in the theatre, when he is successful, is giving himself, and his audience, that satisfaction. In serious drama, it is possible for the characters to talk poetry just when they want to. They should certainly express themselves better than any of us can in actual life: they do that even in prose plays – witness Congreve, our greatest prose dramatist in English;[2] and indeed, my complaint against Bernard Shaw's dialogue is that all the characters are so witty all of the time that they fail to remind us of any human being except Shaw himself.[3] But why, you will ask, should stage characters express themselves, not only better than we do, but so differently in verse, which we never use in ordinary conversation? Because, I think, there is always a point beyond which words fail, without the help of verse rhythm to intensify the emotion.[4] There are things which can be expressed in verse and not in prose, simply because the rhythm, the sound of the words, is essential for the full meaning. The words in that order have an enhanced value. You have only

to try to make a prose paraphrase of any great lines of verse, to see that this is true; you have only to put some great scene of Shakespeare's into prose, to see that there is a dramatic loss – something has evaporated from the emotions of the characters. The music of verse is essential to the dramatic effect. It is not, I must add, that poetry enters into competition with music. It is true that a great piece of music expresses to us something that words cannot express, and which therefore we cannot explain in words; it is true that music in its own way enlarges our range of emotion. But the moment a poet sacrifices sense to sound he ceases to write poetry; the moment a dramatic poet sacrifices sense to sound he has lost touch with the character who speaks the lines.

Now I think I should try to answer the question: can't the poetry, nowadays, be better expressed in prose than in verse? I can think of only two modern dramatists who have approximated, with prose dialogue, to the expression of those emotions and shades of feeling for which verse is apt. They are both dramatists whose work we know only in translation: Ibsen and Chekhov.[5] These are very great dramatists indeed. And I cannot pronounce on the adequacy of the Norwegian or the Russian language for saying in prose what seems appropriate to verse, and therefore have no right to suggest that their work would be still greater, in their own languages, if they had had the special gifts of the poet. But in English, it seems to me obvious that Shakespeare – and even his minor contemporaries – had a medium superior to that of any prose dramatist in the English language; that they had an instrument immensely more powerful and of greater range for expressing human emotion in its most acute ecstasy or agony than any of our prose dramatists. To attempt to do in prose what Shakespeare did in verse would be like designing a symphony, and scoring it in terms of a piano piece.

It may be asserted that, for reasons known or unknown, ours is essentially a prose age – that poetry is a form of speech belonging to the past, and no longer suitable – at least no longer significant to any but a small minority. I have heard such an opinion attributed to the German philosopher Heidegger: it is held, I believe, in a more popular or confused form by many people.[6] If this were so, it would only mean that our capacity for refined emotion had diminished, that our sensibility was – not reverting to barbarism, but declining into degeneracy. And if it is so, then I can only say that it is all the more the duty of the poet to try to combat the tendency, to arrest the decline; and in no form more importantly than on the stage.

One reservation I must make, however, about the use of verse in the theatre. The verse, the poetry, must never be so far removed from ordinary speech as to destroy the illusion of the theatre. It must not strike the audience in such a way that the audience cannot imagine itself at such a moment, in such a situation, talking like that. If the poetry is to respond to our own unsatisfied desire to talk poetry, it must not be in a language so remote, or so elaborate, that it loses touch with the emotions of which we feel ourselves to be capable.

And this reservation – which constitutes one of the dramatic poet's most knotty problems – leads me to my second part: advice to dramatists. This is less presumptuous of me than it sounds at first. For I have no advice whatever to offer to any prose dramatist who knows his job – and probably knows it better than I do – unless he is seized by the desire to write a play in verse. In that event I should simply say to him: Don't. It is probable that if he had any poetic talent, he would have begun to show it long ago. In other words, I don't believe that a middle-aged prose writer is likely to be able to make himself into a poet, but I do maintain that it is just possible that even a middle-aged poet, without previous training, experience, or natural aptitude, might by hard work and by trial and error learn how to construct a play. To the poet, I could say: it is just remotely possible that you can learn enough about the theatre to write a good verse play. But you have got to realise that you have a great deal to learn; and that you will never get anywhere unless you care enough about writing a good verse play to face failure and disappointment. Don't imagine that your poetry, even if it is as good as you think it is, is going to make up for faults of construction, weaknesses of plotting or lifeless characters. Your "poetry" must be ruthlessly subordinated to dramatic needs. Remember that a play in verse cannot afford to be less interesting or exciting than a play in prose; remember that the upper gallery is at least as important as the stalls; realise even that there are things you can learn from Nöel Coward that you won't learn from Shakespeare.[7] You will have to learn when to take advice, when to scrap lines and passages that you particularly fancy, when to tear up a whole act and start again. You will need not only tenacity but humility – for without humility you won't be able to endure the humiliation. You have to become very tough and at the same time remain very sensitive. Even if you are a very good poet, it may take you twenty years to learn to write a play. But the real reward to the poet, if he has any success in the theatre – the specific reward which should mean most to the poet – is this: the consciousness of having been able, on occasion,

to bring poetry to people who didn't know they wanted it, to people who only came to the theatre for entertainment, but who have gone home afterwards, realising that they have got more from the play they have just seen than they were aware of having gone to the theatre to find.

NOTES

1. Wordsworth, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, 2nd edn. (London: Longman and Rees, 1800): "I have said that Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till by a species of reaction the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, similar to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind" (xxxiii-xxxiv). TSE had discussed this famous passage thirty-five years earlier in "Tradition and the Individual Talent": "We must believe that 'emotion recollected in tranquillity' is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity" (2.111).

2. In "The Development of Shakespeare's Verse" (1937), TSE argues that writing in verse makes it possible for dramatists to transcend the demands of the dramatic, adding that this "same extra-dramatic . . . interest may be present in a prose play, when the author is interested in the use of language for its own sake, in the beauty of words and in . . . their incantatory value; interested in language beyond the limited needs of expressing the thoughts and shades of feeling of a particular character at a particular moment. . . . I feel this love of words to be present in [Congreve's] *The Way of the World*" (5.536-37).

3. In "The Idealism of Julien Benda" (1928), TSE claims that, although Shaw is "the master of a lucid and witty dialogue prose hardly equalled since Congreve, and of a certain power of observation," he is guilty of "squandering these gifts in the service of wornout home-made theories, as in the lamentable *Methusaleh*" (3.441).

4. TSE writes in "The Music of Poetry" (1942): "If . . . only a part of the meaning can be conveyed by paraphrase, that is because the poet is occupied with frontiers of consciousness beyond which words fail, though meanings still exist" (6.314).

5. Henrik Ibsen and Anton Chekhov, like Congreve and Shaw, are often conjoined in TSE's discussions of drama. In the introduction to *Savonarola* (1926), he writes: "In genuine drama the form is determined by the point . . . at which a tension between liturgy and realism takes place. In Marivaux and Congreve, as well as in Aeschylus and *Everyman*, this tension is found. In Ibsen and Chekhov we probably have drama at the extreme limit *beyond* which it ceases to have artistic form. Mr. Shaw can claim the title of artist only by grace of his very fine if somewhat eviscerated prose style – and his prose is no more 'realistic' speech than is a conversation between characters of Congreve" (2.773). Ibsen and Chekhov are again paired in a tribute to Chekhov (1944), in which TSE notes that, in the last century, the "only two dramatists . . . who seem to me to be of any possible value for the writer of poetry-plays to-day, are Ibsen and Chekhov . . . They are prose dramatists, but their plays . . . are essentially and not accidentally, poetic." Of the two, he adds, Chekhov "has made the deeper impression on my own sensibility. . . . [W]hile the characters of Chekhov talk in prose, the effect of the play is that of great poetry" (6.516-17).

6. In the early 1930s, TSE often consulted Erich Alport, who was educated in Germany, for advice about postwar German intellectuals, especially ones who might be willing to contribute

to the *Criterion*. Alport recommended Martin Heidegger whose *Sein und Zeit* (1927) (*Being and Time*) was immediately recognized as a major work in European existentialist philosophy. Heidegger was a disciple of Edmund Husserl, whose *Logical Investigations* TSE had read in 1914 (*L1* 49). On 23 June 1930, he wrote to Alport, "I should very much like to read something of Heidegger. During the month of August 1914, I sat in Marburg, smoking cigars and reading the works of Husserl, and I still know just enough about the subject to be extremely interested in the work of a disciple" (*L5* 228). In a letter to Spender in Mar 1931, TSE remarked that he had been "agonising over" the work of "a disciple of the great Husserl," Martin Heidegger, "who is really good, I think, though far from lucid" (*L5* 529). In his Oct "Commentary" for the *Criterion*, he included Heidegger as a "first-rate" thinker "of permanent importance." TSE seems to be referring to the later Heidegger's turn to poetry and to his position in essays, such as "What Are Poets For" (1946), in which the language of poetry is contrasted with that of technology and science as a means of revealing Being (*Dasein*). Heidegger's position in these late essays, collected in *Poetry, Language, Thought*, is congruent with TSE's argument on the ability of poetry to point beyond reason to presence. The fact that TSE in 1954 qualifies what he knows of Heidegger's position as hearsay may be related to the shadow cast on Heidegger by Nazism. He joined the Nazi party in 1933, and as rector of Freiburg University, he implemented Hitler's program for German universities. After the war, he refused to repudiate Nazism.

7. Nöel Coward was an English playwright, composer, and actor known for highly polished comedies and musicals. His often flamboyant and always witty plays, including *Private Lives* (1930) and *Blithe Spirit* (1941), were among the most popular in twentieth-century theater.

TEXTUAL NOTE

The nine-page typescript is in the Hayward Bequest (H1n), King's College, with a pencil notation, not in TSE's hand, on page 1: "19/2/54 / Cape Town."

Tribute to Wallace Stevens

Trinity Review, 8 (May 1954) 9

When I received a letter from Mr. Morse inviting my cooperation in an issue of the *Review* in honour of the seventy-fifth birthday of Wallace Stevens, I replied at once to explain why I could do nothing that would be adequate to the occasion. I was at that moment engaged on a task which would take me through most of November. The contributors to the *Review* were allowed until February 2nd; but I could allow myself only until Christmas, having arranged to take a long voyage from which I should not be returning until March.[1] Having given these explanations, I asked whether a paragraph, a sentence or a phrase might serve as a token, so that my name at least should not be absent from the chorus.

I write not only as an admirer, but with the special responsibility of a Director of the Firm who publish Wallace Stevens in England.[2] I am not boasting of that: in fact I am rather ashamed of the fact that Stevens had not been published in London before. I had taken for granted that some other firm had published his work, and wondered at their incompetence in taking so little trouble to make the fact known: it was one of my fellow directors who first called my attention to the fact that Stevens, although his name and some of his poems were very well known to the élite who really know, had had no book to himself.[3] Now, his reputation is beginning to spread to the people who don't know. There is no compliment on my own work that gives me more pleasure than that of the man who says, "I didn't know anything about this chap, but I picked up a volume of his the other day – and I found I *liked* it!" I have heard that said lately several times, about the book of Wallace Stevens.

If I was writing a critical article, I should have to try to explain *why* I like the poems of Wallace Stevens so much: and the explaining why is always what takes the time. But I am only writing in order to get my name into this *Festschrift*; and I hope that the Editor will see that my name is printed so that no one can miss it.[4]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Samuel French Morse (1916-85), assistant professor of English at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, was the faculty adviser to the undergraduate literary magazine, the *Review*. On 4 Nov 1953, he invited TSE to contribute to a special issue, "A Celebration for Wallace Stevens." To mark his seventy-fifth birthday, Stevens (1879-1955) had in press his *Collected Poems* (1954), which would be awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1955. On 18 Nov, TSE responded that, although he had "high respect for [Stevens's] work," he could send only "a sentence or two" due to pressing deadlines. He was finishing "The Three Voices of Poetry," which he was to present for the National Book League the following day and had to prepare for publication in Dec. The carbon copy of this tribute to Stevens is dated in Valerie Fletcher's hand "21.XII.53." At the end of the year, TSE sailed to South Africa for a ten-week holiday.

2. TSE commissioned Marianne Moore's review of Stevens's enlarged edition of *Harmonium* in the Jan 1936 *Criterion* (307-09), and in "American Literature and the American Language" (1953), he named Stevens, together with Pound, Williams, and Moore, as among the "pioneers of twentieth-century poetry" (7.805).

3. TSE's fellow director, the American Frank Morley, most likely pointed out the omission. Stevens's *Selected Poems*, chosen with a foreword by Dennis Williamson, was printed in London by the Fortune Press in Dec 1952. Withdrawn before publication because the contract had been canceled in 1946, all but review copies were destroyed. An authorized edition, containing a different selection of poems, was published on 6 Feb 1953 by Faber & Faber, which in 1959 would also publish Stevens's *Opus Posthumous* (Knopf, 1957), edited with an introduction by Samuel French Morse.

4. Stevens himself contributed two previously unpublished poems to the Festschrift. Archibald MacLeish, Marianne Moore, Babette Deutsch, Richard Eberhart, and Richard Wilbur also contributed poems. In addition, TSE, Alfred Knopf, William Carlos Williams, Conrad Aiken, Louise Bogan, William Empson, and Julian Symons contributed brief prose tributes.

Cold War Casualty

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (7 June 1954) 7

Sir, – Your leading article of June 3 will, I am sure, have been read with warm agreement by Dr. Robert Oppenheimer's friends in this country, and in particular by those who, like myself, have come to know and respect him, as guests of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton under his administration.[1]

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W. C. 1.

NOTE

1. The American physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer (1904-67) was director of the Los Alamos Laboratory when the atomic bomb was being developed. After the war, he chaired the US Atomic Energy Commission. The context for TSE's letter is the controversy surrounding Oppenheimer's suspension in Apr 1954 from membership of the General Advisory Committee on atomic energy. Deemed to be a Communist sympathizer and suspected of sabotaging the hydrogen bomb project, he was stripped of his military clearance. On 2 June, in "Dr. Oppenheimer 'Loyal' / Board Votes against Reinstatement," the *Times* reported that, although the security board found him to be a "loyal citizen," it recommended against reinstatement on grounds that his conduct, association, and "less than candid testimony" had seriously compromised national security interests (6). On 3 June, the *Times* reported in "Cold War Casualty" that Oppenheimer had appealed this decision; the reporter offered his view that it was "altogether natural" that his American colleagues had rallied to his defense and opined: "It is no less natural that others who care for keeping an inner preserve of individuality and freedom, even under pressure of great peril, should share their sorrow and alarm" (7).

According to transcripts of his testimony released in mid-June 1954, Oppenheimer admitted to having been active in the Communist party from late 1936 to 1942. In a 29 June 1954 letter to Willard Thorp, TSE commented further on the case. "I published a short letter in *The Times* supporting their attitude about Robert Oppenheimer, though at the same time I must confess that on reading the evidence, I am completely bewildered about his state of mind. I cannot but think that he is a combination of genius and simpleton." TSE had known Oppenheimer since Oct-Nov 1948 when he was a visiting fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study, of which Oppenheimer was director. Oppenheimer's security clearance was reinstated by President Lyndon Johnson in 1963.

Preface to a Polish translation of *Murder in the Cathedral*

Zabójstwo w katedrze, by T. S. Eliot; trans. Zofia Ilińska[1]

Tunbridge Wells: Oficyna Poetów i Malarzy na emigracji w Anglii, 1954. Pp. 67; Preface tipped on verso of title-leaf or on front fly-leaf.

My ignorance of the Polish language disqualifies me from praising this translation of "Murder in the Cathedral" as I have no doubt it deserves. But to spend ten years polishing a translation which, alas, has now no prospect of being presented in the Polish theatre, and which now can reach only a limited number of readers, is surely a labour of love.[2] For this labour I wish to thank my translator. At the same time I take the opportunity of expressing my sympathy for all Poles in exile: and my recognition of our debt to those who died in action in the War – may they rest in peace.[3]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Zofia Ilińska née Aleksandra Brochocka (1921-95) was seventeen years old when the Soviet tanks rolled into Poland on 17 Sept 1939. With her mother and two brothers, she escaped into the forests of Lithuania and a year later arrived in England. During the war, she worked at the Polish section of the BBC and published two books of verse in Polish. Within a few years, she began writing poems in English, of which the best-known collection is *The Idle Rocks* (1972). In 1945, Ilińska married an American diplomat, Harley Moseley, and settled in Cornwall. In 1946, in appreciation of TSE's sympathy with the Poles and his reputation as a Christian writer, she began her translation of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

2. The Soviets imposed severe censorship, making it inconceivable that a religious play focused on martyrdom would be performed in Poland.

3. The Nazis invaded Poland on 1 Sept 1939 and on 17 Sept, the Soviets followed suit, leading to the division of the country and the decimation of the population. The Poles responded by setting up one of the largest resistance movements of the war and establishing a government in exile. From the earliest stages of the war, TSE was moved by the suffering of the Polish people. In 1944, he accepted an invitation from the Polish Research Centre in London to write a preface to *Roll Call* (*Apel*), an account of a punitive roll call at Auschwitz in 1940 in which Poles were forced to stand at attention for fifteen hours in the cold (6.581). In 1946, TSE contributed a preface to an anonymous memoir – *The Dark Side of the Moon* – focused on the 1939 occupation of eastern Poland by the Soviets and the deportation of over a million Poles to Siberia. His preface underscores his sympathy with the Poles and his distress over what the catastrophe might portend for Western European civilization (6.742). Despite the fact that the Allies received substantial military assistance from the Poles, they allowed the Soviets to continue their occupation, which was to last until the end of the Cold War in 1989.

Clemenza per Ezra Pound: Una lettera di T. S. Eliot[1]

To the Editor of *Il Mare*

Il Mare, 36 (31 Oct 1954) [1]

Londra, 27 Ottobre 1954

Al Direttore de «IL MARE»,[2]
Rapallo

Egregio Signore,

Le scrivo per porgerLe i migliori miei auguri, lieto di sapere che il Suo giornale ha ripreso le pubblicazioni; in modo particolare, mi congratulo del Suo encomiabile proposito di commemorare, nella ricorrenza del suo compleanno, uno che era residente a Rapallo per tanti anni,[3] che è stato durante tutta la sua vita amante dell'Italia, un uomo che io ritengo il più grande maestro vivente di poesia inglese, Mr. Ezra Pound. Ricordo vivamente una visita che io feci a Rapallo e al sig. Pound, venticinque anni or sono. Vorrei mi si presentasse l'occasione di pregustare la gioia di rivedere Rapallo; e sarebbe il mio desiderio – così strettamente sono legati i ricordi – di poter ritrovare costì al mio ritorno Ezra Pound.[4]

Mi professo, egregio signore,
T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

19 October 1954

To the Editor
"Il Mare,"[2]
RAPALLO.

Dear Sir,

I write to convey my best wishes, on hearing that your journal has resumed publication; and, in particular, for your admirable enterprise in commemorating, on his birthday, a man who was a resident in Rapallo for so many years,[3] who has been all his life a lover of Italy, and a man whom I regard as the greatest living master of English verse, Mr. Ezra Pound. I

remember vividly a visit that I paid to Rapallo, and to Mr. Pound, some twenty-five years ago. I should like to look forward to re-visiting Rapallo; and I wish – so closely are the memories engaged – that on my return I might find Ezra Pound there.[4]

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
[T. S. ELIOT]

NOTES

1. TSE wrote to Olga Rudge on 13 Oct 1954: "I have your letter of October 7th. Of course I will write a letter of greeting to your Rapallo newspaper for this number in honour of Ezra Pound for his birthday. . . . I am indeed very happy to be able this time to follow out a suggestion from you" (Beinecke). On 24 Oct, *Il Mare* featured a front-page editorial entitled "Clemenza per Ezra Pound" that described the initiatives undertaken by Italian intellectuals to secure Pound's release from St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, DC. On 19 Oct, TSE responded to the appeal by sending a letter to the editor, and on 31 Oct, a translation of the letter, misdated to 27 Oct, appeared on the front page of *Il Mare*. The translation was introduced by a note identifying TSE as a Nobel laureate and accompanied by a four-column article by Francesco Monotti entitled "Venivano a Rapallo / perchè vi si trovava Ezra Pound" [They used to come to Rapallo because Ezra Pound was there]. The 31 Oct issue was timed to commemorate Pound's sixty-ninth birthday (30 Oct). The following year, various journals asked TSE to submit a statement or essay to honor Pound on his seventieth (8.99).

The carbon copy of TSE's original English letter was reproduced in facsimile in *Ezra Pound: Un poeta a Rapallo*, ed. Massimo Bacigalupo (Genoa: Edizioni San Marco dei Giustiniani, 1985), 69.

2. *Il Mare* was the local newspaper in Rapallo, published weekly from 1908 to 1941 and from 1954 to 1956. Beginning in 1932, Pound contributed occasional articles on literature, music, and economics. With Gino Saviotti (1893-1980), he founded and co-edited *Il Mare*'s literary supplements that appeared from Aug to July 1933.

3. Pound lived in Rapallo from Jan 1925 to May 1944, when he was forced by wartime defense constructions to leave the seafront. He moved to Sant'Ambrogio di Zoagli, situated in the hills east of Rapallo, where he stayed at the home of Olga Rudge until he was arrested and turned over to US troops on 3 May 1945.

4. TSE visited Pound in Rapallo in Dec 1925, nearly thirty (not twenty-five) years earlier. On his return to England, he wrote to Pound: "Coming to Rapallo was well wuth it, for me" (27 Dec 1925, *L2* 808). TSE considered returning to Rapallo with Vivien in Aug or Sept of 1926 and possibly in the winter of 1926-27. However, he never visited Rapallo again, and Pound would not return there until May 1959, following his release from St. Elizabeths.

To the Editor of *Poetry*

Poetry, 85 (Nov 1954) [ii] of wrapper

14 August 1954
Dear Shapiro,

Any powers of persuasion I possess are at the disposal of *Poetry* in any appeal for public support.[1]

I don't believe many people in the U.S.A. realise how important *Poetry* looks to people abroad: I mean, to English-speaking poetry-lovers and lovers of poetry who read English. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else: *Poetry* has had imitators, but has so far survived them all. It is an American Institution. To poetry-readers abroad it is still the magazine to which we look first, to make us aware of whatever new poetic talent appears in the U.S.A. And American twentieth-century poetry, as an export article, is bringing in higher returns in the way of "cultural prestige" in foreign countries than most American citizens realise.

And *Poetry* could do still more for poetry if it could do more for the poets: the more support it gets from the public, the better it can pay the poets.[2] I can hardly believe it possible that *Poetry* should be allowed to die: but what I want is to see it *flourish*.

Yours sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Karl Shapiro, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry (1945) and American Poet Laureate (1946-47), served as editor of *Poetry* from 1950 to 1955. TSE congratulated him on becoming editor in a letter to *Poetry* of May 1950, praising it as being "not a little magazine but an INSTITUTION" (7.473). Now in the midst of a financial crisis, Shapiro wrote to TSE on 23 July 1954 to request a letter that "would be used as a means of raising money for *Poetry*. We believe that it should be in nature of a direct appeal for support."

2. Shapiro suggested to TSE in his request: "Perhaps the letter should state also that *Poetry* in turn supports poets by bringing them recognition and payment for their work. In fact, we hope by some miracle to be able to increase the small amounts our poets receive for their work."

Mrs. Runcie's Pudding[1]

This recipe is taken from a book called *Wishful Cooking*, published by Faber and Faber, but as a friend of the authors, I have partaken of Mrs. Runcie's pudding many times.[2] I understand that Mrs. Runcie of Prestwick kept a kind of select boarding house for gentlemen who came to Prestwick to play golf, and this pudding appears to have been very successful as a gentlemen's pudding.

1 teacup breadcrumbs
1 tablespoon sherry
1 teacup milk
1/2 lb. strawberry jam
2 eggs
1/4 lb. castor sugar
1 tablespoon brown sugar

Boil milk and breadcrumbs till firm; lay aside till cool. Beat the yolks of eggs with brown sugar and sherry. Mix with the bread and milk. Put in a pudding dish and bake till a skin forms. Take out of the oven and cover top with jam. Put back into oven and bake for another 1/4 hour. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff with castor sugar and lay on the top of the pudding. Brown slightly and serve.[3]

T. S. ELIOT

London, England

NOTES

1. As printed in *Symphony of Cooking*. Comp. Mrs. J. Eldred Newton. St. Louis, MO: Women's Association of the St. Louis Symphony Society, 1954. Pp. 472 + index; 419.

In reply to Eugene Baker's letter of 15 Sept 1954, TSE sent this recipe on 29 Sept saying: "I would certainly like to do what I can to help the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, and as it is forbidden to send money out of the country, I am very happy to offer you a recipe. I cannot, however, give you a dish of my own invention. I have never invented one, nor am I qualified to do so, but it may be that your cookery book will not otherwise include Mrs. Runcie's Pudding." Despite this claim, TSE had enclosed a humorous but highly elaborate recipe entitled "How to Prepare a Salad" with his letter to Enid Faber of 11 Aug 1936, in which he stated: "I enclose my directions for making a salad, which I have never released to anyone before."

2. The book is a collection of recipes compiled by Emily Lina Mirrlees (1861-1948) and her daughter Margaret Rosalys Coker (1898-1970). Published in 1949, it contains a "selection from a great number amassed over a period of sixty years, in England, Scotland, and in foreign lands." The editors point out that the recipes "have all been proved, either by ourselves or by friends upon whom we can rely" (9). They identify Mrs. Runcie as one who "Kept famous rooms in Prestwick, Ayrshire, from *circa* 1890-1910" (218). Emily Lina was the mother of TSE's longtime friend, the translator, poet, and novelist Hope Mirrlees (1887-1978). In the 1940s, Hope lived with her mother and spinster aunt in Shamley Green in Surrey, and during the war, TSE often spent four days a week at their house and the other three in London in order to attend to his business matters.

3. Slightly revised from *Wishful Cooking*, 153. There the recipe is included under the category "Hot Sweets." In *Symphony of Cooking*, it is included under "Displaced Persons," together with a prefatory poem by that title:

> To those ex-St. Louisians living afar
> We don't say "goodbye" but just "au revoir."
> Your good old friends miss you and send their best wishes,
> Then rush to the kitchen to make your best dishes.
> But though your receipts may win Cordon Bleu
> If we had our druthers, we'druther have you. (417)

TSE's recipe contribution was reprinted in *Celebrity Cooking for You*, ed. Renée Hellman (1961).

A Note on *Monstre Gai*, by Wyndham Lewis[1]

Hudson Review, 7 (Winter [1954]-1955) [522]-26

Monstre Gai is a sequel or continuation of *The Childermass*, and *Monstre Gai* also is to have a sequel. This much is common knowledge. But many people will read *Monstre Gai* who will not have read *The Childermass*, which was published in 1928 and has been for some years out of print: for a younger generation, certainly for those who do not live near a library possessing a copy of the book, *The Childermass* is only a name, the name of a lost work known only in critical citations. While awaiting republication we do not, fortunately, need to have read *The Childermass* in order to understand what *Monstre Gai* is about. We need to know that it is a work not only of imagination but of fantasy, like the romances of Rabelais and Swift, to which it will in due course be compared, though with little relevance. For Mr. Lewis has set himself a much more difficult feat to carry out than that of either of these authors.[2] If, for instance, one chooses to deposit a human being among a race of people either very much bigger or very much smaller than himself, or if one chooses to depict the adventures of a colossus or a midget among human beings, the *mechanics* of the story is not very difficult. The author has only to take care to have everything to scale; and the imaginative genius consists in making us feel what it would be like to be a giant among ordinary human beings, or an ordinary human being among giants. But Mr. Lewis has chosen to take his human beings – Pullman and his ex-fag Satterthwaite, who first make their appearance in *The Childermass*, and continue their adventures in *Monstre Gai* – to the world beyond the grave; and not as excursionists like Dante, but as denizens.[3] They are not only among the dead but are ghosts themselves; so that, unlike Dante and Rabelais and Swift, Mr. Lewis has to do without the normal standards of consistency. This makes the mechanism of the story much more difficult to construct. Mr. Lewis has, I believe, come as near as possible to triumphing over such difficulties; and when we consider how numerous these difficulties are, our respect for what he has actually done will be all the greater.

At the opening of *The Childermass* Pullman and Satterthwaite (usually known as Pulley and Satters) whose paths have hardly crossed since schooldays, find themselves in "the Camp" –a kind of Transit Camp where the

newly dead sojourn for a time, before being drafted off to other destinations – on the hither bank of a river analogous to that which Virgil and Dante had to cross. At the point at which *Monstre Gai* begins, the pair of them have succeeded in smuggling themselves across the river, and are discovered just outside the Magnetic City to which they seek to gain admittance. For the hope of admission, they depend upon attaching themselves to the retinue of an ambiguous figure, a personage of authority, called the Bailiff. This Bailiff played an important part in *The Childermass*, and plays a still more important part in *Monstre Gai*, for he is in fact himself the *monstre gai*.[4] And that, really, is all that the new reader who has not read *The Childermass* needs to know about *Monstre Gai* before he opens the book.

I hope that after *Monstre Gai* and its successor (for we are promised a third volume of this vast supernatural saga) have been assimilated, *The Childermass* may be re-published without further delay. I write "after" with some emphasis; having re-read *The Childermass* after reading *Monstre Gai*, I believe the sequel to be a better introduction to its forerunner, than the other way about. For *Monstre Gai* is, I am convinced, a much better piece of construction. *The Childermass* strikes me – now that I have its sequel to compare it with – as a brilliant, a long, an interminable opening chapter or first scene, a first scene which breaks off abruptly at the end of a dialogue – or is the dialogue really ended? At the end, we still do not know enough about the characters to be quite sure what the author is up to. The reader's attention is held by the power of the style, the vividness of the pictures (the *peons*, as a detail, are unforgettable) and the brilliance of the debate. And yet, at the end, we have begun to be a bit impatient at being kept waiting so long, we know not for what. *Monstre Gai*, on the other hand, tells a story, and is filled with what it is an understatement to call exciting episodes – in a more serious dimension than that of "Space Fiction."

The story gets moving at once, and it moves in a definite direction. And beyond the structural improvement, the much greater skill at plain story-telling, I think I find a more important difference still: there is, it seems to me, as in other of Mr. Lewis's recent writing (*Rotting Hill*, *The Writer and the Absolute*, *Self Condemned*), a gain in *maturity*.[5] I do not mean that *The Childermass*, or any of the author's earlier published writings, could strike any reader as immature. The comparison reflects no discredit on earlier work. *Troilus and Cressida*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, or *Coriolanus*, any of these is a more mature work than *Hamlet*– to say nothing of *Romeo and Juliet*: but one does not therefore wish the earlier plays to be other than what they

are, or for this reason adjudge them to be imperfect. *Self Condemned* is a much more mature work than *Tarr*, and at the age at which I now find myself I prefer the later book: yet it is not so startlingly original, not in the same way "epoch-making" (no artist can make more than one epoch, after all, however many surprises he springs).[6] And the difference in maturity between *The Childermass* and *Monstre Gai* is not merely that the philosophy is riper or more explicit or more coherent: there is, I believe, also a development in humanity. In the first part of *The Childermass* one is too often, and too irritatingly reminded that Pulley and Satters belong to Mr. Lewis's puppet-gallery.[7]* It is not that their creator *failed* to make them real – it is that he *denied* them more than a measure of reality. Just as one of them seemed about to behave like a human being, instead of like a caricature (though a caricature which only Lewis could have drawn) the author would give a little twitch of the string (and how often, and how tiresomely, we are reminded that Pulley is a "little" man) to put him in his place: "if you are going to try to behave like human beings, I'll slap you back into your puppet box."[8]

In *Monstre Gai* the puppets begin to get the better of the puppet-master, and to become human beings – or we may say, in their less substantial but yet not indestructible new world, exhuman beings. There is even a moment suggestive of the high tragedy of *Self Condemned* (a book of almost unbearable spiritual agony) when Pulley suspects that in his behaviour during his stay in the Magnetic City he has been repeating the pattern of the life he had chosen on earth – only here the supernatural reveals itself, and Good and Evil can no longer be disguised, now that the choice has been irrevocably made.

The reference to *Self Condemned* leads me to another point. Mr. Lewis's eminence as both painter and writer has tended to mask the variety of his work in both arts. I mean that while recognising his gifts in both painting and writing, people may overlook the variety of his achievement as a painter and the variety of his achievement as a writer. As a painter and draughtsman Mr. Lewis, unlike Picasso, Dior or other fashionable designers, has never been concerned with finding a new style for next spring.[9] In his pictures, and in his prose, he has sought all his life to explore the possibilities of a number of different forms of expression: it is his strict awareness of the limitations of each of the several forms he has employed, that has driven him to make use of the others. But none of these forms represents a "phase," none is ever finally abandoned: the painter, draughtsman or writer would return to any of them when it suited his purpose. Such a range of powers has its

penalties. It is easily belittled: it is easily dismissed as virtuosity (implying a shallow slickness) or as amateurism – implying that a man who does several things must do all of them badly. (Goethe, by the way, was certainly an "amateur" in the theatre.) And even the admirers of such a man may be selective in their admiration. But you can't treat Wyndham Lewis like that, any more than you can Goethe or Leonardo. (As for Leonardo, that formidable and unpleasant personality, the simpering madonnas and epicene saints of his famous canvases are obviously phantasms of the same brain that conceived the flying machine, the submarine, and other subversive contraptions.) When you read one kind of prose work by Mr. Lewis (let us say, *Time and Western Man*, or *The Apes of God*, or *The Revenge for Love*, as instances of three different *genres*) you should remind yourself that the author has chosen this particular *genre* as the best for the purpose in hand, but that he can do a number of other things quite as well, and that the mind which conceives and executes them all is one.[10] As for "the novel," it is well known that I am not a novel reader, that there are notable novelists with whose work I have only a partial acquaintance, and others with whose work I have no expectation of acquainting myself at all: so I can only *suspect* that Mr. Lewis is the most distinguished living English novelist. With Mr. Lewis's critical opinions on contemporary society, art and letters, and philosophy, I usually expect to find myself in agreement. As for his own philosophy (and theology – for I cannot accept his affirmation of the stupidity of Angels), he does make me think.[11] There are some writers who please me because they seem to hold the same views as myself, others who annoy me by maintaining opinions that seem to me manifestly silly, but very few who can set my sluggish brain in motion, and for that I am always grateful. The opinion to which I do not hesitate to commit myself, is that Mr. Lewis is the greatest prose master of style of my generation – perhaps the only one to have invented a new style. And by "style" I do not mean "craftsmanship" nor do I impute impeccability. (James Joyce was the greatest *non*-stylist, the master of the vacuum of personal style into which all things rush.) I have observed that Mr. Lewis has this in common with Henry James: that when people write sympathetically or appreciatively about him, they tend to mimic his style. I detect traces of this mimicry – more properly, *magnetism* – in the recent book by Mr. Hugh Kenner. I detect traces in this piece that I have just written: you may have noticed that it is not quite in my *Times Literary Supplement* leading-article manner.

NOTES

1. Wyndham Lewis's novel *Monstre Gai* was not yet published: TSE read it in manuscript and wrote his "Note" to accompany a pre-publication extract, introduced by Lewis, in this issue of the *Hudson Review* (502-21), with a second extract in the next issue (Spring 1955). The novel was the second of a then unfinished trilogy based on *The Childermass* (1928), with the third, *Malign Fiesta* (published in 1955), in progress. Following the success of a BBC broadcast of a dramatic adaptation of *The Childermass* in June 1951, the BBC commissioned Lewis to complete the trilogy on condition that the two novels be similarly adapted for production and broadcast before publication. On 24, 26, and 28 May 1955, the dramatized trilogy, titled "The Human Age," was broadcast on its Third Programme; on 25 May, TSE used this "Note" as the basis for his BBC broadcast introducing the dramatization of *Monstre Gai* (rebroadcast on 14 July). It and *Malign Fiesta*, which TSE also read in manuscript, were published for the first time, together with *The Childermass*, on 27 Oct as books 2 and 3 of *The Human Age* (London: Methuen, 1955).

monstre gai: gay monster. The phrase alludes to a couplet quoted in Ferdinando Galiani's *Lettres de l'abbé Galiani à Madame d'Épinay, Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm*, vol 1 (Paris: Charpentier, 1882): "Un monstre gai vaut mieux / Qu'un sentimental ennuyeux" (101); *trans:* "A gay monster is worth more than a sentimental bore." Galiani misattributed the aphorism to Voltaire, an error repeated by Nietzsche, who quoted the lines twice in *The Will to Power* (1901). Lewis probably found the lines in Nietzsche; if so, the phrase *monstre gai* may constitute an oblique allusion to Nietzsche's *The Gay Science* (1882).

2. The comparisons are to the French humanist François Rabelais (ca. 1494-1553), to his *The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel* (ca. 1532-64), a pentalogy describing the wild and salacious adventures of two giants, a father and son, and to Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), his satire on human nature and politics in which his hero Lemuel Gulliver finds himself to be a giant among the tiny Lilliputians and a midget among the colossal Brobdingnagians.

3. James Pullman, a writer, is the protagonist of *Monstre Gai*, and Satterthwaite is his ex-fag (*fag*: a younger pupil in a public school who performs menial tasks for an older pupil).

4. Lewis introduces the Bailiff, Pullman, and Satters in his preface to the first extract from *Monstre Gai*: "In an earlier book (*The Childermass*) [slaughter of the innocents] crowds of dead men were gathered upon a plain outside the gigantic walls of what they naturally supposed was Heaven. An open air court was held, presided over by a functionary known as the 'Bailiff,' assisted by a large staff of attendants. This magistrate was ferried across the river which surrounded the City, daily. Those who wished to do so might appeal for a sort of right to enter, and get themselves passed in as sufficiently unique. // Two of these appellants had decided to effect an entrance to the celestial city in a less orthodox way. So it is that Pullman and Satters are discovered, as night falls, upon the white marble steps of the Magnetic City. // For the rest, everything will be revealed to the reader as it was to Pullman and Satters" (502).

5. TSE's preference for Lewis's late work is reiterated in the three obituary pieces in 1957 (8.165, n.7, 8.171, n.19, 8.174, n.4). *Rotting Hill* (1951) is a collection of semiautobiographical stories about life in Notting Hill, a formerly elegant area of London that due to socioeconomic changes and the Blitz had deteriorated into a crime-infested slum. At the end of World War II, Lewis reoccupied his flat in Notting Hill, and although the building was condemned and under demolition, he remained until carried away by ambulance days before his death (8.171, n.21). *The Writer and the*

Absolute (1952) is a collection of essays on various philosophical writers, including Jean-Paul Sartre, André Malraux, Albert Camus, and George Orwell. *Self Condemned* (1954) is a fictionalized account of Lewis's self-exile in Canada during World War II. In a letter to Lewis on 28 May 1954, TSE praised it as "a very tragic and masterly work" and later placed it on his list of the books of the year in the *Sunday Times* (8.36, n.4).

6. TSE reviewed Lewis's first novel, *Tarr*, twice for the *Egoist* in 1918 (1.718; 745).

7*. TSE's note: "See Hugh Kenner's excellent study, *Wyndham Lewis* (New Directions [1954])."

8. This is not a quotation from *The Childermass* or elsewhere: in his original typescript, TSE introduced the quotation as an "as though," deleted before publication: "It's as though he said: 'If you are going to try . . . puppet box.'"

9. The French designer Christian Dior (1905-57) revolutionized women's fashion after World War II and founded a fashion empire in Europe and in the United States.

10. In his obituary in the *Sunday Times*, TSE refers to Lewis's proficiency in three different genres – criticism of ideas, satiric fiction, and memoirs (8.164, n.6). In *Time and Western Man* (1927), Lewis attacks the obsession of modern writers, including Joyce and Woolf, with Bergson's ideas in *Time and Free Will* (*la durée réelle*). Like Lewis, TSE had attended Bergson's lectures in Paris, and later, in the *Criterion*, he commented on Lewis's critique (3.100). In *The Apes of God* (1930), Lewis satirizes inferior artists who imitate ("ape") the style of true creators. In *The Revenge for Love* (1937), he explores the politics of the 1930s, focusing on British artists and their response to the Spanish Civil War.

11. In *Monstre Gai*, the "handsome stupid Padishad" is a "white angel" whose "stupidity" stems from his politics.

Books of the Year Chosen by Eminent Contemporaries [I][1]

The Sunday Times (26 Dec 1954) 6

From T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

I am naturally precluded from mentioning any book published by the firm of which I am a director; and for other reasons as well I exclude poetry from my list. Observing these limitations, I have no doubt in my mind about three books of recent date which I have read during 1954. The first is Paul Tillich's *Systematic Theology*, Vol. I (Nisbet).[2] Whether one comes to agree with the author, or whether one accepts all of his conclusions, is a matter of secondary problems. To read this book is to learn new ways of thinking, and illumination even of subjects apparently remote from those with which the author is concerned.

The second book is *The Heresy of Democracy*, by Lord Percy of Newcastle (Eyre and Spottiswoode).[3] To his experience of public life Lord Percy adds humane learning and sage reflection. The word "democracy" has been the unexamined term in so many propositions, has become so sacrosanct and so evacuated of meaning, that this book should be studied by any reader who combines an interest in social and political affairs with a scrupulosity in the use of words with strong emotional appeal.

My third book is a novel, *Self Condemned*, by Wyndham Lewis (Methuen).[4] This is a painful, indeed an agonising book. In that respect, perhaps, it does not differ from many contemporary novels: the difference lies in the fact that the agony approximates to that of high tragedy, and in consequence is neither brutal nor sordid. This is, furthermore, a compassionate book.

The only factor common to these three books, so far as I am aware, is that the authors are all men of great originality of mind and independence of character. These also seem to me to be, each in its kind, books which contain wisdom and reveal courage. There are also, of course, reasons for admiring each book which do not apply to the others.

NOTES

1. TSE previously contributed to "Books of the Year Chosen by Eminent Contemporaries" on 24 Dec 1950 (7.576).

2. Fleeing Nazi Germany in 1933, the Christian existentialist philosopher Paul Tillich (1886-1965) became professor of philosophical theology at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

In Dec 1953, TSE met Tillich at a dinner party in London, and in early1954, on his long voyage to South Africa, he read vol 1 of the three-volume *Systematic Theology* (1953-57). Here Tillich formulated his "method of correlation" whereby Christian symbols are used to explain existential issues arising from modern philosophical developments. On 22 Mar, he wrote Tillich that it was "a great book . . . fertilising to one's mind . . . a book which illuminates (as any really profound theological work should do) problems with which the reader is concerned." On 21 Aug, he wrote W. T. Levy that Tillich's book was "one of the profoundest theological works of recent times" and added "It is good to be able to learn from a Lutheran."

3. The Conservative statesman Eustace Percy, 1st Baron Percy of Newcastle (1887-1958) served in several major posts in the British government. In *The Heresy of Democracy: A Study in the History of Government* (1954), a survey of Western history from the French Revolution until World War II, he connects twentieth-century totalitarianism to the principle *vox populi vox Dei*. Marx and Lenin, he suggests, descended from Rousseau, and Hitler and Stalin from the French Revolutionaries.

4. *Self Condemned* is a semiautobiographical novel based on Lewis's exile in Toronto during World War II. The protagonist lives with his wife in a small dilapidated hotel and tries to accept himself as an individual and an artist in a world in chaos. In his brief piece on *Monstre Gai*, TSE described *Self Condemned* as "a book of almost unbearable spiritual agony" (8.31).

The Women of Trachis: A Symposium[1]

Pound Newsletter (Berkeley, CA), 5 (Jan 1955) 3

I have read the text of Mr. Pound's *Women of Trachis* and I also heard the excellent production of the play in the Third Programme of the B.B.C.[2] I can say with complete assurance that I do not think Pound has lost any of his skill. His handling of the verse, especially in the choruses of this play, seems to me masterly. His ear is as faultless as ever. Furthermore, he is attempting something that he has never attempted before – that is to say, the translation of a Greek play involves handling a different form from that of any of his previous work – and doing it extremely well. My only criticism of the play is one of personal taste – that I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Pound justifies the introduction of so much English and American slang, some of which is already out of date.[3] If there was any Attic slang in the original, it would be a different matter, but I think that some of the phrases will take a good deal of explaining if Mr. Pound ever meets Sophocles in person!

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Headnote in the *Pound Newsletter*: "In the Winter 1954 issue of the *Hudson Review* (VI.4) Ezra Pound's translation of Sophocles' *Trachiniae* was published under the title of *Women of Trachis*. This version is an Americanization of a play which, in Pound's judgment, 'presents the highest peak of Greek sensibility registered in any of the plays that have come down to us, and is, at the same time, nearest the original form of the God-Dance.' This translation immediately aroused considerable interest and comment. Upon request of the *Newsletter*, Sir Maurice Bowra, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and Professors F. R. Earp, Richmond Lattimore, and Frederic Peachy have graciously submitted contributions to this symposium on the methods and problems of the *Women of Trachis*."

2. The play was performed on the BBC on 25 Apr 1954.

3. In his copy of the typescript of the play, TSE underlined "weasel" in the line spoken by Daysair on p. 18, "I'm telling you: do dirt to others but . . . / Don't weasel to me" and wrote in the margin: "What is this verb?" (King's M7). Another contributor to the symposium, the classical scholar Sir Maurice Bowra (1898-1971), then vice-chancellor of Oxford University and author of *Sophoclean Tragedy* (1944), expressed similar reservations about the language of the play: "the colloquial language bears no resemblance to the artificial, poetical language of Sophocles. [. . .] This is not to say that the work is not a good poem on its own. It is possible that it is, but I am too little acquainted with the colloquial American in which it is written to be able to judge its aesthetic merits" (3).

Das Theater ist unersetzlich[1]

Blätter des Burgtheaters (Vienna), 3 (Mar 1955) 1-2

Wenn das Theater eines Tages völlig durch den Film oder durch das neue Ausdrucksmittel des Fernsehens (das ungefähr in der Mitte zwischen dem lebendigen Drama und den lebenden Bildern des Films liegt), ersetzt werden sollte, dann werden dafür nur wirtschaftliche und soziale Gründe maßgebend sein, ähnlich jenen, die für jede Art von Massenproduktion Geltung haben. Die Hauptursache wird wohl in der Anziehungskraft des billigen und kurzlebigen Produkts liegen, das für jedermann erschwinglich und annehmbar ist, was – in die Sphäre des Theaters übertragen – nichts anderes bedeutet als minderwertige Art von Unterhaltung für standardisierte, kritiklose Massen.

Was zwingt uns nun dagegen zu protestieren, dass das lebendige Theater, das heißt die Aufführung dramatischer Dichtungen durch dramatische Schauspieler in Anwesenheit einer Zuhörerschaft, jemals durch mechanisierte Arten der Unterhaltung ersetzt werde?

Was zwingt uns zu behaupten, dass ein Verschwinden des Theaters – wie wir aus der Vergangenheit wissen – eine Katastrophe für die menschliche Zivilisation bedeuten würde?

Um diese Fragen zu beantworten, brauchen wir (in einem christlichen Land) nur auf die Analogie zwischen Theater und religiösem Ritus hinzuweisen. Es ist keineswegs unwesentlich, dass die Ursprünge des Dramas in der Religion wurzeln, ja dass das Drama in seinen Anfängen eine Art Gottesdienst war. Nehmen wir nun an, dass anstelle der heiligen Messe, wie sie an allen Sonn- und Feiertagen in jeder Kirche des Landes zelebriert wird, eine Rationalisierung und Zentralisierung der heiligen Riten tritt, um Ersparungen zu erzielen. Was wäre die Folge? Statt des Hochaltars – ein Fernsehschirm, statt tausender örtlich-gebundener Hochämter eine einzige Feier, an der die Gläubigen des ganzen Landes teilnehmen. Ist das nicht ein bestechender Vorteil? Das kleinste Dorf würde der großen Messe im Dom der Hauptstadt beiwohnen und die Forderung nach Gleichheit wäre endlich erfüllt. Die Anzahl der Geistlichen könnte vermindert, der Vorwurf der Verschwendung zum Verstummen gebracht werden.

Das ist richtig, aber noch richtiger und wichtiger ist, dass selbst der allersimpelste, durch Denken unbeschwerte Christ, nicht das Gefühl hätte, an einem feierlichen Akt der göttlichen Anbetung teilzunehmen.

Ich hoffe, dass dieser Vergleich nicht allzu unehrerbietig klingt. Ich gebrauche ihn nur, um die Verwandtschaft zwischen Kirche und Theater nochmals aufzuzeigen, auch wenn diese schon längst erkannt worden ist.

Zwei Bedingungen müssen erfüllt werden, um zum echten, großen Erlebnis des Theaters zu gelangen. Erstens muss jede Aufführung einzig in ihrer Art sein und zweitens müssen Schauspieler und Publikum in unmittelbaren Kontakt zueinander kommen und so zu einem Bestandteil der Aufführung werden.

Das Fernsehen kann die zweite Bedingung nicht erfüllen, der Film keine von beiden. Aber beide Bedingungen müssen erfüllt werden, wenn aus zufälligen Zusehern und Zuhörern ein wirkliches, echtes Publikum entstehen soll. Denn nur Anteilnahme und Identifizierung mit den Figuren des Stücks, die durch die Schauspieler lebendig werden, verbindet die Zuhörer miteinander und schafft aus einer zufälligen Ansammlung von Einzelwesen eine Gemeinschaft. Diese Gemeinschaft ist der Beziehung der Gläubigen einer Kirchengemeinde, die miteinander beten und anbeten, sehr ähnlich.

Alles, was ich noch zur Unterstützung meiner These, dass das Theater unersetzlich ist, anführen könnte, wäre nur mehr eine Variation dessen, was ich schon gesagt habe.

T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

If theatre should eventually be wholly superseded by the moving picture, or by the newer medium of television which stands half-way between the living drama and the moving picture, this would be brought about by economic and social causes similar to those which favour mass-production of every kind. I mean, the attraction of the cheap and perishable article, within the means of everyone and acceptable to everyone: in the theatrical sphere, an inferior quality of entertainment for a large, uncritical and standardised public. What reasons have we for protesting that the living theatre – by which I mean a performance by dramatic artists of a work of dramatic art, in the presence of an audience – can never be satisfactorily replaced by these mechanized forms of entertainment; and that, on the contrary, the disappearance of the theatre as we have known it in the past would be a disaster for civilisation?

In answer, we need only (in a Christian country) point to the analogy between the drama and the liturgy of the Church. It is not irrelevant that the drama should have had religious origins, that it should have been, in the beginning, a kind of *extra-liturgical service*. So let us suppose that, instead of having High Mass celebrated on Sundays and Holy Days in every church in the country, a decision were taken to rationalise divine worship and effect economies by centralisation. Instead of a High Altar, then, a television screen; instead of a local celebration, one of the same celebration to be witnessed by the faithful throughout the land. What manifest advantages! The smallest village would have the same benefits as the metropolitan cathedral: the demand for equality should be satisfied. The numbers of the Clergy could be reduced: the complaint of extravagance would be silenced. And yet, I am sure that not even the simplest-minded and least reflective Christian would believe that he had participated in an act of worship.

I hope this analogy will not seem to you irreverent: I only use it to call attention to a likeness between Liturgy and Drama that has always been recognised. To have the genuine experience of the theatre – and I maintain, this experience is something that human beings crave for – two conditions are necessary: first, that each performance should be unique; second, that the performers and the audience should be in direct contact, and there should be *participation*. The television performance fails to satisfy the second condition; the cinematograph violates both. And both conditions must be fulfilled if the audience is to *be* an audience. It is the taking part in the life of the personages in the play, as lived by the artists who have assumed those roles, that *unites* the members of the audience to each other, that creates an *audience* out of a miscellaneous collection of human beings. And it is an analogous relationship that creates in a church a congregation, that gives meaning to the phrases *corporate* worship.

Anything more that I adduced in support of the thesis that the theatre is irreplaceable would be merely an expansion of what I said above.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. *Trans*: The theater is irreplaceable. On 31 Dec 1954, TSE replied to the invitation of 11 Dec from professor Dr. Friedrich Schreyvogl (1899-1976), Austrian critic, playwright, vice-director of the Burgtheater, and editor of *Blätter des Burgtheaters*: "I enclose a note which represents my attempt to carry out your suggestion that I should say something about 'the indestructible force which the theatre has preserved even in our technical age,' and hope that it

meets with your wishes. . . . I am only sorry that I cannot have the honour of appearing in the first number of your *Blätter*, to which I wish all success. . . . I am most grateful and appreciative of your invitation to visit Vienna, and I should be very happy if at some future time I could visit Vienna under the auspices of the Burgtheater." TSE's contribution was submitted in English and translated by Joseph Glücksmann for publication in Austria. The spelling of the German translation has been modernized following the orthography reform of 1996 (revised in 2004 and 2006).

Memorial Tribute for Paul Claudel[1]

Le Figaro littéraire, 10 (5 Mar 1955) [1]

Il y a quarante-cinq ans, Alain-Fournier mettait entre mes mains *L'Arbre* et *Connaissance de l'Est*. L'impression que ces deux ouvrages, les essais en prose et les cinq pièces, fit alors sur mon esprit est encore très claire dans ma mémoire. Je pense que Claudel n'a jamais surpassé l'œuvre de cette première période.[2] D'autre part, je ne crois pas que rien qu'il écrivit ensuite soit indigne de l'objectif qu'il s'était alors assigné : avoir maintenu ce niveau pendant une si longue vie est en soi quelque preuve de grandeur. Paul Claudel n'est pas un des écrivains dont j'aie moi-même appris ; son genre dramatique est très différent de tout ce à quoi j'ai visé. Cet ultime hommage que je lui rends, comme au plus grand poète dramatique du siècle,[3] étant ainsi désintéressé, sera, je l'espère, d'autant plus convaincant pour cette raison.

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

It was forty-five years ago, that Alain-Fournier put in my hands *L'Arbre* and *Connaissance de l'Est*. The impression that these two books, the prose essays and the five plays, made upon my mind at that time is still very clear in my memory. I think that he never surpassed the work of this early period:[2] on the other hand, I do not believe that he wrote subsequently anything unworthy of the standard he had then set for himself: to have been able to maintain such a standard throughout so long a lifetime is itself some evidence of greatness. Claudel is not one of the writers from whom I myself have learned; his type of drama is very different from anything at which I myself have aimed: this final tribute to Paul Claudel as the greatest poetic dramatist of the century[3] – being, in this way, disinterested – will, I hope, carry all the more conviction for this reason.

NOTES

1. The French diplomat, poet, and dramatist Paul Claudel died on 23 Feb 1955. TSE, W. H. Auden, and Giuseppe Ungaretti are the three poets who contributed to this tribute, which bears the heading: "Le salut de trois grands poètes" [Greeting from three great poets]. The original one-page English typescript, with TSE's ink and pencil emendations, is in King's (H2v).

2. During his stay in Paris in 1910-11, TSE was tutored in French language and literature by Alain-Fournier, who introduced him to the writings of Paul Claudel. *L'Arbre* (1901), a collection

of five early plays that show a marked Symbolist influence, contains *Tête d'or*, *La Ville*, and *La Jeune Fille violaine*, as well as the previously unpublished *L'Échange* and *Le Repos du septième jour*. TSE included Claudel's *Connaissance de l'Est* (1910; *The East I Know*, 1914), a collection of sixty-two prose poems written mainly during his diplomatic missions in China, in the syllabus for his 1916 Extension course on Modern French Literature (1.475). The following year, in a discussion of the prose poem in "The Borderline of Prose," TSE praised *Connaissance de l'Est* as "very fine prose" (1.542, n.10). In his 1952 foreword to Joseph Chiari's *Contemporary French Poetry*, he recalled his early appreciation of Claudel's work: "In 1910, when I had my first introduction to literary Paris, Claudel was already a great poet in the eyes of a younger generation – my own generation. He had published *Connaissance de l'Est*, *Art poétique*, and those plays which appeared in one volume under the general title of *L'Arbre*: and I am not sure that these three books do not constitute his strongest claim to immortality" (7.713).

3. In a letter of 9 Mar 1951, TSE confided to Dorothy Bussy that, in spite of regarding Claudel as one "of the great men of my youth in Paris," he personally considered Claudel's plays to be "very boring." At the same time, as indicated in his 1961 preface to *Hugo von Hofmannsthal: Poems and Verse Plays* , he appreciated Claudel's contribution to the development of verse drama: "Hofmannsthal is worthy to stand with Yeats and with Claudel as one of the three men who did most, in the same age, to maintain and re-animate verse drama – in German, English, and French respectively" (8.443).

A Note on *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata*, by David Jones[1]

Dock Leaves (Pembroke Dock, Wales), 6 (Spring 1955) 21-23

There are two questions which people are given to asking, often in a peremptory tone, about certain modern works of literature. The first is: "Is this poetry or prose?" – with the implication that it is neither. The second question is: "What is this book about?" – with the implication that it is not really about anything.[2] A good deal of time, which one would prefer to spend otherwise, can be devoted to trying to explain to such people that the questions are unimportant, even if not meaningless. These questions were asked about David Jones's *In Parenthesis*.

But people like to classify: and *In Parenthesis* was not so difficult to classify as his second book, *The Anathemata*. *In Parenthesis* could be regarded as a "war book," a book about the first world war; even though the author had said "I did not intend this as a 'War Book' – it happens to be concerned with war."[3] The distinction is important. But if *In Parenthesis* was a "War Book," then, people could say, it was probably intended to be prose, even though you could not take the typography as a reliable guide.[4] But as for *The Anathemata*, it is certainly not a "War Book," so what *is* it about? Now, Mr. David Jones is exceptional amongst writers of works of imagination, in writing for his own books introductions which do introduce, which explain to the reader what he is doing – if the reader is prepared to study them carefully and to believe that the author means what he says. *The Anathemata*, he says, is "about one's own thing, which *res* is unavoidably part and parcel of the Western Christian *res*, as inherited by a person whose perceptions are totally conditioned and limited by and dependent upon his being indigenous to this island" [11].[5]

Now that the first generation of "obscure" writers, those who survive, is approaching old age, the accusation of "obscurity" can no longer be employed so effectively for dismissing the work of younger men. And it might at last be worthwhile for some critic to ask whether there may not have been some cause of obscurity other than wilfulness or charlatanism. My own belief is that we, including David Jones, have all been desperately anxious to communicate, and maddened by the difficulty of finding a common language.

May not the malady perhaps be in the reader, rather than in the writer, unless it is a malady of the world to-day from which we all suffer? In the preface to *The Anathemata* David Jones shows himself aware of this problem. "There have been culture-phrases," he says, "in which the maker and the society in which he lived shared an enclosed and common background, where the terms of reference were common to all. It would be an affectation to pretend that such was our situation to-day" [14].[6]

He is, in this context, justifying his Notes. *The Anathemata* is unusual, in my experience of long poems with notes, in having notes which really do give useful information.[7] I recommend reading the book three times: first, rapidly without reading the notes: second, slowly and reading the notes with great care; third, at a normal pace, having become so familiar with the notes as hardly to look at them. I am aware that very few books are worth so much trouble, and that very few readers are capable of taking so much trouble.[8] There may still be, however, even amongst readers capable of such mental exertion, some who will say: "I don't think this book is meant for me; there's too much that's Welsh and too much that's Catholic – but I dare say it would mean a lot to Welsh Roman Catholic!" Well, if I thought the book was only for Welsh Roman Catholics, I should not have the impudence to talk about it.[9] The book is, as the author says, about his own *thing*. Every author of works of imagination is trying to tell us about the world as he sees it. Nowadays, the more such a writer has to communicate, the more difficulty he may have in communicating it. So he must endeavour to convey a sense of his own private world – the world *he* lives in – the world as he has experienced it: he must turn that world inside out for you to look at, as if he was emptying his pockets on the table in front of you. Would you be annoyed to find that the contents of his pocket differed from yours? I am thinking of several other writers of major importance, besides David Jones. It seems to me that if we approach these authors in the right way we shall find that in coming to understand the different worlds in which each of them lives, we shall, each of us, come to know more about his own. And this is, at least, a surcease of solitude.

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

NOTES

1. *In Parenthesis* (London: Faber, 1937) and *The Anathemata* (London: Faber, 1952) are long modernist poems by the Welsh artist and poet David Jones (1895-1974). These remarks, delivered soon after the publication of *The Anathemata*, were recorded during the week of 10-17

Oct 1954 and broadcast on the Welsh Home service of the BBC on 29 Oct. The broadcast included a short speech by Jones about himself and his work and several readings from *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata*. The typescript is at King's (H1g and P30).

2. TSE answered this question in his 1961 introduction to *In Parenthesis* : it is "a book about the experiences of one soldier in the War of 1914-18. It is also a book about War, and about many other things also, such as Roman Britain, the Arthurian Legend, and divers matters which are given association by the mind of the writer" (8.479).

3. Preface to *In Parenthesis* (Faber, 1937), xii

4. *In Parenthesis* is written mainly in prose, with clusters of verse and dialogue and occasional italics and capitals.

5. Preface to *The Anathemata*, 11. *res*: matter, subject under consideration

6. TSE slightly misquotes Jones's preface, which reads: "There have been culture-phases when the maker and the society in which he lives . . ."

7. In 1961, TSE commented further on the notes: "When *In Parenthesis* is widely enough known . . . it will no doubt undergo the same sort of detective analysis . . . as the later work of James Joyce and the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound . . . but author's notes (as is illustrated by *The Waste Land*) are no prophylactic against interpretation and dissection: they merely provide the serious researcher with more material to interpret and dissect" (8.479).

8. TSE routinely insisted that serious literature be read multiple times. See, for example, the case he made for Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood* in a letter to Geoffrey Faber (15 Apr 1936). In regard to *In Parenthesis*, he later wrote in "A Note of Introduction to *In Parenthesis*" (1961): "Even the best commentary . . . is likely to be a waste of time unless we have first read and been excited by the text . . . even without understanding it. For that thrill of excitement from our first reading of a work of creative literature which we do not understand is itself the beginning of understanding, and if *In Parenthesis* does not excite us before we have understood it no commentary will reveal to us its secret" (8.480).

9. In his letter of 27 Sept 1954 inviting TSE to contribute to the programme, Goronwy Rees wrote: "What we would like you to do . . . is to speak about the effect which his work makes upon somebody who has not been brought up in the same tradition."

Gordon Craig's Socratic Dialogues

Drama (London), New Ser. 36 (Spring 1955) 16-21

Of Gordon Craig's two dialogues which are included in *On the Art of the Theatre*, the first appeared in 1905; the second is dated 1910.[1] I am confident that I read the first dialogue while I was an undergraduate at Harvard – probably in 1907 or 1908. Other discoveries of the same period were Manet and Monet, Japanese prints, the plays of Maeterlinck, the music of Debussy and above all the combination of Maeterlinck and Debussy in *Pelléas et Mélisande*.[2] I mention these facts, in themselves of trivial autobiographical interest, to place my first acquaintance with the work of Gordon Craig, and to indicate the sort of background of associated memories against which, a short time ago, I re-read these two dialogues.

To assess the achievement of Gordon Craig could be the task only of those who have followed the course of the drama and the stage in Europe and America during the past fifty years. It may well be that the influence of Gordon Craig on modern production in this country is much greater than I am aware of. His views appear to have been taken most seriously on the Continent, particularly in Germany.[3] It may be that his influence upon production in England is unrecognised by persons like myself, simply because of its having been indirect: it may be that our theatre has been influenced by Continental practice which has itself been influenced directly by Craig's art and Craig's writing. Furthermore, I have little recollection of what the theatre was like fifty years ago, either here or in America. But if I am not equipped to do justice to Craig, I can at least try to avoid doing him injustice, and make clear that I can only consider these two dialogues in relation to the theatrical situation as I know it to-day.

The art of the theatre is a mixed or composite art; from one point of view more composite in the production of drama than in the production of opera. For in opera, after all, the music, the concurrence of instrument and voice, is the main thing. The situation, the plot, must be expressed in music: the words have only to accord with orchestra and singing notes; and the mechanics of Fafner are less important than the mechanics of the crocodile in *Peter Pan*.[4] We can all get pleasure from reading a play of Shakespeare or Ibsen – a pleasure different from that of seeing and hearing the play, and equally

valuable as experience; but few of us have the training that would enable us to derive as much pleasure from reading the score of an opera as from hearing it on the stage. It is the voice of a great singer, rather than his skill as an actor, that we most clearly remember. But in a great production of a great play what is it that we are enjoying? Is it the words which we know very well already, and could enjoy at home; is it the actor's elocution of the words, or is it the other arts of movement, gesture, and expression? How much is owing to the actor and how much to his director and producer? And what difference has the setting and lighting made to our enjoyment?

It seems to me that Gordon Craig, in his first dialogue, follows a course that we all tend to follow. That is to say, all of us taking part in a production pay a handsome tribute to the contributions of our colleagues, and then we all tend to relapse into thinking our own contribution the most important. We can't help it: and I dare say we do our work all the better in this belief. Craig starts by saying:

> [T]he Art of the Theatre is neither acting nor the play, it is not scene nor (*sic*) dance, but it consists of all the elements of which these things are composed: action, which is the very spirit of acting; words, which are the body of the play; line and colour, which are the very heart of the scene; rhythm, which is the very essence of dance. [138]

We can all agree. Perfect concord reigns. But very soon we begin to magnify our own claims and to regard the claims of other participants as exaggerated. Craig's first step, in wading through seas of theatrical blood to grasp his own crown, is to dismiss the poet: "A dramatic poem is to be read. A drama is not to be read, but to be seen upon the stage" [139-40].

One wonders at this point where the work of Shakespeare belongs. It would seem that there are two Shakespeares: the poet, whose works are in libraries, and the dramatist, whose works only exist during a performance. Some of the illustrations in *The Art of the Theatre* are designs for Shakespeare plays; and a little later in this same dialogue Craig is telling us how *Romeo and Juliet* should be played. Only, by this time, the poet having been put in his place, it is the actor whom he has to subdue. The relevant passages are too long to quote, but if you will read the dialogues for yourself, I think you will find that what Craig says about the subordination of actor to producer can he taken in two ways: either as asserting only the authority without which the producer could not produce at all – as an affirmation of the obvious law that the man who is responsible for the *total effect* must be able to

over-rule the actor who is responsible only for his own part; or on the other hand it can be read as establishing a kind of dictatorship. I wonder whether the relation of a producer to his cast will not vary according to the personality of each member of the cast. But that (I am happy to say) is none of my business. I only remark that what Craig says could either be taken as claiming only the minimum control for the producer, or as claiming something more than the maximum.

Similarly, with Gordon Craig's ideas for stage sets.[5] It seems to me quite likely that the influence of Gordon Craig was exercised beneficially in the way of eliminating a great deal of rubbish and superfluous gear from the English stage. But when I inspect his designs, they look as if they would overpower both play and cast by a cyclopean simplicity so extreme as to be fiercely aggressive. And it does seem to me possible that simplification, in its utmost perfection of balance of lights, planes and masses, can commit exactly the same mistakes as the elaboration against which it reacts – i.e. by calling attention to itself. Instead of a stage set, it might give us a picture. For a stage set is, to my mind, something on which the attention of the audience should be focused only when it is empty, or before the action starts. It should, certainly, be designed with a view to reinforcing the mood, the meaning of the play, though the ways in which it is to do so, the symbolism, abstraction or realism, elaboration or simplification, the style, the personality of the designer, may be as various as the varieties of drama itself. But ordinarily, the set should only be the conscious centre of attention for the audience for a few seconds after the curtain is raised. After that, its impression should be unconsciously received. It is difficult to tell, merely from looking at Craig's sketches, and without seeing them as the background for a play directed according to his principles, whether his sets would support the play or distract attention from it.

It has seemed to me at moments, while reading the two dialogues, as if Craig's ideal for the drama was that of a kind of wordless ballet. ("The father of the dramatist was the dancer.") [140] In any case, his emphasis upon action is perhaps outdated by the development of the cinema – development both in the mechanism and in the technique of production – during the last fifty years. I cannot but think that the development of the screen-play will prove to have influenced, imperceptibly perhaps but profoundly, the stage of our day and of to-morrow. Just as photography has influenced the art of portrait painting, in that the aim of the modern portrait painter is directed to what *the photographer cannot do*, so the people of the theatre – from author

to actor – are likely to concentrate on what *the screen cannot do*.[6*] Now the animated picture – successor of the *zoetrope* which captivated my fancy as a child – is essentially visual action.[7] On the stage, you can present action as an interruption of stillness: on the screen, you can present stillness only as an interruption of action. On the screen the words, however important and however beautiful (as in a screen-play by William Shakespeare), can only complete the message conveyed by the picture: on the stage, accordingly, it should be permissible and acceptable that the picture – the total scene, the movement, posture and gesture of each member of the cast – should be calculated with a view to completing the message conveyed by the words.[8*] Hence it would seem to suggest itself, that every statement about the theatre (from Aristotle to Gordon Craig and in the future) is limited by conditions of the critic's time and place. He cannot foresee changes to come in the world, or the relevance of such changes to the theatre. Aristotle was not legislating for Shakespeare or Racine; and I do not think that we can regard Gordon Craig as legislating for the theatre or the Picture Palace age.[9]

There remain two very strong commendations which I must pay to Gordon Craig. The first is that there are incidental remarks in the dialogues which seem to me as true to-day as ever. For instance, Gordon Craig advises the producer to ignore the author's stage directions: I have always felt that stage directions were an interference by the author in the domain of the producer, and that every stage direction I found myself obliged to insert was an admission of some flaw in the play.[10*] Speaking as an author, I heartily applaud Craig's advice to the producer to ignore the author's stage directions.

My second commendation can be prefaced by a sentence of Heraclitus: Πόλεμος πάντων μὲν πατήρ ἐστι, which, as Sir Winston Churchill is wont to say, may be translated for the benefit of our Wykehamist friends as *War is the father of all things*.[11] I am grateful to Gordon Craig for the things he says that infuriate me; they give me something to kick against. Who is the most important person in the theatre is a question that will never be finally settled: the fight must go on. Sometimes the author, sometimes the producer, sometimes the actor-manager, sometimes the star will be top-dog; it depends too on the type of play, on the conditions of the time, on what the critics will approve and what the public will pay for. And I hope there will always be iconoclasts and malcontents and stirrers-up of strife[12] (as well as experimenters in every direction) and someone like Gordon Craig (who, if he *is* like Gordon Craig, will probably disagree with Craig and with everyone

else) in every generation or two – not least to keep us in touch with the Continent and prevent the English stage lapsing, as it will always tend to do, into insularity.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The actor and director-designer Edward Gordon Craig, son of the English actress Ellen Terry, wrote several influential works on stagecraft, including *The Art of the Theatre* (London: Heinemann, 1905), a conversation between an "expert" (a director) and a "play-goer" about critical issues in staging. In 1911, the dialogue was reprinted along with a sequel and some essays in *On the Art of the Theatre*. In 1956, Heinemann republished *On The Art of the Theatre* in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the 1905 dialogue. TSE's quotations are from the 1911 edition.

2. TSE is recalling both his student days at Harvard and his year in Paris immediately following. Edouard Manet (1832-83) and Claude Monet (1840-1926) are pioneers of Impressionism, a movement named for Monet's painting of a sunrise (*Impression, soleil levant*), exhibited at the First Impressionist Exhibition in 1874. Claude Debussy (1862-1918) based his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1902) on Maeterlinck's Symbolist play of the same name. The opera was performed in Feb 1911 when TSE was in Paris. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Japanese prints and woodcuts exerted a strong influence on Western art, especially painting, music, and drama. In 1909, TSE visited the collection of Japanese prints at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

3. Craig wrote *The Art of the Theatre* in Germany in 1904-05.

4. In Norse mythology and in Wagner's operatic cycle *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (1848-74), Fafner is a character who steals a massive treasure trove, including a magic ring, and hides it in a cave. He guards it by transforming himself into a dragon, which after many years is slain by the hero Siegfried. In J. M. Barrie's play *Peter Pan* (1904), the young hero cuts off the hand of his archenemy, the pirate Captain Hook, and feeds it to a crocodile. The crocodile, which has also swallowed a clock, pursues the pirate, who is warned of his presence by the ticking of the clock. First published as a play, *Peter Pan* (1904) was expanded and published as a novel, *Peter and Wendy* (1911).

5. Craig was known for stage designs featuring hinged mobile sets that were largely symbolic and could easily be adjusted for interior or exterior scenes. Samples of his work, including the designs for a scene for *Electra* and for the prologue of the Masque of *Hunger*, are included as illustrations in TSE's essay in *Drama*. The illustration for the Masque is accompanied by Craig's commentary: "At the first note of music the curtain, which is a things of shreds and patches, is rent in the middle, and a man with a hideous mask is seen standing on a little hillock of mud. He is breathing so heavily, one might almost say he snorts: the kind of noise a bull makes when his mate has been removed to the shambles. From his right arm hangs a little, dead boy, which he stretches out to the audience. He shows this figure to all, moving it from right to left and from left to right, and all the time the sound of restrained bellowing is heard. His movements are slow and deliberate – we think that all emotion and all life has gone from him as well as from the dead figure which he holds. From every side, and beneath him, come the many echoes of his solitary cry, and these echoes take new shapes, resolving into the words 'Pain . . . Pain . . . and Sorrow . . .' which float singing in the air, or roll like billows around his feet.

Then a black rain commences to fall, very softly at first, then like a hail storm, and finally becomes so swift and dense that the two figures are lost to sight and everything ceases – sound – vision and all" (19).

6*. TSE's note: "I am fearful of pronouncing judgment where I am incompetent. So I wish that one of those actors of our time who have achieved eminence both on stage and on screen – one who was also highly conscious and articulate – would write us an essay on the difference between the two media from the actor's point of view."

7. *zoetrope*: a late nineteenth-century pre-cinema device that creates the illusion that an image is in motion by showing a sequence of progressive stages. The modernist painter Marcel Duchamp uses a variation of the zoetrope technique in *Nude Descending a Staircase* (1912).

8*. TSE's note: "And when I say *words* I mean the words in action – that is, the words as written by that author and as spoken by those interpreters."

9. The Oxford Picture Palace, one of the first cinemas in England, opened in 1911 and closed in 1917 when the owner was called up for war service.

10*. TSE's note: "That is an exaggeration. But at this point, I was just about to express regret that the late Bernard Shaw had not observed Craig's prescription. And then I thought No! It is true that Shaw's stage directions limit and date the plays, but the plays will date anyway – John Tanner will not survive the Fabian Society of which he was a foundation member. Possibly it is the prefaces and the stage directions that will preserve Shaw's plays, like flies in amber. But this is an exception of the kind that proves the rule." The Irish playwright George Bernard Shaw was deeply concerned with social and economic issues and was a frequent writer and speaker for the Fabian Society, an influential British Socialist organization. John Tanner, a character in Shaw's *Man and Superman* (1903), is a socialist version of Don Juan.

11. Heraclitus (ca. 540-475 BC). TSE quotes the first part of the Pre-Socratic Greek philosopher's epigram – "War is the father of all and the king of all; and some he has made gods and some men, some bond and some free" (DK 22B53, trans. John Burnet, 1912). The "old Wykehamists" are former students of Winchester College, a grammar school founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England. The Wykehamists include some of the most distinguished names in British military and political history. Although not a Wykehamist himself, Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965), First Lord of the Admiralty in World War I and Prime Minister of England in World War II, was often associated with them.

12. TSE alludes to the opening line of Pound's "Sestina: Altaforte," a verse portrait of Bertran de Born: "Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a stirrer-up of strife."

Author and Critic

TSE delivered this unpublished address to the Authors' Club, London, on 13 Apr 1955. TSE was invited by the club secretary, Lt. Colonel T. M. Kirkwood, who informed him in a confirmation letter of 4 Apr that he was "sending out the usual invitations to the Press." TSE replied on 6 Apr that he was "rather appalled to find that I have involved myself in a more public affair than I had expected. I had imagined in my innocence that the talk would be a very informal one open only to members of the Authors' Club, and that members of the press would only be present insofar as they were also members of the Club, and not in a reporting capacity." A summary report with quotations, entitled "Mr. Eliot on the Scientific Approach to Poetry," appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of 14 Apr (2). A fuller, unsigned report by G. S. Fraser, "Author against Critics," appeared in the *TLS* of 6 May 1955: "The tone as much as the statements . . . should teach other critics useful lessons. The tone is one of urbane modesty; the statements both preach and practise the critic's most important and hardest task at all times – the task of concentration on the relevant" (237). On 27 Aug 1959, TSE had his secretary answer an inquiry from collector Alan Clodd: "the brief address which he delivered to the Authors' Club four years ago was never printed. He doesn't know what he did with the original script, but he embodied the ideas of this address in a later lecture called *Frontiers of Criticism* – a lecture for which the address in question was only a kind of preliminary draft." The "later lecture" was given at the University of Minnesota in Apr 1956 (8.121). The TS of "Author and Critic" is in the Hayward Bequest (H11).

When I promise to give a talk on some date a long way ahead, I like to offer a vague title that will be suitable, whatever I may want to speak about when the time comes. As it is about eighteen months since I first agreed to address the Authors' Club, and as the fulfilment of the promise was postponed from a year ago, the indefiniteness of my title seems to have been all the more prudent. I dare say however that my point this evening will be substantially the same as it would have been a year ago.

If anyone present has done me the honour of reading any of my critical essays, in preparation for this evening, he has been wasting his time: for tonight I have cast myself for the role of author, and am going to talk not as a critic looking at authors, but as an author looking at critics. What I have to say might be called the Author's Complaint against Critics. Not *my* complaint against *my* critics, but my complaint on behalf of authors against some kinds of criticism. There is still another talk that I might have chosen to give. I have stored at the back of my mind material for the Publisher's

Complaint against Authors: not *my* complaint against *my* authors, of course; for my authors are all model authors: but a complaint on behalf of publishers in general against authors in general. I doubt whether this talk will ever be delivered. It would not I think [have] been appropriate for this occasion.

I must make clear that the complaint is not primarily against *reviewers*. There is a vague difference, generally recognised, between reviewing and criticism, though there is no generally accepted definition of the difference. Some people hold that a review becomes a critical essay when the writer has published it in a book together with other reviews: the mere fact that he has been able to persuade a publisher to make a book of his reviews, promotes him to the rank of critic. Others maintain that a reviewer becomes a critic when he gets a regular column on the same page of the same paper on the same day; or when his laudatory sentences are quoted, with his name in large type, in publisher's advertisements. Such definitions would suggest, what I myself believe to be true, that there is no borderline to be drawn. The best distinction that I can think of – and it is a very rough one – is this: that a critical note or article (whatever the length) is a review when the book discussed is a new one which the reader of the article or note is assumed not to have read. On the other hand, when a scribe is writing about a book that the reader of his essay *is* presumed to have read, then it is a critical article. And of course it is a critical article if it is about *all* the works of the author in question – a retrospective review. There are marginal cases: a review can take on the appearance of a critical article, or a critical article can be disguised as a review. If a review leads the writer far enough, if it contains enough learning or wisdom over and above what is called for by the book reviewed, or if it is a statement of enduring value about a book of enduring value, then it qualifies as criticism. On the other hand, the critical article which is disguised as a review – when the new book has been, in the usual phrase, a "peg to hang the article on" – can be most maddening to the author of the book. I know, because I have written many such articles, which have been collected and reprinted in books (and in view of the fact I have gained the rank of critic). Somebody, let us say, has devoted many years of his life, and much scholarship, to the biography of a great author, or to a definitive edition of his works. Along comes the critic, disguised as reviewer, who, with the connivance of his editor, puts down in print what *he* thinks about the author in question, at the length of several thousand words. In the first paragraph is a reference to the new book or the new edition; and an asterisk refers you to the bottom of the page, where the title, author's name, publisher and price

are given. As a critic I defend this practice, for it gives the critical intelligence a unique opportunity, sometimes to the benefit of the public, and it gives the critic an article to reprint. But as author I should not care to be the victim of it; and as a publisher I should be exasperated by it.

I have wandered from my point. It was incidental to my saying that while there are various criteria for distinguishing between a reviewer and a critic, there is no frontier at which reviewing ends and criticism begins. There is, however, one area in which a sharp distinction, related to this distinction, can be drawn. It is the case of a play, especially a verse play which, after having been criticised on the stage by the dramatic critics, is then published and criticised by the literary critics.

Now this is a situation I know all about. The play is criticised by two different types of critic. It would be inaccurate to equate the dramatic critic to the reviewer, but he has this in common, that his work must be done quickly and most of it is likely to be ephemeral. Unless the play he is noticing happens to become a classic, and unless the first night has presented some actor so famous that posterity wants to know how he struck a contemporary, and finally, unless the reviewer has such distinction of style – is a Hazlitt, for example – that later generations can take pleasure in anything he wrote – unless these conditions are fulfilled, his dramatic review will be preserved only in the scrapbooks of the author, the producer, and the cast. But between the dramatic critic proper and the literary critic of a play, the difference is much greater than that between literary reviewer and literary critic. For dramatic critics I have the same admiration that I have for Alpine climbers, channel swimmers, novelists, and all those people who can do marvellous feats which I cannot even imagine myself attempting. For consider what a dramatic critic has to do. He goes to the first night of a play of which he knows nothing. At least, I think that he *ought* to know nothing: it seems to me much better that he should not have read the text, that he should not have talked to the author, producer and actors, or attended a rehearsal. For what I want from the dramatic critic – and it seems to me a reasonable thing to want – is to know the immediate, one might almost say instantaneous mark that the play makes on a sensitive plate, on the mind of a man who loves the theatre, and who is so experienced that he can form an opinion simultaneously of the play itself, its construction and its language and the verisimilitude of the personages, and of the merits and defects of producer, cast and designer (and perhaps *couturier* as well), without having any more previous knowledge of play or production than the rest of the first-night audience.

None of my complaint against critics is directed towards the dramatic critic proper. It can happen, of course, that a critic may, before seeing a play have made up his mind to damn it, or to ignore the performance of some member of the cast for reasons not immediately obvious. But apart from such foul play, of which I have no experience, my only complaint has been against those critics who did not give my play enough space. For there is this about dramatic criticism – I mean the first-night criticism – which is too rarely true of other criticism – that the author can always learn from it. Every notice is a snap shot from a particular angle. Even if the critic has utterly misunderstood the author's intention – well, if that critic has made that mistake, then a good many in the audiences will probably do the same; and if it is a mistake that matters, then maybe it is the author who is at fault for letting that mistake be possible.

A dramatic critic who has to see a play, about which he knows nothing, for the first time, and then put down his impressions on paper in the proper form and in time to appear in next morning's newspaper, does of course have to know the limits of the possible. An inexperienced or amateur critic may take too much upon himself – he may, for instance, try to be too clever and expound the inner meaning of the play, provide a key or an answer to a riddle, and in fact do what can only be done by someone who has seen and read the play several times and meditated upon the experience. Such a critic is attempting to do more than record immediate impressions; he is misguidedly endeavouring to appear knowing, to appear superlatively, impossibly perceptive.

It is when a play reaches the *literary* critic, who is able to take his time over it and produce his results at leisure in a quarterly review or a learned journal, that it begins to show itself in a light surprising to the author – or which would have surprised this author if some of his poems had not previously been found to have meanings that he had never suspected. There is one type of critic, usually writing from the shelter of a university or college, more often in America than in this country, who, it seems can treat a living author only under the assumption that he is dead; and the more remote is the critic's domicile from the place of activity of his author, the deader the author appears to him to be. I have had a critic write: "Mr. Eliot's biographers agree that he was born in St. Louis, U.S.A." That came from the Antipodes. Almost as odd is the case of a critic who, having correctly and shrewdly guessed that before writing a certain poem I had read *Crime and Punishment*, proceeded to date the poem by inferring that I must have read

Mrs. Garnett' s translation, which appeared, I think, in 1914. This piece of detective work was printed in an academic journal, and the inevitable offprint reached me in due course.[1] I congratulated the author on his perspicacity, but pointed out that he might have dated the poem more easily by asking *me* when I wrote it; and that if he had done so, I would have told him that his guess was three years out, because I had read *Crime and Punishment* in a French translation instead of waiting for Miss Garnett's. This response, of course, brought forth another contribution to the learned journal, with in due course another offprint, embodying my letter in full. These are extreme instances: what is more common is for the critic to assume that one's work is finished, that the last piece one wrote represents the crowning effort of a lifetime: very often, indeed, it evidences the certain decline of the author's powers. That is when the critic is considering creative work; but if one has been also a critic oneself, one is exposed to quite a different danger. I am accustomed to critics tracing the rise and decline of my creative powers from poem to poem and play to play. But when it comes to my critical essays, the criticism of *them* seems to assume that I wrote them all at once, and that each was designed to take its place in an orderly structure. That is when the critic is favourable. When he is more severe, he is more given to pointing out the inconsistencies between statements in essays written perhaps twenty years apart. Now if one were to aim at complete consistency, and if one re-wrote, or suppressed every statement which one no longer believes, or would no longer put in the same way, one would be occupied in a labour of Penelope, incessant and endless.[2]

And now at last to my point. There are many critics to-day, chiefly perhaps teachers in colleges and universities (and perhaps the majority of the colleges and universities are in the U.S.A.), who assume that the art of literary criticism is wholly comprised in an examination of sources.[3] If you can discover what a poem was *made out of*, if you can take the machine to pieces and account for the origins of every part of it, you have done all that criticism can be expected to do.[4] This assumption that criticism is to show what a poem is made of, is no doubt encouraged by the prestige attached to research, the emphasis on new facts rather than on original ideas; but other influences have conspired in its favour also. For instance, two books. John Livingston Lowes was a learned professor at Harvard, a very good teacher, and a most likeable and kindly man. His book *The Road to Xanadu* is a fascinating book, an illuminating book, a good book. For those who do not know the book, I may explain that it is an investigation of Coleridge's

literary sources, not so much for *Kubla Khan* however, as for *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. The skill and flair of the research into the reading of a poet who read almost everything, the obscure and forgotten book of travels, arouses amazement and deserves applause. And it is useful, as evidence of the way in which a great poet can transmute the most unlikely material into poetry; as evidence, too, that poetic originality does not consist in creation out of nothing, but that it is more like the alchemist's stone turning dross into gold, or sometimes even turning one precious substance into another. What is worth understanding is the process. But to apply Lowes's method to every poet and every poem is a different matter. We do not enjoy *The Ancient Mariner* any more keenly. We have enjoyed the dissection of a poem – we have learnt something worth learning. There is no point in repeating the experience. But a whole generation of researchers has taken to applying the same process to other poems, under the impression, apparently, that this is necessary for understanding the poems. Nearly every week I get enquiries or affirmations, from earnest seekers after insignificant truth. "I wonder" wrote one gentleman from Indiana a few weeks ago, "I wonder – it is possible that I am mad of course (that is his interjection, but I am afraid he is not in the least mad) – whether the 'dead cats of civilization,' 'rotten hippo' and 'Mr. Kurtz' have some tenuous connection with 'That corpse you planted last year in your garden'?" He is trying, of course, to establish a connection between *The Waste Land* and Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

The investigation into sources does not stop at reading matter. The critic has other cards to play (a) all those elements in the poem of which the author was unconscious (b) all those things which the author is supposed to have hidden deliberately – though critics are by no means unerring in deciding which is which. I spoke a moment ago of two books: I have mentioned *The Road to Xanadu*. The other book which may have had a parallel influence, and which in any ease is the best example of the type of book which lends itself to the researcher's treasure hunt, is *Finnegans Wake*.[5] Now the author of *Finnegans Wake* was a man of genius, and nothing that I am saying is in either praise or dispraise of the book: but it is like *The Road to Xanadu* in this respect, that one of its kind is enough. *Finnegans Wake* is a tissue of humorous cryptograms, and at least a partial deciphering of these cryptograms is necessary if the reader is to persevere beyond a few pages. (There are one or two very good commentaries on the book). The method which seems necessary for penetrating *Finnegans Wake*, however, is, when applied

to most poetry, more likely to lead the reader farther and farther *away* from the true meaning of the poem (the meaning which is communicated first emotionally, by the rhythms and the imagery) instead of leading him in to it. My correspondents asking for information or offering it, range from professors to schoolchildren. When *The Cocktail Party* was produced in New York, my mail was swollen by letters putting forward more and more surprising solutions of what the writers conceived to be the enigma of the play's meaning.[6] These people do not object to enigmas, they like them: in fact they like them so much that they invent them for the pleasure of finding the solution.

As an instance of the sort of thing I mean, I will give you an extract from a letter received recently, signed by eight American schoolchildren, who say that their ages range from fourteen to sixteen: – "There were several interpretations of the poem. Half of the class thought that the poem was about the death of an old man, who had worked hard all his life and had not benefited from it. The remaining members of the class felt that death was stronger than the four elements. . . . Some felt that the poem was about one man symbolising all the men who had worked hard all their lives. . . . One girl felt that the second stanza showed how the old man's death affected the soil. . . . Still another student concluded, about the third stanza, that the old man had to live with water and fire and, in the end, they overpowered everything. . . . The remaining pupils felt that 'the death of air,' 'the death of earth' and 'the death of water and fire' represented the death of the four elements. One pupil thought that everything came from dust and everything will go to dust."[7]

Now if schoolchildren approach a poem in this way, it is ten to one that this is the way in which they have been taught to approach it. And it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the teacher who taught them this attitude, has learnt it from a professor of English in some college or university, a critic himself, with his arsenal of offprints ready to discharge.

The point of these remarks, which have seemed until now to be merely random and I hope good-humoured shots at various eccentricities, is this. Several influences converge, nowadays, towards the belief that the way to appreciate and enjoy the poetry is to explain it, and that the way to explain it is to explain it away. To understand a poem it is first of all necessary to be moved by it and to be aware of the way in which one is moved: a genuine poem may arouse a very great number of differing individual responses, yet there will be always something in common between them. That is what a

poem is for. The tendency to explain a poem by its origins, by discovering the material out of which the poet made it, to explain until the poem disappears, dissolved into explanations, is fostered by the teaching of poetry in schools. Teaching poetry has to provide something to examine the pupils on. And nowadays schoolchildren are made to study, not only a few standard texts, as of Shakespeare and Milton, but even the work of living poets, so that they have less and less opportunity to discover poetry for themselves without first having it explained to them – less opportunity, therefore, in discovering poetry to discover themselves. But also, it is supported by the vogue of new sciences; I am not denying that it is legitimate to analyse the mind of an artist, or to attempt to show in what ways the expression of his native gift was determined by social and economic factors. I would even say that the critic ought to be aware of these sciences, and I do not think that we should try to draw any hard and fast limits to the extent to which the critic should dabble in them.

But I think that the critic should ponder carefully, how far these studies are relevant in each case. Literary criticism is distinguished from these other disciplines, not by excluding the study of them altogether, but by application to its own true task. The criticism of poetry begins and ends in enjoyment. Otherwise, we may find something masquerading as criticism, which is really psychology, or sociology, or biography, or even gossip or scandal. We should not assume that in order to understand a work of art, it is always necessary to invade the privacy of the artist. Someone was telling me, a little while ago, about a book which gave very good reason to believe that Wordsworth was in love with his sister Dorothy.[8] I said, what of it? Is this of the slightest legitimate interest? He replied that it threw light upon the Lucy poems. I am a very slow-witted person, and the question only came into my mind after we had parted: "And why should we need any more light on the Lucy poems, than the light which radiates from the poems themselves?"

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The two articles on "Prufrock and Raskolinov" were written by John C. Pope of Yale University. Both appeared in *American Literature*, the first in Nov 1945; the second, containing TSE's letter, in Jan 1947 (7.3).

2. While waiting for the return of Odysseus, Penelope tells her suitors that she will not choose a new husband until she has finished weaving a shroud for her father-in-law. To ensure that she will never finish, she unravels at night what she has woven by day (*Odyssey*, bk. 2).

3. The organic connection between this lecture and the more formal Seymour Lecture can be seen in the common theme and in overlapping passages. In "The Frontiers of Criticism," as here, TSE discusses the New Critical tendency to derive the meaning of a poem from its sources (8.136, n.13). In support of his critique, he uses the same examples – John Livingston Lowes's analysis of the sources of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in *The Road to Xanadu* (8.136, n.14) and an unnamed critic's suggestion that Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is an originary source of *The Waste Land* (8.137, n.17).

4. In introducing and quoting from this paragraph with an inserted paragraph break entitled in bold "In Mellow Mood," the critic for the *Manchester Guardian* wrote: "Mr. Eliot is a mild-mannered man, and the agreeable surroundings of the Author's Club had put him in a mellow mood. But towards the end of his address his mildness of manner gave way to something approaching indignant anger when he turned to those self-appointed critics' efforts that seem to threaten the very existence of poetry itself" (2).

5. In "The Frontiers of Criticism," as here, TSE mentions Joyce's last novel *Finnegans Wake* as an example of a work that tempts critics to hunt for sources (8.137, n.18).

6. *The Cocktail Party* is similarly cited in "The Frontiers of Criticism" (8.137, n.19).

7. The letter has not survived. The poem in question is *Little Gidding*.

8. TSE refers to F. W. Bateson's *Wordsworth: A Reinterpretation* (1936). See note 27 in "The Frontiers of Criticism" (8.138).

Goethe as the Sage[1]

On the mantelpiece of my office room there has stood for some fifteen years and more, among portraits of literary friends, the facsimile of a drawing of Goethe in old age. The drawing is full of life – the work, one feels, not only of a gifted draughtsman but of an artist inspired by his subject.[2*] The sketch may be well known to you. Goethe stands with his hands clasped behind his back; the shoulders are bent and the posture stooping; but although the body may be weakened by infirmities, it is obviously still ruled by a vigorous mind. The eyes are large and luminous, the expression mischievous, both benign and mephistophelian: we are in the presence of a man who combines the vitality of youth with the wisdom of age. There was a moment, some years ago, when he was violently dislodged, together with his mantelpiece companions, but, as one would expect of Goethe, this portrait, serene, alert and critical, survived and ignored the incidents of that disturbed time.[3]

This is the Goethe of the days of the conversations with Eckermann.[4] It is Goethe the Sage: and as what I have to say today might almost be called a Discourse in Praise of Wisdom, this picture would form an appropriate frontispiece to my text. If one employs this word "sage" with all the care and scruple it deserves, then one has in mind one of the rarest achievements of the human spirit. Poetic inspiration is none too common, but the true sage is rarer than the true poet; and when the two gifts, that of wisdom and that of poetic speech, are found in the same man, you have the great poet. It is poets of this kind who belong, not merely to their own people but to the world; it is only poets of this kind of whom one can think, not primarily as limited by their own language and nation, but as great Europeans.

Now, having presented this portrait of Goethe to your imagination, let me make my beginning proper. The honour of the Hanseatic Goethe Prize is a great one. It is not an honour to which any man of letters could be indifferent; but I confess that my gratification on receiving the announcement was mingled with apprehension and alarm: and that not solely for the obvious reason that many people would consider me an unworthy recipient of the Prize. I had for some years cherished the intention of making my peace with Goethe; but what I had in mind was a long period of reading and re-reading, of living with Goethe to see what would come of it; and here I was,

so to speak, pointing a pistol at my own head by accepting the Goethe Prize. It is true that I was given every kindness and latitude, when, owing to illness, I saw no prospect of serious work for several months. I was even told that my address on this occasion need not be concerned with Goethe: so, if it is essentially about Goethe, you should know that I myself wished it to be so.

When I came, however, to the point at which I had to choose a topic and outline my mode of treatment, I found myself bewildered by excess of possibilities – by the numberless aspects of Goethe, and the numberless contexts in which Goethe could be considered. In the end I was able to reduce my possible topics to two, but on further meditation, I discovered that the two were so closely connected in my mind as to form one problem which I must treat as a whole. The first problem was: what are the common characteristics of that select number of authors, of whom Goethe is one, who are Great Europeans? And the second was: what is the process by which one becomes reconciled to those great authors to whom in one's youth one was indifferent or antipathetic – not only why it takes place, but why it ought to take place; not only the process but the moral necessity of the process. In the course of this hour I shall be considering these two problems in turn; I can only ask your patience until the end, in the hope that their unity may reveal itself. In that event, you may also come to agree that the sub-title I have in mind for this address – a Discourse in Praise of Wisdom – is not wholly unjustified.

In the development of taste and critical judgment in literature – a part or an aspect of the total process of coming to maturity – there are, according to my own experience, three important phases. In adolescence, I was swept with enthusiasm for one author after another, to whichever responded to the instinctive needs at my stage of development. At this enthusiastic stage the critical faculty is hardly awake, for there is no comparison of one author with another, no full awareness of the basis of the relationship between oneself and the author in whose work one is engrossed. Not only is there but little awareness of rank: there is no true understanding of greatness. This is a standard inaccessible to the immature mind: at that stage, there are only the writers by whose work one is carried away and those who leave one cold. As one's reading is extended, and one becomes acquainted with an increasing variety of the best writers of prose and verse, at the same time acquiring greater experience of the world and stronger powers of reflection, one's taste becomes more comprehensive, one's passions calmer and one's understanding more profound. At this stage, we begin to develop that critical

ability, that power of self-criticism, without which the poet will do no more than repeat himself to the end of his life. Yet, though we may at this stage enjoy, understand and appreciate an indefinite variety of artistic and philosophic genius, there will remain obstinate cases of authors of high rank whom we continue to find antipathetic. So the third stage of development – of maturation so far as that process can be represented by the history of our reading and study – is that at which we begin to enquire into the reasons for our failure to enjoy what has been found delightful by men, perhaps many generations of men, as well qualified or better qualified for appreciation than ourselves. In trying to understand why one has failed to appreciate rightly a particular author, one is seeking for light, not only about that author, but about oneself. The study of authors whose work one fails to enjoy can thus be a very valuable exercise, though it is one to which common sense imposes limits: for nobody has the time to study the work of all the great authors in whose work he takes no pleasure. This process of examination is not an effort to enjoy what one has failed to enjoy: it is an effort to understand that work, and to understand oneself in relation to it. The enjoyment will come, if it does come, only as a consequence of the understanding.

There are obvious reasons, in my own case, for difficulty with Goethe. For anyone like myself, who combines a Catholic cast of mind, a Calvinistic inheritance, and a Puritanical temperament, Goethe does indeed present some obstacles to be surmounted. But my experience is, that recognition of the obstacles – a recognition requiring self-examination still more than examination of the author – while it does not make these obstacles disappear, can render them less important. Differences which are unexamined never emerge from the obscurity of prejudice: the better we understand our failure to appreciate an author, the nearer we come to appreciation – since understanding and sympathy are closely related. Without ever having denied Goethe's genius, without remaining unmoved by that part of his poetry most easily assimilated by a foreigner, I had, I fear, been irritated by him. In time, I came to understand that my quarrel with Goethe was – apart from some personal traits which now seem to me of very diminished importance – primarily a quarrel with his age; for I had, over the years, found myself alienated from the major English poets of the Nineteenth Century, both of the Romantic Movement and of the Victorian period. I still enjoy particular poems; but with the exception of Coleridge – and Coleridge rather as philosopher and theologian and social thinker than as poet – I have more and more lost touch with their authors. Tennyson, Browning, Arnold,

Meredith: their philosophy of life came to seem to me flimsy, their religious foundations insecure. But I had had the experience of living through that poetry in my boyhood: that remained to me. I had been, for a time, very much moved by these poets: I felt, and feel, that I had learned from them what I was capable of learning and what they were capable of teaching me. With Goethe it is a different matter. As for the English poets to whom I have just alluded, I can imagine them as greater poets if they had held a different view of life. But with Goethe, on the other hand, it seems right and necessary that he should have believed what he did, and behaved as he did. And antipathy overcome, when it is antipathy to any figure so great as that of Goethe, is an important liberation from a limitation of one's own mind.

It may seem egotistic frivolity, on such an occasion as this, for me to spend so much time talking about the mutations of my own attitude towards Goethe. I do so for two reasons. First, because the few scattered references to Goethe in my earlier critical essays are mostly grudging and denigratory; so that if I am to justify this discourse, and avert all suspicion of insincerity, I must give some account of the evolution of my own mind. Second, because I think that the situation can be generalised in such a way as to be of value. I have said that, so far as my own development is typical, one's self-education begins, in adolescence, by being enraptured, invaded, carried away by one writer after another (I am thinking primary of one's education in poetry). Subsequently, one acquires a knowledge and enjoyment of a variety of different works; one is influenced by minds of increasingly different character; one becomes more self-possessed; critical judgment develops; one is more conscious of what one is doing and of what is happening in one's explorations of the masterpieces of thought and imagination. After middle age, again, two further changes have come upon me. On the one hand, my literary predilections shrink: I wish to return more and more often to the work of fewer and fewer poets. And on the other hand, I find that there may be a few authors whom I have never really known, in the sense of intimacy and ease, with whom I must settle my account before I die.

I began, some years ago, to think that I must eventually make the effort to reconcile myself to Goethe: not primarily to repair an injustice done, for one has committed many such literary injustices without compunction, but because I should otherwise have neglected some opportunity of self-development, which it would be culpable to neglect. To entertain this feeling is already an important admission: it is, surely, the admission that Goethe

is one of the Great Europeans. You will now see, I hope, how it is that the two subjects – the problem of reconciliation and the definition of the Great European – become so closely entangled in my mind that I could not consider one without touching on the other.

It seems to me that the safest approach to this definition, is to take a few men whose right to this title is universally admitted, and consider what they have in common. I shall first, however, lay down the limits within which my selection is made. In the first place, I shall limit myself to poets, because poetry is the department in which I am best qualified to appreciate greatness. In the second place, I shall exclude all Latin and Greek poets. My reason for doing this is indicated by the title which Theodor Haecker gave to his essay on Virgil: *Vergil, Vater des Abendlandes*.[5] The great poets of Greece and Rome, as well as the prophets of Israel, are ancestors of Europe, rather than Europeans in the mediaeval and modern sense. It is because of our common background, in the literatures of Greece, Rome, and Israel, that we can speak of "European literature" at all; and the survival of European literature, I may mention in passing, depends on our continued veneration of our ancestors. As such, they are set apart from my present investigation. There are also modern poets, whose influence has been very important in countries and languages not their own, who are unsuitable for my purpose. In Byron we have a poet who was the poet of an Age, and for that Age the poet of all of Europe. In Edgar Poe, America produced a poet who, largely through his influence on three French poets of three successive generations, may be considered European:[6] but the exact place and rank of these two men is still, and perhaps will always be, the subject of controversy; and I wish to limit myself to men whose qualifications are undisputed.

What, to begin with, are our criteria? Two, surely, are Permanence and Universality. The European poet must not only be one who holds a certain position in history: his work must continue to give delight and benefit to successive generations. His influence is not a matter of historical record only; he will continue to be of value to every Age, and every Age will understand him differently and be compelled to assess his work afresh. And he must be as important to readers of his own race and language as to others: indeed, those of his own race and language will feel that he is wholly one of them, and indeed their representative abroad. To readers of different nations and different ages he may mean many different things: but his importance no nation or generation will question. The history of what has been written about the work of such a man will be the history of the European mind.

Obviously, one cannot draw up two lists, one of great poets who are great Europeans, the other of those who fail to qualify for this distinction. There is no borderline: there can be no comprehensive unanimity. All we can do, I think, is to agree upon a minimal number, consider what common characteristics they have, and endeavour to approximate to a definition, by which we then proceed to measure other poets. Of three I do not think that there can be any doubt: they are Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe.

Here I must introduce a word of caution. I doubt whether we should call a poet a "great European" unless he is also a great poet; but I think that we have to admit that there are great poets who are not Great Europeans. Indeed, I suspect that when we call any Man of Letters a Great European, we are exceeding the limits of purely literary judgment – we are making an historical, a social, and an ethical valuation as well. Compare Goethe with a somewhat younger English contemporary, William Wordsworth. Wordsworth was surely a great poet, if the term has any meaning at all; at his best, his flight was much higher than that of Byron, and as high as that of Goethe. His influence was, moreover, decisive for English poetry at a certain moment: his name marks an epoch. Yet he will never mean to Europeans of other nationalities, what he means to his own compatriots; nor can he mean to his own compatriots what Goethe means to them. Similarly – but here I speak with becoming diffidence – it seems to me possible to maintain that Hölderlin was at moments more inspired than Goethe: yet he also can never be to the same degree a European figure.[7] Into the possible account of the differences between the two kinds of poet, I do not propose to enter: I wish only, in this context, to remind you that if Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe are incontestably European men, it is not merely because they are the greatest poets of their languages. They would not be great Europeans unless they were great poets, but their greatness is something more complex, more comprehensive, than their superiority over other poets of their own language.

There is also the temptation, with Shakespeare and Goethe though not with Dante, to think of the two great mythical figures whom they created: Hamlet and Faust. Now, Hamlet and Faust have become European symbols. They have this in common with Odysseus and Don Quixote, that each is very much of his own country, and yet the fellow-countryman of all of us. Who could be more Greek than Odysseus, more Spanish than Don Quixote, more English than Hamlet, or more German than Faust? Yet they have all entered into the composition of all of us, they have all helped – as is the function of such figures – to explain European man to himself. So we may be

tempted to classify Shakespeare and Goethe as European men, simply because they have each created a European myth-hero. Yet the play of *Hamlet* and the drama of *Faust* are only a part of the structure built by Shakespeare and Goethe: a part which would be very much diminished if each were the only work of its author. What gives Shakespeare and Goethe their status is not any one masterpiece, but the total work of a lifetime. And, on the other hand, Cervantes is, for those of us who are not learned in Spanish literature, the man of one book; however great the book, this is not enough to give Cervantes a place with Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. *Don Quixote* is unquestionably among that select number of books that satisfy the test of "European literature": that is to say, without a knowledge of which – in the sense of having not only read, but assimilated – no man of European race can be truly educated. But we cannot say that it is necessary for the educated European to know Cervantes, in the sense in which we can say that the educated European must know Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. As a man of one book, Cervantes is for us entirely in that book, he is, so to speak, Don Quixote understanding himself. Dante cannot be in that way identified with even the whole of the *Divine Comedy*, or Shakespeare with any of his plays; and what part of Goethe's work can we isolate to say that it gives us the essential Goethe? It is not to belittle Cervantes simply to say that we cannot know him, as we can know these three other men. And I am not committing the error of separating the men from their writings, and idolising the men, though that, especially in the case of Goethe, where we have so much documentation about the man, as well as the immense body of his own work, is dangerously easy to do. I am speaking of the men as they exist in their writings, in the three worlds which they have created to remain forever part of the European experience.

I would say first, as something immediately obvious, that in the work of these three men we find three common characteristics: Abundance, Amplitude, and Unity. Abundance: they all wrote a good deal, and nothing that any of them wrote is negligible. By Amplitude, I mean that each was interested in the widest possible area of experience; that each had a very wide range of interest, sympathy and understanding. There is a variety of interests, there is universal curiosity and a more comprehensive capacity than that of most men. Other men have had versatile talent, other men have had restless curiosity: what characterises the variety of interests and the curiosity of men like Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe is the fundamental Unity. This unity is hard to define, except by saying that what each of them gives us is

Life itself, the World seen from a particular point of view of a particular European age and of a particular man in that age.

I have no need to remind you of the diversity of the interests and activities of Dante and Goethe. Shakespeare, it is true, confined himself, or was confined by circumstance, to the medium of the theatre; but when we consider the immense range of themes and characters within that framework, the immense variety and development of his technique, his continuous attack on new problems, we must acknowledge at least that in this amplitude and abundance Shakespeare stands apart even from those few writers for the theatre who as dramatists and poets are his equals. As to Unity, I think that the unity of Dante's political, theological, moral and poetic aims is too evident to need demonstration. I would assert, from my own experience, that the unity of Shakespeare's work is such that you not only cannot understand the late plays unless you know the early plays, you cannot understand the early plays without knowing the late ones. At each transit of the cycle you understand each play better. It is not so easy to detect the unity in Goethe's work. For one thing, it is more bewilderingly miscellaneous than that of either of the other men; for another thing, I must confess that there is so much of this vast work that I do not know, or know only superficially, that I am far from being the advocate best qualified to plead the case. I will say only then, that I believe sincerely that the better I knew his work – every volume of the most voluminous edition – the more certain I should be of its unity. The test is this: does every part of a man's work help us to understand the rest?

I shall risk affirming this belief at the point at which it is most likely to be questioned. For most of my life I had taken it for granted that Goethe's scientific theories – his speculations about the plant-type, about mineralogy and about colour – were no more than the amiable eccentricities of a man of abounding curiosity who had strayed into regions for which he was not equipped. Even now, I have made no attempt to read his writings on these subjects. It was, first, that the unanimity of ridicule and the ease with which the learned in these matters appear to dismiss Goethe's views, impelled me to wonder whether Goethe may not have been right, or at least his critics might be wrong. Then, only a few years ago I came on a book in which Goethe's views were actually defended: *Man or Matter*, by Dr. Ernst Lehrs. It is true that Dr. Lehrs is a disciple of Rudolf Steiner, and I believe that Rudolf Steiner's science is considered very unorthodox; but that is not my affair.[8] What Dr. Lehrs did for me was to suggest that Goethe's scientific

views somehow fitted in with his imaginative work, that the same insight was struggling for expression in both, and that it is not reasonable to dismiss as utter nonsense in the field of scientific enquiry what we accept as inspired wisdom in poetry. I shall return to this point presently in another context, but at the risk of exposing myself to ridicule, I will say that in consequence of what Dr. Lehrs has written about Goethe's science, I think I understand parts of *Faust*, such as the opening scene of Part II, better than before; and now I believe that Part II is a greater work than Part I – the contrary of what I had always been told by those more learned than myself.

It is at least certain that we must, in endeavouring to understand such men as the three I am talking about, try to enter into all of their interests. Literary criticism is an activity which must constantly define its own boundaries; also, it must constantly be going beyond them: the one invariable rule is, that when the literary critic exceeds his frontiers, he should do so in full consciousness of what he is doing. We cannot get very far with Dante, or Shakespeare, or Goethe, without touching upon theology, and philosophy, and ethics, and politics; and in the case of Goethe, penetrating in a clandestine way and without "legitimation papers" into the forbidden territory of science.

My argument or pleading up to this point has, you must observe, been purely negative. I have merely affirmed that in the work of Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe you find Abundance, Amplitude and Unity. Abundance and Amplitude patently, and Unity if you take the trouble to look for it. Having postulated that Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe were three great Europeans, it seems to follow that these characteristics must be found together in any other author before we can award him the same rank. It is possible, however, that an author might illustrate Abundance, Amplitude and Unity and yet fail to be a great European. I think there is a further positive character to be considered. But before approaching the final problem, there is another term to be discussed: Universality.

So far as we can judge from our three exemplars, the European writer is no less emphatically a man of his own country, race and language than any of those lesser authors whose appeal is exclusively, or with few exceptions, to their own compatriots. One may even say that Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe are not only very Italian, very English, very German, but are representative even of the particular region in which they were born. It is obvious, of course, that the sense in which they are local is no limitation of their appeal, though there is much about each to which only his fellow-

countrymen can respond. They are local because of their concreteness: to be human is to belong to a particular region of the earth, and men of such genius are more conscious than other human beings. The European who belonged to no one country would be an abstract man – a blank face speaking every language with neither a native nor a foreign accent. And the poet is the least abstract of men, because he is most bound by his own language: he cannot even afford to know another language equally well, because it is, for the poet, a lifetime's work to explore the resources of his own. The way in which he is attached to, dependent upon, and representative of his own people, is not, I should add, to be identified with patriotism (a conscious response to particular circumstances), though it be the kind of attachment out of which the noblest patriotism may spring. It is a kind of attachment which may even be in sharp contrast with the patriotic sentiment of many of the poet's compatriots.

Next, the European poet is not necessarily a poet whose work is easier to translate into another language than that of poets whose work has significance only to their fellow-countrymen. His work is more translatable, only in this way: that whereas in the translating of such a poet as Shakespeare, into another language, just as much of the original significance is lost as is lost when we translate a lesser English poet, there is also more saved – for more was there. What can be translated? A story, a dramatic plot, the impression of a living character in action, an image, proposition. What cannot be translated is the incantation, the music of the words, and that part of the meaning which is in the music. But here again, we have not got to the bottom of the matter: we have only attempted to indicate what makes a poet translatable, and not put our finger on the reason why Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe can be said to belong, as we cannot with equal confidence say of any other poets, not only to their fellow-countrymen but to all Europeans.

We can, I think, accept without much difficulty the apparent paradox that the European poet is at the same time no less, but in a way rather more, positively a man of his particular race, country, and local culture than is the poet appreciable only to his compatriots. We can at one and the same time feel that such a poet, to whatever nation he belongs, is our compatriot, and yet that he is a representative, one of the greatest representatives, of his own people also. Such a man can help his fellow-countrymen to understand themselves, and help other people to understand, and to accept them. But the question of the way in which he is representative of his own age is somewhat more difficult. In what way is a man representative of his own age, and

yet of permanent importance – not because of his "representative" character, but in himself alone – for all subsequent ages?

As we should expect from the foregoing, just as a man can be a great poet, without being a "European" poet, just as he can be representative of his people, and have interest for other peoples only in that capacity, so a man can be representative of his own time and be of importance to other times only as a help towards the understanding of his own age. But, as I tried to say earlier, we are interested in Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe not only in relation to their own country, language and race, but timelessly and directly: every educated European must ask the question, irrespective of his language, his citizenship, his heredity, and the age into which be was born, "what have Dante, and Shakespeare and Goethe to say directly to me – and how shall I answer them?" It is this direct confrontation, which has nothing to do with the study of history, that is of ultimate importance. Now, if we take the word literally, the really "representative" man of a period, like the representative man of a nation, is a man who is neither too big nor too small. I do not mean that he is *l'homme moyen sensuel*.[9] But a man who was insignificant could only represent an insignificant period – and no period in history is so negligible as that; whereas the very exceptionality of a truly great man must make us suspect that he is not altogether "representative." I think that if we found we could take our three poets as wholly representative of their ages, we should find that they were each limited by his age in a way in which they are not limited. In short, we take these men as representative, only to find them unrepresentative. For a man can be unrepresentative, not only by being behind or ahead of his age, but by being above it. Certainly, we must not assume that such men as these share all the ideas of their age. They share the problems, they share the language in which the problems are discussed but they may repudiate all the current solutions. And even when they lead a social or a public life, they have also more solitude than the majority of men. Their representative character, if representative they be, must be something that we feel but cannot altogether formulate.

There is a great deal we do not know about Dante the man, there is very little we do know about Shakespeare. A great deal is known about the life of Goethe. I am, I confess, not one of those who know very much. But the more I have learnt about Goethe, from his own work and from expositions of it, the less I find it possible to identify him with his age. I find him sometimes in complete opposition to his age, so complete perhaps as to have been greatly misunderstood. He seems to me to have lived more fully and

consciously on several levels than most other men. The Privy Councillor, the lion of a small court, the collector of prints, drawings, and intaglios, was also the man who lay awake in anguish in Weimar, because an earthquake was taking place in Messina. After reading Dr. Lehrs's book, to which I have alluded, and then re-reading certain passages of *Faust*, it came to me that "Nature" to Wordsworth and to Goethe meant much the same thing, that it meant something which they had experienced – and which I had not experienced and that they were both trying to express something that, even for men so exceptionally endowed with the gift of speech, was ultimately ineffable. Not so very long ago I was sent a postcard reproduction of a portrait of William Blake: it was a well-known drawing, with which I was quite familiar. But I happened to set it for a moment on my mantelpiece, beside the portrait of Goethe, and I thought I noticed a similar expression in their eyes. Only, Blake looked other-worldly; Goethe looked, at the moment when the artist had caught him, equally at home in both worlds. Blake also rejected some of the dominant opinions of his age. You see that I cannot get away from the *Farbenlehre* and the *Ur-Pflanze*.[10] It is simply a question of who was right, Goethe or the scientists? Or is it possible that Goethe was wrong only in thinking the scientists wrong, and the scientists wrong only in thinking Goethe wrong? Is it not possible that Goethe, without wholly knowing what he was doing, was to assert the claims of a different type of consciousness from that which was to dominate the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? If so, then Goethe is about as unrepresentative of his Age as a man of genius can be. And perhaps the time has come when we can say that there is something in favour of being able to see the universe as Goethe saw it, rather than as the scientists have seen it, now that the "living garment of God" has become somewhat tattered from the results of scientific manipulation.[11]

Certainly Goethe was of his age. We can hardly ignore, or treat as accidental, the fact that Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe should have come to stand, each for a period in modern European history, in so far as a poet can occupy that role; and we remember Goethe's own words about the man and the moment.[12] But we must remember, for one thing, that we tend to think of an Age in terms of the man whom we take as representative of it, and forget that equally a part of the man's significance may be his battle with his Age. I have merely been trying to introduce some cautious reservations into our use of the term "representative," dangerous when applied to such men. The man who is a "representative" of his people may be the severest critic

of his people and an outcast from it; the man who is "representative" of his time may be in opposition to the most widely-accepted beliefs of his time. When we call one of these men "representative" we must take care not to be led astray by the word.

So far I have been engaged, first in recognising certain qualities in default of which we cannot admit a poet to this select company, and then in defining the sense in which "representativeness," either of a place and a language, or of an age, may be considered characteristic. But we have yet to ask: what is the quality which survives translation? which transcends place and time, and is capable of arousing a direct response as of man to man, in readers of any place and any time? It must be also something which can be present in varying degrees – for obviously Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe are not the only "European" poets. But it must be something capable of recognition by a great diversity of men, for the ultimate test of such a poet, as I have said at the beginning, is that no European who is quite ignorant of his work can be called educated whether the poet's language is his own, or whether he has learnt that language by painful study, or whether he can only read a translation. For while complete ignorance of the language very narrowly limits one's appreciation of such a poet, it is no excuse whatever for complete ignorance of his work.

I am afraid that the word I am about to pronounce will strike many an ear as an anticlimax to this exordium, for it is simply the word Wisdom. There is no word, however, more impossible to define, and no word more difficult to understand. To understand what Wisdom is, is to be wise oneself: and I have only the degree of understanding of Wisdom, that can be attained by a man who knows that he is not wise, yet has some faith that he is wiser than he was twenty years ago. I say twenty years ago, because I am under the distressing necessity of quoting a sentence I printed in 1933. It is this:

> Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true role was that of the man of the world and sage, a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues.[13]

I never re-read the passage in which this sentence is buried: I have always found the re-reading of my own prose writings too painful a task. I discovered this quotation not so very long ago in Mr. Michael Hamburger's introduction to his edition and translation of the text of Hölderlin's poems:

Mr. Hamburger is my authority for attributing this sentence to myself.[14] He quoted it, I need hardly say, with disapproval. It is an interesting sentence: interesting because it enunciates so many errors in so few words. The error to which I particularly wish to call attention, is the identification of wisdom with worldly wisdom. It does not diminish my admiration for La Rochefoucauld, to say that the wisdom of a "man of the world" is a very limited wisdom indeed: but now, at least, I can no longer confound the two wisdoms. There is worldly wisdom, and there is spiritual wisdom. Wisdom which is merely the former may turn out in the end to be folly, if it ignores, or aspires to judge, those things which are beyond its understanding; wisdom which is purely spiritual wisdom may be of no help in affairs of this world. So I think that generally we mean, when we speak of a man as "wise" and where the context does not show that we mean one kind of wisdom rather than another, that such a man has wisdom of a greater range than other men. And this we can say of Goethe. It may be that there are areas of wisdom that he did not penetrate, but I am more interested in trying to understand the wisdom he possessed, than to define its limitations. When a man is a good deal wiser than oneself, one does not complain that he is no wiser than he is.

You may have observed another error in the sentence which I quoted against myself, beyond the one I have just pointed out. It seems to suggest that wisdom is something expressible in wise sayings, aphorisms and maxims; and that the sum of such maxims and sayings, including, if you like, those which a man has thought but never communicated, constitute his "wisdom." These may be tokens of wisdom, certainly; and to study the sayings of a sage can contribute towards the development of any wisdom of which the reader is capable. But wisdom is greater than any sum of wise sayings, and Wisdom herself is greater than the actualisation of wisdom in any human soul.

> Wisdom shall praise herself,
> And shall glory in the midst of her people.
> In the congregation of the most High shall she open her mouth,
> And triumph before His power. Ecclus. XXIV[15]

But wisdom in a human being resides as much in silence as in speech: and, says Philotheus of Sinai, "men with a silent mind are very rarely found."[16*] Wisdom is a native gift of intuition, ripened and given application by experience, for understanding the nature of things, certainly of living things, most

certainly of the human heart. In some men it may appear fitfully and occasionally, or once in a lifetime, in the rapture of a single experience beatific or awful; in a man like Goethe, it appears to have been constant, steady and serene. But the wise man, in contrast to the merely worldly-wise on the one hand, and the man of some intense but narrow vision of the heights or the depths on the other, is one whose wisdom springs from spiritual sources, who has profited by experience to arrive at understanding, and who has acquired the charity that comes from understanding human beings in all their variety of temperament, character and circumstance. Such men hold the most diverse beliefs; they may even hold some tenets which we find abhorrent; but it is part of our own pursuit of wisdom, to try to understand them.

I believe, then, that it is finally by virtue of the wisdom informing his work that an author enters this category of "great Europeans"; by virtue of his wisdom that he is the common countryman of all of us. He is not necessarily easy to understand; as I have said, he may present as many difficulties of interpretation as any other. But the foreigner who has been reading Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe in translation, or who has been handicapped by imperfect knowledge of the language in reading the original, does not ask, as he may ask about many of our great poets, "what is it that Italians, or Englishmen, or Germans, find to admire in this author?" I am far from suggesting that the wisdom of these poets is something distinct from the poetry, and that what the foreigner enjoys is the former without the latter. The wisdom is an essential element in making the poetry poetry; and it is necessary to apprehend it as poetry in order to profit by it as wisdom. The foreign reader, in absorbing the wisdom, is being affected by the poetry as well. For it is the wisdom of poetry, which would not be communicated at all, if it were not experienced by the reader as poetry.

There arises, at this point, a question which cannot be left unanswered: partly because I have raised it myself, in a somewhat different form, many years ago, and am no longer satisfied with my own account of it; and partly because it has recently been raised by a philosophical critic for whose opinions I have great respect, Professor Erich Heller of Cardiff. I refer to a recent book, *The Disinherited Mind*,[17]* and particularly to a chapter on Rilke and Nietzsche.[18] Professor Heller criticises, severely but without asperity, certain pronouncements of my own on Thought and Belief in Poetry, made many years ago. Some of what I said then I would not now defend, and some I should now be inclined to qualify or put differently; but with regard to other

of my assertions, I am not too downcast by Professor Heller's censure, inasmuch as, by Dr. Heller's own admission, I share these errors with Goethe himself. The question is as to the place of "ideas" in poetry, and as to any "philosophy" or system of beliefs held by the poet. Does the poet hold an "idea" in the same way that a philosopher holds it; and when he expresses a particular "philosophy" in his poetry, should he be expected to believe this philosophy, or may he legitimately treat it merely as suitable material for a poem? And furthermore, is the reader's acceptance of the same philosophy a necessary condition for his full appreciation of the poem?

Now, insofar as anything I have written on the subject in the past says or suggests that the poet need not believe a philosophical idea which he has chosen to embody in his verse, Professor Heller is, no doubt, quite right in contradicting me. For such a suggestion would appear to be a justification of insincerity, and would annihilate all poetic values except those of technical accomplishment. To suggest that Lucretius deliberately chose to exploit for poetic purposes a cosmology which he thought to be false, or that Dante did not believe the philosophy drawn from Aristotle and the scholastics, which gave him the material for several fine cantos in the *Purgatorio*, would be to condemn the poems they wrote. But I think that Professor Heller oversimplifies the problem by generalising from the particular case that he is arguing: he is in this essay concerned to show that Rilke was not only deeply influenced by Nietzsche in his youth, but that the view of life revealed in his most mature poems is a kind of poetic equivalent of the philosophy of Nietzsche. And I am quite prepared to admit that in the case of the relation of Rilke to Nietzsche, Dr. Heller makes out a very good case.

To explore the problem of poetic belief versus philosophic belief, and the nature of the attitude (whether of belief or of *Annahme*) of the poet towards a philosophic system,[19] would not only take us very far but would take us a long way from my subject; what is however pertinent to our investigation is the question of the belief called for from the reader of a poem. Dr. Heller seems to me to imply that the reader himself must accept the philosophy of the poet, if he is to appreciate the poetry. It is, apparently, on this ground that Dr. Heller censures the judgment of a brilliant critic, Hans Egon Holthusen, about Rilke. "If the ideas [of Rilke] were all humbug," says Dr. Heller, "or if, as Herr Holthusen suggests in his book about Rilke, they were all 'wrong,' in the sense of contradicting that 'intuitive logic' which tells us what is a true and what is a false picture of man, then the poetry would have little chance of being what he believes it to be: *great* poetry" [124].[20*]

Dr. Heller goes so far as to say: "There is no poetry left if we *feel* that the 'ideas' are false to the point of being a distortion of the true image of man" [125]. We are led, it seems, to this strange conclusion: that Herr Holthusen is suffering from a delusion when he imagines that he enjoys the poetry of Rilke, because for him there can be no poetry left. And on the other hand, Dr. Heller himself is driven to accept an intolerable situation: that of a "rift which has made it impossible for most Christians not to *feel*, or at least not to feel *also* as true many 'truths' which are incompatible with the truth of their faith" [125]. Which not only appear incompatible, mind you, but which are incompatible! But if we feel the truth of "incompatible truths," is not the feeling of truth wholly illusory? I find myself in agreement with Herr Holthusen: and indeed, if he is wrong and Dr. Heller is right, then I can only enjoy the poetry of Rilke under a misunderstanding.

What I am aiming at, by a devious route, is the establishment of a distinction between the philosophy of a poet and his wisdom. Unless it is possible to draw such a distinction, then I am condemned to remain blind to the merits of some of the greatest poets. But first I must venture a theory of the relation between acceptance of the philosophy and enjoyment of the poetry.

It is best, I think, to keep in mind not the philosophy of a poet – for that may vary with his development – but the philosophy of what can be called a philosophical poem. There are three obvious examples: the *Bhagavadgita*, [the] *De rerum natura* of Lucretius, and the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. And the third of these has peculiar advantages for our purposes in that it is based upon theological doctrine which belongs to the Western World and which is still believed by a great many people. These three poems represent three views of the world in as sharp contradiction of each other as possible. Ignoring the other differentiae – the fact that the *Bhagavadgita* is the most remote from me in language and in culture, and that Dante is nearer to me in time than Lucretius, am I called upon to admit that as a Christian I can understand Dante's poem better than the others, though I ought to be able to understand it still better if I was a Roman Catholic? It seems to me that what I do, when I approach a great poem such as the Holy Song of the Indian epic, or the poem of Lucretius, is not only, in Coleridge's words, to suspend my disbelief, but to try to put myself in the position of a believer.[21] But this is only one of the two movements of my critical activity: the second movement is to detach myself again and to regard the poem from outside the belief. If the poem is remote from my own beliefs, then the effort of

which I am the more conscious is the effort of identification: if the poem is very close to my own beliefs, the effort of which I am more conscious is the effort of detachment. With the *Divine Comedy*, I find a kind of equilibrium: it is rather with the poetic parts of the Bible, the prophets and most of all the Gospels, that I find the effort of detachment – that is, the effort to appreciate "the Bible as literature"[22] – and in the translations of our Authorized Version and of Martin Luther, the Bible is a part of both our literatures – there, is the effort of detachment most difficult. With the *Duinese Elegies*, I admit, I find myself at the opposite extreme: I could be content to enjoy the verbal beauty, to be moved by the music of the verse; and I have to force myself to try to enter into thought which is for me both difficult and uncongenial.

You will observe that in this systole and diastole, this movement to and fro, of approach and withdrawal, or identification and distinction, I have been careful to avoid the terms form and content. The notion of appreciation of form without content, or of content ignoring form, is an illusion: if we ignore the content of a poem, we fail to appreciate the form; if we ignore the form, we have not grasped the content – for the meaning of a poem exists in the words of the poem and in those words only. Nor does what I have been talking about exhaust the content. We have not, in what I have just been saying, been concerned with the whole of the content: only with the content as philosophical system, as "ideas" which can be formulated in other words, as a system of ideas to which there is always some possible alternative system for the reason to accept. This philosophical system must be tenable: a poem arising out of a religion which struck us as wholly vile, or out of a philosophy which seemed to us pure nonsense, simply would not appear to be a poem at all. Otherwise, when two readers of equal intelligence and sensibility approach a great poem, the one from the starting point of belief in the philosophy of the author, and the other from the starting point of some different philosophy, they should tend towards a point, which they may never quite reach, at which the two appreciations correspond. Thus it is conceivable that Professor Heller and Herr Holthusen might almost arrive at the point of sharing their appreciation of Rilke.

I entered upon this analysis not for its own sake, but in order to reach the conclusion that there is something more in the greatest poetry than "ideas" of a kind that we must either accept or reject, expressed in a form which makes the whole a work of art. Whether the "philosophy" or the religious faith of Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe is acceptable to us or not

(and indeed, with Shakespeare the question of what his beliefs were has never been finally settled) there is the Wisdom that we can all accept. It is precisely for the sake of learning Wisdom that we must take the trouble to frequent these men; it is because they are wise men that we should try, if we find one of them uncongenial, to overcome our aversion or indifference. Of revealed religions, and of philosophical systems, we must believe that one is right and the others wrong. But wisdom is λόγος ζυνός the same for all men everywhere.[23] If it were not so, what profit could a European gain from the *Upanishads*, or the Buddhist *Nikāyas*?[24] Only some intellectual exercise, the satisfaction of some curiosity, or an interesting sensation like that of tasting some exotic oriental dish. I have said that Wisdom cannot really be defined. What is the Wisdom of Goethe? As I have suggested, Goethe's sayings, in prose or in verse, are merely illustrations of his wisdom. The best evidence of the wisdom of a great writer is the testimony of those who can say, after a long acquaintance with his works, "I feel a wiser man because of the time that I have spent with him." For wisdom is communicated on a deeper level than that of logical propositions; all language is inadequate, but probably the language of poetry is the language most capable of communicating wisdom. The wisdom of a great poet is concealed in his work; but in becoming aware of it we become ourselves more wise. That Goethe was one of the wisest of men I have long admitted; that he was a great lyric poet I have long since come to recognise; but that the wisdom and the poetry are inseparable, in poets of the highest rank, is something I have only come to perceive in becoming a little wiser myself. Thus I return to gaze at the features of the Goethe on my mantelpiece. I have named him and two others as the three poets who are incontestably great Europeans. But I should not like to close without reminding you that I think of these men as set apart, not in kind, but in degree; that there have been others, even within living memory who, though of lower rank, are of the same company; and that one measure of the survival of our European culture in the future, will be the ability of European peoples to continue to produce such poets. And if the time comes when the term "European literature" ceases to have any meaning, then the literature of each of our nations and languages will wither away and perish also.

NOTES

1. As printed in *OPP*; originally delivered on 5 May 1955 as an address at Hamburg University on the occasion of receiving the Hanseatic Goethe Prize for 1954; first printed as a pamphlet

entitled *Gedenkschrift zur Verleihung des hansischen Goethe-Preises 1954 der gemeinnützigen Stiftung F.V.S. zu Hamburg durch die Universität Hamburg an Thomas Stearns Eliot* (Hamburg: Gebrüder Hoesch, 1955), with a German translation by Ursula Clemen. When TSE received word in Dec 1953 that he had been proposed for the prize, he had just completed three weeks in the London Clinic and was scheduled to sail within days for South Africa for ten weeks of convalescence. Citing both illness and lack of time to prepare for the ceremony in May, he declined the nomination in a letter to Bishop Lilje of 29 Dec. When TSE returned to London in mid-Mar 1954, he found a letter from the rector of the university stating that the Prize Committee "is prepared to persist" and that they would schedule the ceremony at the end of the year to allow time for his recovery. He remained ambivalent, writing to the rector on 22 Mar: "If December found me unready, would a date in 1955 be possible?" On 17 July, TSE wrote to Bishop Lilje asking that the prize of DM 10,000 be donated to a relief fund for victims of floods in Bavaria and Austria.

2*. TSE's note: "The artist, I am informed, was Maclise, then a young man on a visit to Weimar." On 25 Apr 1955, TSE wrote to Philip Mairet, "You will remember that facsimile of a delightful drawing of Goethe which you gave me some years ago, and which I framed to stand, ever since, on my mantelpiece. I shall be alluding to this portrait . . . in my speech in Hamburg. Do you . . . remember who the artist was and when the portrait was made?" (See illustration 15.)

3. In his postwar retrospective on TSE and Germany, Ernst Robert Curtius wrote: "It strikes me as important that after 1944 Eliot excludes Goethe from the classical literature of Europe" (March and Tambimuttu, 121-22). Quoting from "What Is a Classic," TSE's Oct 1944 address to the Virgil Society (published in 1945), Curtius, himself a renowned classicist and old friend of TSE, cites the following assessment of Goethe's poetry (misquoting "Germanism" for "germanism," "universal" for "*universal*"): "because of its partiality, of the impermanence of some of its content, and the Germanism of the sensitivity; because Goethe appears, to a foreign eye, limited by his age, by his language, and by his culture, so that he is unrepresentative of the whole European tradition and . . . a little provincial, we cannot call him a universal classic" (6.681). On 14 Feb 1949, TSE wrote: "My dear Curtius, You are of course right about Goethe. My few peevish remarks about him have been the result of an early prejudice . . . Some day I should like to write an essay to make some amends" (Bonn).

4. In 1917, TSE referred to Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann* in a discussion of the nineteenth-century ideal of cosmopolitanism (1.615, 617, n.2). In a letter of 12 May 1954, having accepted the invitation for the Goethe award, he informed Eleanor Hinkley that he had begun rereading the *Conversations*.

5. Theodor Haecker, author of *Vergil, Vater des Abendlandes* (1931), trans. A. W. Wheen as *Virgil: Father of the West* (1934). Haecker's book is a major reference point in TSE's 1951 essay, "Virgil and the Christian World" (7.629, n.22).

6. For TSE's extended discussion of Poe's influence on the three French Poets (Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Valéry), see "From Poe to Valéry" (7.290).

7. Like Goethe, the slightly younger poet-thinker Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843) brought to his work a philosophical bent toward idealism and a fervent love of Greek literature. His two-part novel *Hyperion* (1797, 1799) and his lyric poetry are high-water marks of German Romanticism.

8. Ernst Lehrs (1894-1979), German anthroposophist, author of *Man or Matter: Introduction to a Spiritual Understanding of Nature on the Basis of Goethe's Method of Training Observation and*

Thought, published by Faber & Faber in 1951. The Austrian thinker Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) is the founder of anthroposophy, a spiritual movement with roots in German idealist philosophy.

9. *l'homme moyen sensuel*: the average sensual man. "l'Homme Moyen Sensuel" is the title of a 1915 Byronic satire by Pound.

10. Goethe, *Zur Farbenlehre* [*Theory of Colors*] (1810). Although Goethe's theory of the perception of color was not accepted by physicists, it influenced many nineteenth-century artists, including the Pre-Raphaelites and Impressionists.

Urpflanze: archetypal plant. In *Versuch die Metamorphose der Pflanzen zu erklären* [*The Metamorphosis of Plants*] (1790), Goethe argued that all plants were descendants of a single ancestor or variants of a basic model and that the identity of this ur-plant could be established by science.

11. This phrase is from Carlyle's discussion of *Faust* in *Sartor Resartus*: "the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names [Nature] as the living visible Garment of God" (I.VII). Carlyle's loose translation of the song of the Earth-Spirit: "In Being's floods, in Action's storm, / I walk and work, above, beneath, / Work and weave in endless motion! . . . 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply, / And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by."

12. *Faust I*.1664-65 (Mephistopheles): "Doch der den Augenblick ergreift, / Das ist der rechte Mann" ("He who seizes the opportune moment is the right man").

13. Quotation from Lecture V, "Shelley and Keats," one of TSE's Norton Lectures published as *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (1933) (4.649)

14. "Goethe cannot be said to take such writers as Jean Paul, Kleist, Novalis or Hölderlin in his stride," writes Hamburger. "At the other extreme, we have a comment by Mr. T. S. Eliot, which should, I think, be considered an indication of a tendency rather than a final judgment; Mr. Eliot remarks: 'Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no success of either; his true role was that of the man of the world and sage, a La Rouchefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues.'" *Friedrich Hölderlin: His Poems* (London: Harvill Press, 1952), 18.

15. Ecclesiasticus 24:1-2. One of twenty-four books in the Hebrew Bible (*Tanakh*); it is not in the Christian Bible but is preserved in the Apocrypha.

16*. TSE's note: "It is relevant to mention an essay by Josef Pieper: *Über das Schweigen Goethes* (Kösel-Verlag, München [1951])." The previous textual quotation is from *Writings from the Philokalia: On the Prayer of the Heart*. Trans. from the Russian by Kadloubovksy and G. E. H. Palmer (London: Faber and Faber, 1951), ¶ 71. *On purity of prayer*: "And Philotheus says: 'Men with a silent mind are very rarely found. This is the attribute only of those who use all means in their power to attract to themselves Divine grace and to be filled with the spiritual comfort flowing from it'" (238).

17*. TSE's note: "Published by Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge [1952]. A German edition has been published under the title of *Enterbter Geist* (Suhrkamp-Verlag [Berlin, 1952])."

In *The Disinherited Mind: Essays in Modern German Literature and Thought*, Professor Heller (1911-90) objects to TSE's demarcation in the Hamlet essay (2.122-26) between the thought of the character and that of the author who, strictly speaking, is not thinking, but "using" thought "for dramatic ends." Heller counters that "one cannot use thinking or feeling without thinking or feeling" (121).

On 13 Dec 1954, Heller sent TSE an inscribed copy, and on 11 Jan 1955, TSE acknowledged the "kind gift," adding: "I shall be alluding to your views on poetry and belief . . . in my Goethe

address . . . on one side at least I accept your censure. I should no longer hold quite the same views, or . . . phrase them . . . as I did when I made the references to Shakespeare which you criticize. . . . I had had several years of close application to philosophy . . . before I wrote that essay, and I meant 'thought' . . . as practiced by professional philosophers. . . . The much wider range that you give to the term 'thought' . . . is at least as well identified. . . .Where I tend to part company with you [is] over the attitude that the reader must accept the poet's philosophy."

18. Chapter 5, "Rilke and Nietzsche / With a Discourse on Thought, Belief and Poetry" (99-140). The Austrian lyrical poet Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) is the author of a series of religious poems composed between 1912 and 1922 and published as *Duineser Elegien* [*Duino Elegies*] (1923), containing ten elegies, 860 lines, affirming the indissoluble unity of life, love, and death in this world.

19. *Annahme*: assumption. TSE would have associated this word with Meinong's *Über Annahmen* [On Assumptions], a major reference point in his consideration of *Gegenstände* (objects) in his graduate essays and PhD thesis (especially chapters IV and V) (1.307, 332).

20*. TSE's note: "[*Rainer Maria*] *Rilke:* [*A Study of his Later Poetry*] by H. E. Holthusen [trans. J. P. Stern], Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, [1952], in an excellent series (Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought) edited by Dr. Heller himself. I have not seen a German text of this essay. Dr. Heller does not quote, but the following paragraph from Herr Holthusen's essay must be the origin of his comment:

> Once abstracted from the concrete liveliness of their metaphorical language, from their aesthetic context, and regarded as philosophical doctrine, Rilke's "ideas" are wrong. And this assertion is valid if we assume that there is an objectively valid criterion of distinction between "right" and "wrong" ideas, that there is a kind of intuitive logic governing groups of ideas in their agreement with the being of man, that, in brief, there exists an intellectual equilibrium enabling us to distinguish right ideas from wrong ones. The idea of "my own death" is wrong because death cannot be conquered by monistic feeling; for death must always remain wholly other than ourselves, a conquest through that which is alien to us, an invasion of human reality by a reality that is more than human. The idea of love that abdicates from possession is wrong: so is the idea of a glorification of the world: of creation *without* a creator, of immanence *without* transcendence: the metamorphosis of all transcendent realities into an imminent all-and-one: the dissolving of God into inwardness: the dissolving of His person into the most intense feeling: the naming of the Divine in terms of feeling – indeed the whole vocabulary of the "unsayable" and "invisible." All these ideas are as wrong as the prophetic theses of Nietzsche – the doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence, of the Superman – or "satanism" of Baudelaire. [42-43]

In a letter of 9 Dec 1954, TSE wrote to Holthusen (1913-97), a German poet and literary critic: "In the text of my allocution for . . . the Goethe Prize, . . . I have occasion to quote in a footnote a long passage from your admirable little essay on Rilke. . . . It is only fair to let you know the context. I am taking issue with Professor Erich Heller in the matter of appreciation and belief in poetry . . . In his essay on Rilke and Nietzsche [in *The Disinherited Mind*], he takes issue with you for censuring Rilke's philosophy. As I take much the same view as you do, I want to quote you in my support."

21. Regarding his role in the composition of *Lyrical Ballads*, Coleridge writes: "it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural . . . so as to transfer

from our inward nature a . . . semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief . . . which constitutes poetic faith" (*Biographia Literaria* XIV).

22. See TSE's address on "The Bible as Scripture and as Literature" (1933) (4.695).

23. λόγος ζυνός: the common logos. This phrase is from the fragment of Heraclitus (DK 22B2) that serves as the first of two epigraphs to *Burnt Norton*. τοῦ λόγου δ' ἐόντος ξυνοῦ ζώουσιν οἱ πολλοὶ ὡς ἰδίαν ἔχοντες φρόνησιν: Although the word (logos) is common to all, the majority live as if each had a wisdom of his own.

24. *Nikāya*: a collection of teachings (Pāli). The term "Buddhist *Nikāyas*" usually refers to the *Sutta Pitaka* texts of Theravāda Buddhism. *Theravāda*: way of the elders (Pāli).

The Literature of Politics[1]

Not today, for the first time, but for some time past, have I been aware how very rash it was of me to accept your invitation to address this Literary Luncheon: my acceptance is only one more illustration of a truth that I should have learned from experience, that one can face nearly any danger intrepidly, and even court it wantonly, so long as it is far enough off. My foolhardiness, on this occasion, was twofold. While I do not suppose that everyone in this room is an accomplished public speaker, I take it for granted that those who are not, are at least seasoned listeners, with pretty high standards of what they expect in the way of oratory. And a man of letters, far from being thereby licensed to the platform and the rostrum, is more likely than not to be a poor speaker, relatively at ease – but only relatively – when he has prepared, as I have today, not only his thoughts but his words. Second, I was rash in consenting to appear in an unfamiliar role and context.[2] That, of course, may have increased the size of my audience: you are, very likely, at this moment experiencing the thrill of a crowd gathered to watch a man take a very high dive, when the rumour has been put about that he does not know how to swim. I hope you will be disappointed: but I do not know myself whether or not, after the splash has subsided, my head will emerge from the water.

Some excitement and misunderstanding may have arisen from the title originally advertised, which led a columnist in a daily newspaper to exclaim: "Mr. Eliot, who writes his plays in verse, is turning to politics. He has kept well away from them up to now."[3] Well, I intend to be just as political, and not a jot more so, than I have been in some of my prose writings which perhaps the writer, so appreciative of my plays, has overlooked.

The title first given is one which I suggested as a good subject for somebody – without specifying myself.[4] Rather late in the day I realized that the title had come home to roost and that I must push it off the roost. I am reminded of an experience some years ago when I agreed to give a lecture in Nice. In correspondence with the President of the society which I was to address, I remarked that, not knowing which of two kinds of audience to expect, I found myself, for the choice of a subject, between Scylla and Charybdis. Before I had made up my mind what to talk about, it was

announced in Nice that I was to speak on the subject of Scylla and Charybdis. After a moment's consternation I thought – And why not? Almost any topic can be dealt with under that heading. "Scylla and Charybdis" is delightfully general, and arouses curiosity by its vagueness.[5] *The Relation of Political Philosophy to the Practice of Politics*, on the other hand, was alarmingly precise. It is a subject to demand all the learning, profundity and torrential eloquence of such a philosopher as Mr. Isaiah Berlin.[6] As for me, I am not competing with such authorities. I am merely a man of letters who believes that the questions he raises may sometimes be of interest, even if the answers he can give are negligible. And as a man of letters, I have never taken any part in politics other than that of a voter – a walking-on part, and that of a reader – a sitting-down part.

So let me approach my subject by asking: what is the literature of Conservatism? That is to say, what are the "classic" writings in the English language, with which any thoughtful Conservative is presumed to have some familiarity, writings by authors whose work is supposed to yield some understanding of what Conservatism is? There are four names which we could all, without any prompting, repeat in chorus, for they constantly turn up together. They lead off in the bibliographical note to that admirable little book *Conservatism* written by Lord Hugh Cecil, as he was then, in 1912 for the Home University Library. They are, of course, the names of Bolingbroke, Burke, Coleridge and Disraeli.[7]

Now, could one assemble four men, in one field of thought, more dissimilar to each other than these? The one thing they obviously have in common is that each in his way was a master of prose, whose work can no more be ignored by the student of English literature than by the student of politics. Each of these men had a sense of style – and that is something more than merely a trick of knowing how to write. This is all to the good, that the Conservative tradition should be also a tradition of good writing; but it may seem irrelevant. When we consider Bolingbroke, he is hardly an example of that devotion to Christian belief and Christian morals that Lord Hugh Cecil quite rightly called for. Burke is certainly a Christian thinker; Coleridge was a distinguished theologian as well as philosopher; Disraeli also deserves a pass degree, though churchmanship is the one point on which I feel more sympathy with Mr. Gladstone.[8] As for their politics, the situations in which the three who practised politics found themselves, were very different. Bolingbroke, in fact, is pre-Conservative, if we agree with those who derive Conservatism itself only from a fusion of Tory and Whig

elements, due largely to the effect of the French Revolution upon the mind of Burke. Burke, as has often been observed, uttered his most important statements of Conservative doctrine in the course of current controversy; Disraeli delivered himself through his novels as well as in Parliament. As for Coleridge, he was rather a man of my own type, differing from myself chiefly in being immensely more learned, more industrious, and endowed with a more powerful and subtle mind.

So we remark that, with three of these writers, their philosophy was nourished on their political experience. The fourth was a philosopher with no political experience. What are we to make of this diversity, and what common principles can be elicited from the work of such different men, writing under such different conditions? I am inclined to believe it a good thing that we should find the question difficult to answer. If, in my attempt to give grounds for my belief, you find me descending to platitude and commonplace, I hope you will attribute it to my simplicity and inexperience; if, on the other hand, you convict me of uttering nonsense, I ask for no quarter at all.

I venture to put forward the suggestion that political thinking, that is, thinking that concerns itself with the permanent principles, if any, underlying a party name, can follow two contrasted lines of development. At the beginning may be a body of doctrine, perhaps a canonical work; and a band of devoted people set out to disseminate and popularize this doctrine through its emotional appeal to the interested and the disinterested; and then, as a political party, endeavour to realize a programme based on the doctrine. Before arriving at the position of governing, they have envisaged some final state of society of which their doctrines give the outline. The theory has altogether preceded the practice.

But political ideas may come into being by an opposite process. A political party may find that it has had a history, before it is fully aware of or agreed upon its own permanent tenets; it may have arrived at its actual formation through a succession of metamorphoses and adaptations, during which some issues have been superannuated and new issues have arisen. What its fundamental tenets are, will probably be found only by careful examination of its behaviour throughout its history and by examination of what its more thoughtful and philosophic minds have said on its behalf; and only accurate historical knowledge and judicious analysis will be able to discriminate between the permanent and the transitory; between those doctrines and principles which it must ever, and in all circumstances, maintain, or manifest

itself a fraud, and those called forth by special circumstances, which are only intelligible and justifiable in the light of those circumstances.

Of the two, the latter type seems to me the more likely to correspond to that preference of the organic over the mechanical that Burke maintained: but each has its peculiar dangers.

I do not propose to plunge into the controversies of historical determinism. Determinism has a strong emotional appeal: curiously enough, it can appeal to the same type of mind as that which believes in the unlimited possibilities of planning. Determinism seems to give great encouragement, and at times access of force, to those who can convince themselves that what they want to happen is going to happen anyway, and to those who like to feel that they are going with the tide: and we have all heard, now and again, that freedom is to be found only in the acceptance of necessity – though it is also natural to the human mind to suspect that there is a catch in this somewhere. But it should also be obvious to everyone from his personal experience, that there is no formula for infallible prediction; that everything we do will have some unforeseen consequences; that often our best justified ventures end in disaster, and that sometimes our most irrational blunders have the most happy results; that every reform leads to new abuses which could not have been predicted but which do not necessarily justify us in saying that the reform should not have been carried out; that we must constantly adapt ourselves to the new and unexpected; and that we move always, if not in the dark, in a twilight, with imperfect vision, constantly mistaking one object for another, imagining distant obstacles where none exists, and unaware of some fatal menace close at hand. This is Frederick Scott Oliver's *Endless Adventure*.[9]

When a party committed to an unalterable doctrine finds itself in a position of power, two things may happen. Leaders who have learnt from experience will exercise their ingenuity in discovering reasons for postponing the part of their programme that they see to be impracticable, or in proving that what appears to be a change is a logical development: in the East, I believe, it is assumed that Marx would have approved, and Lenin acted upon, whatever is done – until the contrary policy is officially adopted. The alternative to such suppleness is the Jacobinism of the obstinate doctrinaire, ready to ruin all rather than modify theory in the face of fact.

Whereas the point of view I have just mentioned, is subject to the alternative dangers of inadaptability, or of adaptation by subterfuge, having committed itself to tenets which it cannot renounce, the danger of the other

point of view is equally great: that is the danger of becoming so protean, so endlessly and obligingly adaptable to changing circumstances, that it discredits itself by its indifference to principle. To know what to surrender, and what to hold firm, and indeed to recognize the situation of critical choice when it arises, is an art requiring such resources of experience, wisdom and insight, that I cannot envy those public men, of whatever party, who may at any moment be called upon to make grave decisions, and who may in due course be censured by posterity, either as fanatics or as opportunists. And just as politics of the one type has need constantly to review its tenets and accepted ideas in the light of experience, for otherwise it is in danger of acting on principles that have been discredited, so the politics of the other type needs from time to time to re-open the enquiry as to what are its permanent principles, and review its actions in the light of these principles. For the permanent and the transitory have to be distinguished afresh by each generation.

In an article which I read recently, on the subject of Conservatism in America, the author made the point, which struck me forcibly, that the true conservatives in that country in recent times had none of them been political figures: they had been the philosophic observers and moralists, often in academic positions; and the names he cited were nearly all of men I had known, or with whose work I was acquainted – such men as Paul More and Irving Babbitt in the last generation, and amongst those living, Canon B. I. Bell, and Professor Nisbet of California.[10] If the writer, himself an American, is right, this is not a very healthy state of affairs, unless the views of such writers become more widely diffused and translated, modified, adapted, even adulterated, into action. It seems to me that in a healthy society, there will be a gradation of types between thought and action; at one extreme the detached contemplative, the critical mind which is concerned with the discovery of truth, not with its promulgation and still less with its translation into action, and at the other extreme, the N.C.O. of politics, the man who in spite of relative indifference to general ideas, is equipped with native good sense, right feeling and character, supported by discipline and education. Between these two extremes there is room for several varieties and several kinds of political thinking; but there should be no breach of continuity between them.

At the same time, it is as well that everyone who thinks about politics at all, should recognize his own abilities and limitations, and should not engage in every kind of activity, of those which range from what we call philosophic thought to what we call action. Yet we all understand our own function in

society the better for mixing with men of different functions from ours, and the man whose business is merely to think and write, will do his job much better if he has some frequentation of the society of those whose business is to direct policy and make decisions – just as the legislator should be able to put himself at the point of view of those who have to carry out his legislation, and at the point of view of those who have to endure it. There are obviously dangers for society when functions are so sharply divided that men of one profession can no longer understand the mind and temperament of men of another. And to go more directly to the point, a political tradition in which the doctrinaire dominates the man of action, and a tradition in which political philosophy is formulated or re-codified to suit the requirements and justify the conduct of a ruling clique, may be equally disastrous.

I have been making the point that there should be no complete separation of function between men of thought and men of action, and I have maintained that men of different activities, or of political interests, in whom the proportions of the speculative or theoretic and the active were differently mixed, should be able to understand and learn from each other. I have also suggested that it is here, as generally in life, everyone's concern to find out what he ought to meddle with and what he ought to leave alone.

On this last point, I think of a man whom I held in respect and admiration, although some of his views were exasperating and some deplorable – but a great writer, a genuine lover of his country, and a man who deserved a better fate than that which he had in the end to meet. I know that it is easy to criticise a man for not being another man than the man he was; and we should be particularly reserved in criticism of a man whose political setting was that of another country from our own. But with the reservations compelled by this awareness, I have sometimes thought that if Charles Maurras had confined himself to literature, and to the literature of political theory, and had never attempted to found a political party, a *movement* – engaging in, and increasing the acrimony of the political struggle – if he had not given his support to the restoration of the Monarchy in such a way as to strengthen instead of reducing animosities – then those of his ideas which were sound and strong might have spread more widely, and penetrated more deeply, and affected more sensibly the contemporary mind.[11]

But how, in the end, does the work of a mere writer affect political life? One is sometimes tempted to answer that the profounder and *wiser* the man, the less likely is his influence to be discernible. This, of course, is to take a very short view; and at the other extreme, in considering the thought of the

very greatest, we can hardly speak of their "influence" at all: it becomes ridiculous to ask whether the influence of Plato or Aristotle has been good or bad, for we cannot conceive what the history of the European mind would have been without them. Yet the immediate influence of – shall we say – Mr. Bernard Shaw in the period of his most potent influence, I suppose, at the beginning of this century, must have been more appreciable, and more widely diffused, than that of much finer minds: and one is compelled to admire a man of such verbal agility as not only to conceal from his readers and audiences the shallowness of his own thought, but to persuade them that in admiring his work they were giving evidence of their own intelligence as well. I do not say that Shaw could have succeeded alone, without the more plodding and laborious minds with which he associated himself; but by persuading low-brows that they were high-brows, and that high-brows must be socialists, he contributed greatly to the prestige of socialism. But between the influence of a Bernard Shaw or an H. G. Wells, and the influence of a Coleridge or a Newman, I can conceive no common scale of measurement.

I confess, however, that I am not myself very much concerned with the question of influence, or with those publicists who have impressed their names upon the public by catching the morning tide, and rowing very fast in the direction in which the current was flowing; but rather that there should always be a few writers preoccupied in penetrating to the core of the matter, in trying to arrive at the truth and to set it forth, without too much hope, without ambition to alter the immediate course of affairs, and without being downcast or defeated when nothing appears to ensue.

The proper area for such men is what may be called, not the political, but the *pre-political* area. I borrow the term from Canon Demant, the Regius Professor of Theology at Oxford; and I am thinking of work such as his, and Mr. Christopher Dawson's, and that of Professor Reinhold Niebuhr in America.[12] It is in this area also that my own much slighter talents have been employed. But we can look still further for literary influence, not only philosophical, but imaginative, upon politics. Disraeli gained much from his early association with Smythe and Manners, who owed a good deal to Walter Scott.[13] And my defence of the importance of the *pre-political* is simply this, that it is the stratum down to which any sound political thinking must push its roots, and from which it must derive its nourishment. It is also, if you don't mind my changing the metaphor so abruptly, the land in which dwell the Gods of the Copy Book Headings;[14] and, abandoning figurative language altogether, it is the domain of ethics – in the end, the domain of

theology. For the question of questions, which no political philosophy can escape, and by the right answer to which all political thinking must in the end be judged, is simply this: What is Man? what are his limitations? what is his misery and what his greatness? and what, finally, his destiny?[15]

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT:
On 20 Apr 1955, the day after TSE's lecture, the *Manchester Guardian* published a loose summary with numerous quotations. Attributed to "Our London Staff," it was entitled "Balancing Past and Future in Politics: Mr. Eliot Relates Thought to Practice" (2). On 23 Apr, *Time and Tide* published an unsigned piece entitled "The Literature of Politics," consisting of "extracts" clipped from their context and in several cases simply misquoted (523-24). This was done without TSE's knowledge, and on 2 May, he wrote the following letter in protest to Lady Rhondda, the editor of *Time and Tide*, who took it as a personal letter and did not publish it:

> I hope you will not mind my registering a mild protest against the manner in which my modest address to the London Conservative Union was reported in Time and Tide of April 23rd.
>
> In the first place, my name and the title of my address on the cover would lead anyone to believe that The Literature of Politics was written as a contribution to Time and Tide. It is true that on page 523 where the extracts appear, it is stated that they are extracts from a speech given at a literary luncheon. It is not stated, however, as it should be, that the extracts were made by Time and Tide and not by myself, and finally, the fact that my name appears on page 531 under "notes on contributors" is enough to confirm in anybody's mind the presumption that I myself selected or approved the publication of these particular extracts.
>
> I had, in fact, a letter from a doctor who used to look after me some thirty years ago, now retired in Sidmouth, congratulating me on my "article in Time and Tide." It is true that the publication of this "article" pleased him so much as to induce him to send me a pot of clotted cream, but that is irrelevant!
>
> I am also assured by Mr. John Hayward, who is as great an authority, I think, in matters of bibliography, as anyone in England that such a publication is bibliographical bad form. The first edition of my little speech is, in a sense, a pirated, and certainly a mutilated, edition. The

whole address is, in due course, to be published as a pamphlet by the Conservative Union.

Of course, I appreciate the compliment paid by Time and Tide in taking so much notice of an occasion and an address which I did not take very seriously myself, and I dare say that the Conservative Union may be pleased by the advertisement rather than annoyed by Time and Tide's anticipating their publication. Nevertheless, I do frankly think that when so much of an address is printed in this way and without comment, it should be stated clearly that the author has not been consulted and that the extracts were neither made nor approved by him.

NOTES

1. As printed in *TCC*; originally delivered as a lecture at a Literary Luncheon organized by the London Conservative Union on 19 Apr 1955 at the Overseas League, St. James's Street, London; subsequently published in June as a pamphlet. *The Literature of Politics*, with a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony Eden (London: Conservative Political Centre, 1955). Pp. 22.

2. On 26 Nov 1954, Humphry Berkeley of the Conservative Political Centre renewed an invitation for TSE to address the Literary Luncheon. On 30 Nov, TSE sent his regrets, citing his poor health and the likelihood "that my doctor will order me abroad." He concluded by saying: "a subject with which I hope that I or somebody better qualified than I may eventually deal, is that of the relation of political philosophy to the practice of politics." Berkeley interpreted this final comment to mean that TSE had decided to accept the invitation after all.

3. Untraced

4. TSE was in the London Clinic for five weeks in Jan and Feb 1955, and when he returned to work in early Mar, he found that the topic mentioned in the Nov letter had been publicized as the title of his forthcoming lecture. On 2 Mar, he wrote to Berkeley, "I am embarrassed to find that the subject . . . which I originally suggested as a good subject in itself rather than as a subject I was competent to dilate upon, has been given to the press as the title of the address. ... this seems to me too pretentious, and to promise more than a person of my modest qualifications is likely to perform. . . . Would you mind calling my modest oration "The Literature of Politics"?

5. In "Scylla and Charybdis," a lecture given in Nice on 25 Mar 1952, TSE spoke on the significance of the myth in poetry and in his own work. It was first published in French as "Charybde et Scylla: Lourdeur et frivolité" in *Annales du Centre universitaire méditerranéen*, 5 (1951/52), 71-82, and posthumously in English as "Scylla and Charybdis" in *Agenda* (London), 23 (Summer 1985), 5-21 (7.677, 691).

6. The British political philosopher and intellectual historian Isaiah Berlin reviewed for the *Criterion* in the 1930s. By 1955, he was the author of *Karl Marx: His Life and Environment* (1939) and *The Hedgehog and the Fox* (1953). He was knighted in 1957.

7. Lord Hugh Cecil, *Conservatism* (London: Williams and Norgate; New York: Henry Holt, 1912). The first three items in Cecil's "Bibliographical Note" (253) are (1) Viscount Bolingbroke, *Collected Works*, especially *The Idea of a Patriot King*; (2) Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the French Revolution*; and (3) Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Works of*, especially *The Friend*, *Aids to Reflection*,

and *Essays on his Own Times*. Benjamin Disraeli is seventh, with his *Speeches* and two novels, *Sybil: The Two Nations* and *Coningsby: The New Generation*. TSE had admired these thinkers for decades. He commissioned an essay on Bolingbroke for the *Criterion* of Apr 1923 (203-26) and referred to him in the 1926 Clark Lectures and various commentaries. He included Disraeli's *Coningsby* in his 1916 Extension course on English Literature (1.479) and, subsequently, commissioned an essay on him for the *Criterion* of Oct 1924 (143-66). TSE's political and social writings are peppered with references to Burke, whose *Reflections* he had read in Babbitt's classes at Harvard, and whose "moral imagination" is a topic in "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (3.458). TSE published a review of B. Newman's *Edmund Burke* in the *Criterion* of Dec 1927 (556). Coleridge was a continuous reference point for TSE and a central figure in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, which includes a full lecture on Wordsworth and Coleridge (4.625-40) and concludes with "The sad ghost of Coleridge beckons to me from the shadows" (4.692).

8. William E. Gladstone served four times as prime minister of Great Britain (1868-74, 1880-85, 1886 Feb-July, and 1892-94). He is best known in literary circles for his involvement in the politics of Irish Home Rule.

9. F. S. Oliver, a prominent Tory and entrepreneur known for advocating the union of members of the British Empire, was a financial guarantor of the *Criterion*. His principal writings include a well-received biography of Alexander Hamilton (1906) and *The Endless Adventure* (3 vols, 1930-35), an account of personalities and politics in eighteenth-century England. The third vol of *Endless Adventure* was reviewed in the *Criterion* of July 1935 (669-71).

10. By the prolific American conservative thinker Russell Kirk (1918-94), "Critical Conservatism: Babbitt, More, Santayana," chapter 10 in *The Conservative Mind: From Burke to Santayana* (Chicago: Henry Regnery, 1953); the 1960 edition is subtitled *From Burke to Eliot*. Canon Bernard Iddings Bell (1886-1958) was an American Episcopal priest who argued in a series of books that post-World War I American culture had lost its moral moorings. His major writings include *Right and Wrong after the War* (1918), *Beyond Agnosticism* (1929), *In the City of Confusion* (1938), and *Crowd Culture* (1952). TSE published Bell's "The Decay of Intelligence in America" in the *Criterion* of Jan 1935 (193-203). The sociologist Robert Nisbet (1913-96), dean of the University of California, Riverside, since 1955, was one of the leading thinkers to emerge from the revival of conservatism after World War II. His best-known book is *The Quest for Community* (1953). On 28 Oct 1953, TSE wrote to Russell Kirk, "I have now received, and am reading Dean Nisbet's book."

11. TSE discovered Maurras, the founding editor of *L'Action Française*, in Paris in 1910-11. In 1926, Maurras's philosophy came under attack, and his books were placed on the *Index*. In 1928, in a review in the *Monthly Criterion* of Leo Ward's *The Condemnation of L'Action Française* (3.369-78), TSE defended Maurras's political thought as reasonable. Maurras supported the Vichy government during World War II, which led to his arrest and imprisonment in 1944 for collaboration. He was released in 1952 and died shortly thereafter. In a letter of 19 Mar 1954 to W. F. Stead, TSE reiterated his admiration for Maurras and attributed his collaboration to "serious errors of political judgment – in fact, he should have confined himself . . . to the philosophy of politics, and never engaged in political agitation."

12. V. A. Demant was a canon of Christ Church, Oxford and, from 1941 to 1971, Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology at Oxford. A Christian sociologist, he was a contributor

to the *Criterion* and with TSE a member of a group that organized an annual Anglo-Catholic Summer School in Sociology from 1925 to 1955. In his *Criterion* commentary for Jan 1932, TSE praised Demant's *This Unemployment: Disaster or Opportunity* (1932) (4.406) and, in the commentary for Jan 1934, Demant's *God, Man, and Society* (1933) (5.8-9). Demant's contributions to the *Criterion* include book reviews and a major essay, "Dialectics and Prophecy" (July 1930).

Christopher Dawson, a frequent contributor to the *Criterion*, was a Roman Catholic cultural historian. His books include *Progress and Religion* (1929), *Religion and Culture* (1948), and *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture* (1950), all based on the conviction that religion is an indispensable element in culture. His *Criterion* contributions include a long essay on "Religion and the Totalitarian State" (Oct 1934). In 1949, he published an essay "T. S. Eliot and the Meaning of Culture" in the *Month* (Mar 1949), 151-57.

Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of theology at Union Theology Seminary in New York, inaugurated his career as a preacher, a theologian, and a public intellectual with a *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932). TSE included reviews of his *Reflections on the End of an Era* and of his *Christian Ethics* in the *Criterion* (Oct 1934 and Jan 1937, respectively) and met him occasionally during the war. In May 1955, shortly after this lecture for the Conservative Political Centre, TSE visited the Niebuhrs in New York in the company of W. T. Levy, who later told TSE that Niebuhr used *Four Quartets* as devotional reading.

13. Disraeli was associated with a pre-political group of young Tories who went to school together at Oxford, Cambridge, and Eton. The group included George Smythe and Lord John Manners. Their political proclivities were shaped by the idealized feudalism of Scott's novels.

14. "The Gods of the Copybook Headings" is a 1919 poem by Kipling. Copybook headings: traditional sayings or maxims that English schoolchildren were required to memorize and write in their notebooks.

15. Psalm 8:4: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him."

A Letter from Mr. T. S. Eliot

Program for production of *Murder in the Cathedral*[1]

24, Russell Square,
London, W.C. 1.
5th July, 1955

The Rt. Reverend Bishop E. W. Sara,
38 Broad Street,
Ludlow, Shropshire

My Lord Bishop,

Your letter of the 15th June had to await my return from a visit to the United States, and then, I regret to say, among the mass of correspondence that awaited me, I overlooked its urgency. Your production of MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL is to take place within the next few days, and I do not suppose that these words will reach you in time to be included in your programme. Nevertheless, I offer them as a token of my interest in the preservation of Ludlow Parish Church.

When I wrote MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL at the invitation of the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Bell – I had no expectation that it would survive, except in book form, the occasion for which it was written. I continued for some time to be surprised by the variety of the purposes for which it was in demand. Twenty years after its first production, this play gives me pleasure for a worthier reason than its merit or its reputation. I am happy to think that so long after having served its original purpose at Canterbury, it should have its part in the effort to raise funds for the restoration of one of the great historic parish churches of England.

If this does not come too late, I hope that the foregoing paragraph, or some sentence in it, may be of use to you. In the fear that it may not, I enclose a cheque as my personal contribution to the endeavour.

I have the honour to remain,
Your obedient servant,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. TSE's letter to Bishop Edmund W. Sara (1891–1965) was printed in facsimile in the program (2), with signature in TSE's hand, for the production of *Murder in the Cathedral*, in Ludlow Parish Church, 13-23 July 1955.

Mr. Donald Brace

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (27 Sept 1955) 11[1]

The death of the New York publisher Donald Brace will be noted with sincere regret in the world of letters in this country. When, shortly after the First World War, Alfred Harcourt and Donald Brace founded the publishing house which bears their name, the task of establishing relations with British publishers, literary agents, and authors devolved upon the latter.[2] Brace's acumen brought the firm *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a book which earned them both prestige and profit.[3] By Maynard Keynes, Brace was put in touch with such authors as Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey.

No American publisher was better known or better liked in the literary world of my generation. His English friends will remember his keen sense of humour, which, expressed in his very slow and deliberate speech, was at times irresistibly droll. And they will remember most gratefully the confidence which he inspired as a publisher, by his combination of Yankee shrewdness, loyalty to his authors' interests, and sweetness of temper.

NOTES

1. In a letter of 7 Nov 1955, TSE explained to M. H. Cane what prompted him to submit this obituary: "THE TIMES had only mentioned Don's death in small print at the bottom of the page, and I thought that it was not good enough for a man who had done so much for English authors in America, and who was so well known and so well liked over here." Brace's death had been reported in the obituaries section in the *Times* of 23 Sept 1955 thus: "Our New York Correspondent reports the death on Tuesday of Mr. Donald Clifford Brace, one of the founders and a former president of the publishing firm Harcourt, Brace and Company. He was 73" (11). The carbon copy of TSE's letter is dated 23 Sept 1955.

2. After meeting at Columbia University, Donald Clifford Brace (1881-1955) and Alfred Harcourt (1881-1954) worked for Henry Holt & Company and in 1919 founded their own publishing house in New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company went on to publish the works of important British writers, including Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, George Orwell, C. S. Lewis, and Stephen Spender. They became the American publishers of most of TSE's poetry and prose from 1932 onward when they printed *Poems 1909-1925* and *Selected Essays 1917-1932*. TSE dedicated the 1956 American edition of *Elizabethan Essays* "In memoriam Donald Brace."

3. Published in London by Macmillan in 1919 and in New York by Harcourt Brace in Jan 1920. The book became a best seller both in England and in America: it had sold around 140,000

copies and been translated into eleven languages by 1924. TSE recommended it to his mother as "an important book" in a letter of 6 Jan 1920 (*L1* 428) and wrote in his obituary "John Maynard Keynes" of 16 May 1946 that this is "the only one of his books which I have ever read: I was at that time occupied, in a humble capacity, with the application of some of the minor financial clauses of that treaty" (6.749).

Homage to Ezra Pound on his 70th Birthday

Pound Newsletter (Berkeley, CA), 8 (Oct 1955) 7

From London . . .

It is very right that every periodical devoted to poetry should pay homage to Ezra Pound on his seventieth birthday.[1] It is especially right that the *Newsletter* should assemble testimony to his achievement; and I wish that my tribute could be at greater length. But I have in various places and at various times expressed my opinion that Mr Pound – in so far as we can pass such a judgment on a contemporary – is a great poet; and I have tried to make clear the grounds for my conviction. I cannot enlarge upon what I have already said in his praise; and I should not wish on such an occasion to risk the appearance of diminishing that praise by referring to any of the vital matters upon which I take issue with him.[2] For me at such a moment, what matters is the poetry and not the ingredients which have entered into its composition: I venture to express the hope that the readers of the *Newsletter* also will not, in their concern with the sources, lose their appreciation of the end-product.
I offer this as a token.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. On 19 Aug 1955, John Edwards of the University of California, Berkeley, asked TSE to contribute to a collection of tributes to Pound on his seventieth birthday (30 Oct). On 7 Sept, TSE responded: "I will send a short message of greeting, but more than that I cannot now do. But after all, I have made my salutations often and clearly enough!" On 25 Sept, he wrote to Edwards, who added the heading "From London . . ." and printed the body of the letter verbatim in the *Newsletter*.

2. The principal "vital matter" was the anti-Semitism in Pound's wartime radio talks. On 28 Nov 1954, Robert Fitzgerald wrote to TSE that he had seen a transcript and was horrified. On 21 Feb, TSE wrote to Allen Tate: "I have never seen . . . these notorious broadcasts. I get the impression from Robert's letter that they are much more appalling than I had supposed. . . . How can I get hold of these broadcasts? Will I have to come to Washington to read them?" On 28 Feb, he asked Fitzgerald "how, when or where I could read this script myself." On 10 Mar, he told Tate that Fitzgerald had sent him extracts: "My first reaction . . . is that nobody could read these outpourings and regard the writer as sane." On 15 Mar, in anticipation of a visit to Washington,

TSE asked Conrad Aiken to get him a copy, and by the time he met Pound at St. Elizabeths in mid-May, he had probably seen the full transcripts. A year earlier, TSE had responded warmly to a request for a tribute on Pound's sixty-ninth birthday (8.24), but beginning in 1955, he declined several invitations to comment on Pound in print, explaining on 15 Nov, "I do not feel it would be possible for me to write an essay on Pound without doing one of two things: repeating what I have said before, or entering upon discussion of matters on which I disagree very strongly with Pound's views."

Address at the E. McKnight Kauffer Memorial Exhibition

TSE's longtime friend E. McKnight Kauffer, an American graphic artist who worked in England from 1914 until 1940, died on 22 Oct 1954 in New York. The Memorial Exhibition in London, presented by the Society of Industrial Artists with the support of the Royal Society of Arts, opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum on 6 Oct 1955 and continued until 27 Nov. In preparation for the exhibition, TSE paid tribute to Kauffer and his art on the BBC television program *Panorama* on 3 Oct. He then went into the London Clinic for two weeks with a foot infection. As he was unable to attend the opening of the exhibition on 6 Oct, he revised and recorded his remarks, which were heard on a record at the event. "I hope that the Television helped to draw the public," he wrote on 17 Oct in reply to Sir Colin Anderson, chairman of the V&A exhibition council, who had written to TSE on 11 Oct to thank him for "having your speech recorded in spite of your being confined to bed. You will have heard that the recording was a great success, although it could not entirely make up for your absence. . . . No doubt, you will have heard that there were more people than could be admitted to the lecture theatre for the opening ceremony, and that afterwards a long queue formed to see the exhibition." TSE also wrote to Dorothy E. Knight on 17 Oct to decline payment for his introduction: "On the other hand I should be highly gratified if the Television Centre would see fit to make a donation to the Fund of the Pool Clergy Relief Corporation."[1]

This is my first experience of opening an exhibition in my own absence. True, I have, until now, opened only one exhibition. It was some years ago and I cannot imagine why I should have been chosen for the purpose; but I think McKnight Kauffer had something to do with the invitation. But the reason for my being asked to open this exhibition today is very clear, because McKnight Kauffer was my friend. I knew the man well and loved him. So I wish not only to convey my apologies to the Committee and to the guests, but to express my deep regret at being unable to pay my tribute in person, in the presence of so many other friends and admirers of the artist.

In a company which must include many whose expert knowledge far exceeds my own, I shall not attempt to speak at length of Kauffer's achievements. Of the several kinds of applied art that he practiced, and which are shown here, the most difficult, I should suppose, for an artist to adapt himself to, is the art of the Poster.[2] The Poster designer, if he be an artist, is in somewhat the same position as the poet in the theatre. The latter must

aim to write a play that will please theatergoers who neither know nor care about poetry, and he must try to write it in verse that will win the approval even of poetry lovers who care nothing for the theatre.

On this analogy, McKnight Kauffer's posters satisfied both tests: they were the designs of a genuine artist, and they did advertise. He showed that an artist can design good advertisements, without debasing his art. And it seems to me likely, that in applying his gifts to advertising, he was improving the taste of the public without the public's knowledge. The public was perhaps only aware of a new kind of advertisement that caught the eye and stuck in the memory; but it was unconsciously becoming used to modern art.[3]

Of McKnight Kauffer's early life I know little. I know that he was born in Montana[4] – in his last years, he liked to think of himself as a Westerner! He often addressed me, at the same period, as "Missourie." His father, I believe, was at one time violinist on a show boat; he himself had served his apprenticeship to applied art as scenery designer for a touring theatrical company in the Far West.[5] How he got to Europe I do not know; he was already in England when I arrived, and had begun to be well established before I knew him. For such success as his needs a concurrence of causes – *First*, of course, his great gifts, – and I am thinking not only of his powers as an artist, but of the gift of sympathy and understanding which made him a good illustrator. I am grateful for his illustrations to my own "Ariel" poems.[6] *Second*, he found enlightened patrons to commission him. But perhaps one reason why he found such patrons was his personality: he had the kind of personality that attracts nice people. I dare say its attraction was still wider than that. But I mean that he had something deeper than is ordinarily implied by the word "charm." I mean that Ted Kauffer was an exceptionally lovable man.

Kauffer's happiest years were spent in England. His best work was done here. We owe him a debt of gratitude for his work and for his influence. Work such as his is too easily forgotten: posters serve their turn and must be replaced by new designs; book-jackets wear out and are thrown away; illustrated books, even, will remain unopened on the shelves. For all these reasons, and because he was a fine artist, and because we loved him, I am glad that this exhibition should have been arranged, and very very sorry not to be present today.

NOTES

1. On 20 Oct, TSE wrote to D. W. Last of the Advertising Association that he had "no objection to you using . . . the attached quotation from my television broadcast about McKnight

Kauffer." The quotation was published under the heading "E. McKnight Kauffer, Advertising and Public Taste" in the *Journal of the Advertising Association*, 7 (Nov 1955), 27:

> Kauffer helped to establish modern art in a way in which it had not been done before, and, I think, with a wider public. He made people like modern art without their knowing quite what he was doing. There's many an advertisement today which would never have been accepted by either advertiser or the public, but for Kauffer's pioneering work. I see his influence in many places. And I feel sure also that many people, having got used to the type of advertising that Kauffer introduced, have gradually come to understand and get used to the work of modern painters – of other modern painters who have done no commercial work at all. That is to say, he did something for modern art with the public as well as doing something for the public with modern art.

TSE's brief notes ("Rough") for the telecast are in King's (H2w).

2. Known in London for the many avant-garde posters he did for the London Underground, Kauffer was known in America for his posters for Shell Oil and American Airlines.

3. Kauffer was influenced by several major movements in modern art, including Futurism, Cubism, and Vorticism.

4. Born Edward Leland Kauffer on 14 Dec 1890 in Great Falls, Montana, Kauffer added McKnight to his name in tribute to Professor Joseph McKnight of the University of Utah, who sponsored his studies in Paris in 1913-14.

5. Kauffer began his career in San Francisco as a student at the California School of Design.

6. Kauffer provided the illustrations for three of TSE's *Ariel* poems – "Journey of the Magi," "A Song for Simeon," and "Marina." He also designed the set for *Sweeney Agonistes* and created the drawings for "Triumphal March." Earlier he made an illustration for TSE's "Doris's Dream Songs" in the *Chapbook* of Nov 1924 (37) and later designed the dust jacket for the American edition of *Four Quartets* (1943): "White dust-jacket . . . printed in black, cream, and grey." TSE's "Defence of the Islands" (1940), written at Kauffer's request "to accompany an exhibition in New York of photographs illustrating the war effort of Britain," was dedicated to Kauffer's memory after his death (*CPP* 201 / *Poems1* 213).

Billy Graham versus M.R.A.

This is the unpublished text of an address given to the All Souls Club on 16 Nov 1955 at the Garrick Club in London, 6:45 for 7:00. As TSE explained to Kathleen Bliss in a letter of 12 Apr 1950, "I belong to a small ecumenical dining club, which has been in existence for about twenty-five to thirty years. It is limited to fourteen members who represent, according to quota, the Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist denominations. When any member dies or retires, his place is supplied from his own denomination. . . . I may explain that during dinner, the conversation takes any course it may, but after dinner the host of the evening speaks for about fifteen minutes on a subject of his own choosing, with a view to provoking a lively discussion on some topic of religious affairs in which we are all interested. . . . [E]ach member entertains the rest of the Club in rotation, usually at one of the large social clubs, and one's turn comes round about once in eighteen months." On 3 Oct 1955, TSE, who was ill, had his secretary write to the club secretary Norman Carter, asking him to inform members that "the subject which Mr. Eliot has in mind for opening the discussion is 'Billy Graham versus M.R.A.'" See Textual Note.

Both Mr. Billy Graham and Moral Re-Armament have received a good deal of attention from the Press;[1] and the arguments for and against have been flung to and fro. But so far as I am aware, they have never been considered together: and it does seem to me a social phenomenon of some interest that these two movements, in very striking ways antithetical to each other, and yet having perhaps some features in common, should have been very much in the public eye at more or less the same time. Now, I am not concerned this evening to attack or to defend either movement. What I am considering is the public response or rather, the response of a part of the public. I am not concerned either with those who are exalted with enthusiasm for Mr. Graham or those who are equally enthusiastic Moral Re-armers. Nor am I concerned with those people who find one or the other, or both, antipathetic. What interests me at the moment is the response of those members of the public, including some leaders of the churches, who without participating in either movement yet give their assent, or at least are at great pains not to condemn. I do not mean that I wish to rule out any discussion, this evening, of the merits or demerits of either: the purpose of a paper like this is to start discussion, and the discussion should be allowed to take what direction it will. I am merely defining my own approach, and one possible train of thought to which the simultaneous contemplation of Billy Graham and M.R.A. could lead.

If I had had the forethought a year or so ago to predict that I was going to choose this subject, I should come better documented. I have like every one else read the correspondence in *The Times* and in some of the religious press; but if I had preserved all of the newspaper references that have come under my eye, I should be able to offer you something more definite.

My first point is this: that whereas the charge most frequently brought against Mr. Graham is that of obscurantism, and of that literal acceptance of Biblical narrative – and especially the narrative of Genesis – which is called Fundamentalism, the accusation against M.R.A. is the opposite: that of an indifference to doctrine, and a vague comprehensiveness too cloudy to merit the name of syncretism. At the same time, I should infer that they both leave a very wide latitude to their disciples. Mr. Graham I believe is a Baptist.[2] I do not know whether any divergencies can be observed between the Baptist Church in this country, and the Baptist Church in America; but I imagine that considerable differences of attitude can be found among the Baptists, as among other denominations, between the Northern and the Southern states of the American Union: the South, being less developed, tending towards extreme Fundamentalism, and the North tending towards the opposite extreme of Liberalism. Mr. Graham is a Southerner,[3] and his faith is it seems of the Southern type. But it is not as a Baptist that he presents himself. Here I must confess that I have not had the opportunity of hearing him, except in his five-minute broadcasts. But I gather that what he preaches at his mass meetings is a Christianity which, so far as it goes, is acceptable to all Christians; and I understand that he urges lapsed Christians to return to the fold into which they were baptized. Mr. Graham may be considered to be broadly ecumenical in his attitude, and the only questions to be raised are whether what he inculcates is, so far as it goes, all common to all respectable Christian denominations; and whether – a more difficult question to answer – his teaching is at all compromised by the implications of a backwoods American fundamentalism.

M.R.A. appears also to be very broad-minded; but the question here is whether it is so comprehensive as to cease to be specifically Christian. According to the Report of the Social and Industrial Council of the Church Assembly,

> The *Hindu* (a widely read Indian newspaper) recently (March 1953) published a complete supplement of about 30,000 words devoted to M.R.A. This Supplement contains no word to suggest that the acceptance of the

> principles of M.R.A. would present any difficulty to a convinced Hindu. One contributor equates the teaching of M.R.A. with that of Shri Krishna. In the article contributed by Mr. Peter Howard, one of the best known M.R.A. writers, there is no reference to Christ; indeed, there appears to be only one insignificant reference to Him in the whole Supplement.[4]

(The reference in question is given in a footnote: the name of Jesus Christ is mentioned together with "Lord Buddha" and Mahatma Gandi. The name of Buddha is given first; that of Gandhi third.) Here I may remark that I see no harm à priori in asserting principles of conduct which may be common to all the "higher religions": the danger arises from the possible implication "It does not matter whether you are a Buddhist, a Moslem or a Christian so long as you observe these common principles of conduct." Which would be in effect erecting M.R.A. into a higher religion than any of those named.

I do not know how reliable an authority we can take the *Sunday Express* to be in such matters as these – it is not a journal which forms part of my regular Sunday reading – but an article in the *Sunday Express* stated that Mr. Graham had received the approval of the Bishops of London, Rochester, Norwich, Liverpool and Barking.[5] On the other hand, the Bishop of Durham, writing in *The Times*, expressed apprehension lest the crudity of Mr. Graham's doctrine should have a stifling rather than a liberating effect upon men's minds.[6] Then the Bishop of Plymouth backed up the Revd. G. T. Manley, who spoke for liberation as against stifling; and Mr. Manley, a former Senior Wrangler, had, it seems, liberated the Bishop of Plymouth's mind 40 years before, which in turn influenced the Bishop also against suffocation.[7] It is all very confusing for the hungry sheep.

There is one ground, on which both Mr. Graham and M.R.A. have been criticised – that of indifference to social problems, or alternatively a wholly inadequate equipment for tackling them. Professor Reinhold Niebuhr is a pretty respectable authority on the relation of theology to the affairs of this world, and he reviewed The Church Assembly Report on M.R.A. in *The Observer*. In the course of his article he says:

> The core of the criticism of the social thinking of M.R.A. is contained in the assertion that the movement does not take politics seriously "because of the movement's strong emphasis on love and unselfishness as personal qualities but without any like emphasis on justice as a social quality. Justice and love are both alike important – neither must be ignored and, they must not be confused. At best the M.R.A. confuses

> them and at worst it ignores the separate entity of justice." Again this is a very moderate way of calling attention to the incredible *naïvetés* in the realm of the political order of the movement. It knows nothing about justice either as an instrument or as an approximation of love. Its thoughts are irrelevant to the whole realm of human problems in which we must strive for a fair adjudication of claims and counter-claims.[8]

Now Mr. Graham is also accused of ignoring the social problems. But this attack comes from a different quarter: what I am referring to is a letter to *The Times* from Canon L. John Collins of St. Paul's. Canon Collins is a social worker with whose methods I have not always been in sympathy, but his letter which appeared on August 27th is very cogently put.[9] He criticises Mr. Graham on three grounds. He points out first, that the influencing of crowds partakes more of the methods of Hitler and Goebbels than of that of Our Lord. I think this is a little unfair: Our Lord did sometimes teach the multitude. Second, Canon Collins claims that the appeal to the Bible as infallibly authoritative is an incitement to escape from personal responsibility. "[D]ependence upon infallible authority," says Canon Collins, "would seem to lead to intolerance, bigotry and violence." Poor Mr. Graham finds himself condemned, in the company of the Scarlet Woman of Rome.[10†] But finally, and this is the point which I wish to parallel with Professor Niebuhr's comment on M.R.A., Canon Collins says:

> It was my impression, after attending at Harringay, that Dr. Graham offers a gospel with too great an other-worldly emphasis and too little concern about the need to translate faith into thought and action which are relevant to the economic, social, and political affairs of this ordinary but very real life here on earth. (3)

It may be that Canon Collins is open to a counter-charge: however that may be, I think that this sentence should be given serious consideration.

At this point, however, it must be remarked that the attitude of Mr. Graham and that of M.R.A. are not quite identical. The charge against Mr. Graham's gospel is that it relieves the mind of anxiety about the conduct of this world – that it is, in fact, an anodyne. The charge against M.R.A., as formulated in the Church Assembly Report, and as seconded by Dr. Niebuhr, is formally the opposite: it is that M.R.A. is too exclusively concerned with this world, but concerned with it in the wrong way. That it is "this-worldly," in that it presents its principles of conduct as leading to

happiness in our present life, rather than as leading towards the Beatific Vision; but that (like Mr. Graham) it ignores the economic, social and political affairs of this world, insisting that we have only to become morally perfect – enough of us, I presume – for the economic, social and political problems to disappear. Let me quote Niebuhr again:

> It is in this realm that this kind of perfectionism becomes either irrelevant or dangerous. It becomes dangerous when it offers simple solutions for complex problems. The report calls attention to the simple solution offered by Buchman for the problem of dictatorship. The solution was to convert Hitler. "The error was not so much that his appraisal of Hitler was so naive, but that he failed to see the deep social and economic roots of German totalitarianism."[11]

Now to come to my point. I do not suppose that it is the same individuals who are attracted to M.R.A. and to Mr. Graham. I know to what a fantastic extent the ordinary human mind is capable of believing in obviously contradictory propositions; but I doubt whether the same vacuum, unless it is in the mind of a complete lunatic, is likely to be occupied by M.R.A. and. Mr. Graham at once. Nevertheless, as I said at the beginning, I feel that there must be some significance in the appearance of these signs and portents at the same time, even if they do not appear to the same eyes. What interests me particularly is the attitude of those good and orthodox Christians who are neither themselves Moral Re-armers nor converts of Mr. Graham, but believe that these things ought to be encouraged – or at least, not to be discouraged – because they are good for other people.

I can only throw out a few tentative hints of possible reasons which are worth considering.

There is, of course, the Negative Approach. There may be many people to welcome any emotional mass movement which appears to be incompatible with Communism. Or, to put it more comprehensively, people whose dread of the consequences of the increasing paganisation of the once Christian world – or whose awareness of the evils which this paganisation has already brought about – has much stronger motive force than their Christian Faith. Hence their attitude towards M.R.A. or Mr. Graham will be something like that of a man for whom the medical profession has been able to do nothing, towards a confident witch-doctor. I will say again, that this is not a statement about M.R.A. and Mr. Graham, it is a conjecture of a possible motive for approving of them.

Such an attitude might be one possible manifestation of a profound "Loss of Nerve" – the famous phrase which Gilbert Murray coined to describe the decline of the Greek city states.[12]

There is also, I think, half-consciously in all of us, an awareness to-day of Man in the Mass – indeed a fear of the *Masse-Mensch* which I don't believe our grandfathers, or even our fathers, possessed at all. We have seen what happened in Germany, we see the methods used by the Communists for arousing Mass Emotion. We have seen much psychological study of the mass mind, since the days of Toller and McDougall.[13] And with the way in which our social pattern is re-forming, in this country, we live in fear of the time when democracy shall pass visibly into demagogism.

This acceptance of mass-methods, of appeal to emotion rather than to reason – this readiness to employ one mass-method to fight another – may be reinforced by another consideration which I want to introduce. In the increasingly pagan world in which we live, it almost seems as if there were two distinct ways in which it was possible to be a Christian. For the person who can both think and feel – the person who is either educated by fortune or because he has a mind that must educate itself – Christian faith can no longer be something that one simply inherits. It is something that has to be won individually, with serious reading, with hard thinking, with discipline and much study of one's own emotions. What of the person of inferior capacity, of weaker character, who has drifted away – still more, those whose parents or grandparents even did the drifting. At their level, all the forces of education (and I do not mean merely formal education, but all the social influences which educate for better or worse – the films they see, the papers they read – will be against the awakening of the religious life). Do we perhaps incline, almost in despair, to accept, for others, methods of conversion of the mass as the mass? If we do, there is always the danger of the gnostic heresy – of our accepting the situation of esoteric doctrine [and] exoteric cult.

NOTES

1. Billy Graham (William Franklin Graham, Jr.) (1918-2018) was an American evangelist who galvanized audiences around the world in the second half of the twentieth century. His first international crusade, which drew more than two million people, was in London in 1954. Night after night, between 1 March and 23 May 1954, he preached to overflow crowds, including more than 125,000 in one night at Wembley Stadium. The crowds were so large that meetings had to be held in open-air venues, including Trafalgar Square. When Graham returned for a brief crusade a year later, he attracted more than 450,000 in a single week.

The Moral Re-Armament movement (M.R.A.) had its roots in the angst regarding the spiritual and ethical decline of the West after World War I. Founded as the "Oxford Group" in 1921 by the American Protestant evangelist Franklin (Nathaniel Daniel) Buchman (1878-1961), it was dedicated to the proposition that war could be avoided if military re-armament were accompanied by moral re-armament. In 1938, it was rechristened as the Moral Re-Armament group. The movement was loosely Christian and strongly anti-Communist, and after World War II, it organized conferences that were attended by thousands in England, the United States, and other countries. The M.R.A. remained active until 2001.

2. Graham was ordained as a minister of the Southern Baptist Church in 1939.

3. Graham was born on a dairy farm near Charlotte, North Carolina.

4. *Moral Re-armament: A Study of the Movement Prepared by the Social and Industrial Council of the Church Assembly* (London: Church Information Board, 1955), 8-9. Peter Howard (1908-65), a journalist, playwright, and captain of the national rugby team, was the leader of the M.R.A. movement in England from 1961 to 1965.

5. Article untraced. In "Sixty Years On: Billy Graham's London Crusade," John Capon in the *Church Times* of 23 May 2014 provides historical perspective on conflicting views of bishops: "The English ecclesiastical hierarchy was initially suspicious of Billy Graham, but as the Greater London Crusade progressed, many became admirers. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher, who first viewed the crusade with 'courteous caution,' joined Graham on the platform at Wembley Stadium and gave the blessing." The Bishop of Durham, Michael Ramsey "fulminated against what he called the 'menace of fundamentalism.' . . . 18 years later, in the year he retired as Archbishop of Canterbury, he was on the platform for the opening night of Graham's Rio de Janeiro crusade" (101).

6. Under the heading "A Religious Problem / Fundamentalist Evangelism," the Bishop of Durham, Michael Ramsey (1904-88) declared in the *Times* of 20 Aug: "What causes misgiving is the crudity of the doctrine presented, so that the act of decision and conversion may involve the stifling of the mind instead of its liberation into a new service of God and man." He continued: "It is not surprising that the successes of this preaching are won, particularly within the universities, at a cost both of moral casualties and of an alienation of thoughtful men and women from the Christian faith" (7).

7. Under the heading "Fundamentalism," the Reverend G. T. (George Thomas) Manley (1872-1961), Anglican fundamentalist theologian, countered the Bishop of Durham in the *Times* of 24 Aug, declaring that he found his fears of stifling the mind groundless: "My own experience was that having trusted my life to Christ as my saviour, I felt a new responsibility of thinking out the foundations upon which the Christian faith rested. This led me to a somewhat liberal view of Holy Scripture, which further study has brought me to a conservative position" (7).

Replying to Rev. Manley's letter under "Evangelism To-Day," the Bishop of Plymouth (Cyril Restieaux, 1910-96) stated in the *Times* of 27 Aug: "Mr. Manley claims that his conversion brought with it a liberation, rather than a stifling, of the mind. As it was through his influence, unconsciously exercised more than 40 years ago, that for me the sun shone more clearly over the horizon, part of the significance of his claim, which he himself could not mention, is that he was Senior Wrangler of his year. Though I have no academic distinction comparable with his, I would wish to emphasize the liberating effect on the mind of the specifically Christian experience to which he refers" (3).

8. Reinhold Niebuhr, "Buchmanism under Scrutiny," *The Observer* (20 Feb 1955), 10.

9. The letter is under the heading "Evangelism To-day / Dr. Graham's Methods" (3). The Reverend L. John Collins (1905-82) was canon to St. Paul's Cathedral from 1948 until his death. Having attended a large meeting of the Graham crusade in the Harringay Arena in North London, Rev. Collins had come to believe that, "after the expenditure of a great amount of money on a highly skillful and efficient propaganda campaign, large numbers of people have responded, is no proof that the gospel preached by Dr. Billy Graham is either Christian or commendable."

10†. TSE crossed out "Whore of Babylon" and substituted "Scarlet Woman of Rome." In the Apocalypse, the last book of the Bible, the "Whore of Babylon" represents an apostate Christendom that is rich and politically powerful. In John's vision, she is described as "the great whore . . . With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication." She appears riding "on a scarlet coloured beast" and is "arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication; And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus" (Rev. 17:1-6). She rules over "the kings of the earth" but shall ultimately be defeated (17:16-18). In Augustine's *City of God*, Babylon is the city of confusion contrasted with Jerusalem, the city of peace. In Luther's "The Babylonian Captivity of the Church" and other post-Reformation writings, Babylon is Rome, and the whore is the rich and powerful Catholic Church. TSE's substitution of Rome for Babylon alludes to this history.

11. Niebuhr, 10.

12. Gilbert Murray argued in *The Four Stages of Greek Religion* (New York: Columbia UP, 1912) that the reason Greek philosophy and religion declined when it did was that the Greeks had suffered a "failure of nerve" in facing the normal obligations of life and began to back away from science and turn toward mystery religions. Murray develops this dominant theme of the book in chapter 3, "The Failure of Nerve" (103-56).

13. *Masse-Mensch* (*Masses and Man*, or as often translated, *Man and the Masses*) (1921) is an Expressionist play by the German writer Ernst Toller (1893-1939); *The Group Mind* (1920) is a study of the mass psychology by the British social scientist William McDougall, whose work TSE referred to in his 1913 essay, "The Interpretation of Primitive Ritual" (1.111, n.117).

TEXTUAL NOTE

The nine-page typescript, with holograph emendations and insertions, is untitled and unsigned by TSE, but it is archivally titled [Notes for a talk at the Ecumenical Club] in the Houghton: bMS Am 1691.2 (225). It is accompanied by an envelope postmarked 13 Jan 1956 and addressed to his friend Mary Trevelyan in TSE's hand; it evidently accompanied the original typescript, for she has written in the top margin of the first page in her hand, "Notes for a Talk to Ecumenical Club / Autumn 1955." TSE evidently refrained from mentioning the name of his ecumenical All Souls Club.

Preface to Oriya translations of selected poems by T. S. Eliot, trans. Jnanindra Barma[1]

Cuttack, Orissa, India: Prafulla Chandra Das, 1956. Pp. [viii] + [68]. Preface, in English on fourth leaf.

It is with pleasure that I respond to the invitation to offer a prefatory message to the readers of this Oriya translation of some of my poems. I am unable to read this translation, which will, I hope, be read by some who are unable to read the original. But I should like to think that this translation might prove a real contribution to Oriya poetry, and that my poems might thus provide some inspiration for Oriya poets. For the most important service that the poetry of other lands and languages can perform for us, is the stimulus and the suggestions that it can give to our own poets. It is, therefore, to the living poets of the Oriya language that I should wish the Oriya version of my poems to be dedicated.

(SIGNED IN FACSIMILE)
T. S. ELIOT

30th July 1956.

NOTE

1. The translation and publication were by arrangement with Faber & Faber. A head profile photograph of TSE appears on the verso of the second leaf. The Oriya translations include *The Waste Land*, followed by "Other Poems": "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "Gerontion," *Ash-Wednesday*, "Journey of the Magi," "Marina," "New Hampshire," "Virginia," "Usk," and two choruses from *The Rock*.

Tribute to Artur Lundkvist[1]

2 December 1955

Dear Mr. Artur Lundkvist,

I am honoured by the privilege of being numbered with the friends who will greet you on your attaining what seems to me the very youthful age of 50.[2] We have met several times, you paid me the compliment of translating one of my poems as long ago as 1942; and I know by reliable witness of your achievements as author and as linguist. I rejoice in your reputation; and I regret only that my ignorance of Swedish disqualifies me from the full tribute. Would that I were the linguist that you are! Nevertheless, I greet you fraternally on this occasion, and express my good wishes (you are only 50: the best years of creative activity are still before you!) as from one European man of letters to another.

Salve.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. As printed in *Artur Lundkvist 3 Mars 1956*. Stockholm: Tidens Fölag, 1956. Pp. 211; 101. Artur Lundkvist (1906-91) was a poet, novelist, literary critic, translator, and travel writer whose most recent volume of poetry *Liv som gräs* (*Life as Grass*) appeared in 1954. His translation of *Burnt Norton* appeared with translations of TSE's poems by other Swedish translators in . . . *Dikter* . . . (1942) and was included in a Swedish edition of *Four Quartets* (1948). His edition of the Swedish anthology *Twelve Modern Poets* (1946) included ten of TSE's poems, from "Preludes" to *Little Gidding*.

2. TSE's letter was requested by his friend Georg Svensson, publisher of Bonniers, Stockholm, for inclusion in the volume to honor Lundkvist on his fiftieth birthday on 3 Mar 1956. "For 25 years he has worked more than anybody else to introduce foreign authors in Sweden," Svensson wrote on 28 Nov 1955. "What makes it all so admirable is that he is a self-educated man, who has had to teach himself all the languages to be able to learn English, American, French, Spanish and Italian authors . . . I think, altogether, that Lundkvist must represent a type of international author that you in principle would like very much, even if you would not always agree with his thoughts and political ideas." Svensson also asked TSE to write the tribute in his own hand for publication in facsimile, which he obliged.

Fr. Cheetham Retires from Gloucester Road

The Church Times, 139 (9 Mar 1956) 12

On February 29 there took effect the resignation of the Rev. Eric Samuel Cheetham, Prebendary of St. Paul's, from the living of St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, in the sixty-fourth year of his age and the thirty-ninth year of his service in that parish.[1]

In 1917, Fr. Cheetham was appointed to a curacy under the Rev. Lord Victor Seymour; in 1929, he succeeded Lord Victor as Vicar. Ill-health, resulting in a peremptory ultimatum from medical advisers, is the reason for his resignation before the normal time of retirement.[2] Yet, though his incumbency has thus been cut short, St. Stephen's has had, in over half a century, only two Vicars. In the current number of his parish magazine, reviewing his own career, Fr. Cheetham pays tribute to his predecessor. "I am more grateful to Lord Victor than I can express," he says. "He would be described to-day as one of 'the old school,' a great fighter for the faith, and the very priest to train a nature like mine."

It is this continuity of tradition, from the Vicar to the curate who became Vicar after him, that has given St. Stephen's the place it occupies and the influence it has exerted. A long incumbency, even of one of the most important Catholic parishes of London, does not in itself call for special notice, except by the congregation deprived of the pastoral care to which it has been accustomed. St. Stephen's, under Cheetham, however, will always have a very strong hold on the memory of a far larger number than its congregation at any one moment, and it is not likely to be forgotten even by those whose worship in that church has been infrequent, or whose connection with it has been brief.

A PRIEST'S GIFTS

A parish priest possessing *all* the gifts useful in the exercise of his vocation is a person who perhaps has never existed; and the more one knows of the divers tasks and functions which a parish priest may be called upon to perform, the less is one able even to conceive the possibility of such a paragon. But a layman who has occupied, for twenty-two years, a position behind the scene – in the vestry or in the presbytery – could not fail to be impressed

by the number of things that Fr. Cheetham could do and did well.[3] (I speak in the past tense; for although his gifts remain with him, the physical capacity of fully exercising them has, alas! been withdrawn.)

To begin with the least important (though more important than most people realize): the parish magazine, which he edited and a great part of which he wrote himself – individual, somewhat eccentric, but always readable and always worth reading. Second, his great skill in entertainment and in pageantry – in the confecting of pageants he had a talent for invention and for improvisation which enabled him, in that area of activity, sometimes to make bricks without straw. And his gifts as producer and stage-manager contributed to making the sequence of the Christian year at St. Stephen's an achievement of great impressiveness. With the precision, the discipline, the taste of the good theatrical *régisseur*, Fr. Cheetham has never exercised these gifts for their own sake, but to the glory of God; and the beauty of art, ritual and music was always the handmaid of the beauty of holiness.[4]

INDIVIDUAL SERMONS

He was gifted as a preacher: and his mode of delivery must have convinced every listener that his sermon had been prepared for that particular occasion and was addressed to that particular congregation. Nor did he allow the exercise of the gifts already enumerated, to distract him from his pastoral duties – not only the normal pastoral duties, but those arising from the crises great and small in which humanity, sometimes blindly, turns to a priest for help.

While Fr. Cheetham has never thought of himself as possessing any business ability, he showed long ago a foresight for which the parish council must always be grateful. When he came to St. Stephen's it was a rich parish, but with no endowment. Foreseeing a day when the wealth would have vanished from Kensington, he started an endowment fund which – now that St. Stephen's has become a poor parish – assures at least a stipend for the incumbent.

The achievement of Fr. Cheetham at St. Stephen's may be summed up by saying that he made it a centre of Evangelical Catholicism: truly Catholic and truly wholly Anglican.[5]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Eric Samuel Cheetham (1892-1957), vicar of St. Stephen's Church from 1929 to 1956, was a close friend of TSE, who was a "Paying Guest" in rooms in his presbytery at 9 Grenville Place

and then in Emperor's Gate from 1933 to 1940. TSE was his warden from 1934 until the end of his incumbency. On 5 Dec 1955, he wrote privately to the editor of the *Church Times* to inform him of Fr. Cheetham's retirement and to express the hope that "a fitting account of his long ministry could appear in the *Church Times*." TSE would later specify in his own funeral directions drawn up on 29 June 1956: "If possible, I should like the Rev. E. S. Cheetham, sometime Vicar of St. Stephen's, to take part in the service." In a previous directive, written on 28 Aug 1948, he had similarly specified: "If possible, I should like the Rev. E. S. Cheetham, Vicar of St. Stephen's, to carry out these instructions and to perform the last rites of Holy Church." Several of the qualities that TSE describes here regarding Cheetham's gifts as magazine editor, theatrical manager, and preacher are expanded in "The Panegyric" (1959), his address on the occasion of dedicating a statue of St. Stephen in Cheetham's memory (8.330).

2. In his letter to the editor of the *Church Times* of 5 Dec 1955, TSE revealed "that Prebendary Cheetham, at the stern insistence of his medical advisers, had been obliged to resign the living of St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road." Fr. Cheetham's predecessor, Reverend Lord Victor Alexander Seymour (1859-1935), was the rector at Carshalton in Surrey (1884-1901) and the vicar at St. Stephen's (1901-29).

3. TSE began attending mass at St. Stephen's in the autumn of 1933 after he returned to London from his year of lecturing in the United States. In his letter to the *Church Times* of 5 Dec 1955, he recalled: "I myself have only known St. Stephen's for the last 23 years, but for the last 22 years in my capacity as Vicar's warden, I have been closely associated with [Fr. Cheetham]."

4. An allusion to the "beauties of holiness," as expressed by William Laud (1573-1645), Archbishop of Canterbury and leader of the High Anglican party, in his "The Answer . . . to the Lord Say and Seal, Touching the Liturgy," in which he argues that in Psalm CX of *The Booke of Common Prayer* "the people are said 'to offer their freewill offerings with an holy worship,' or 'in the beauties of holiness'" (*Works*, VI [Oxford: John Henry Parker, 1857], 107). In "Crashaw" (1926), his sixth Clark Lecture, TSE says that "before [Crashaw] joined the Church of Rome he found the church of Archbishop Laud the most sympathetic, of Laud who took his stand for "'the beauty of holiness'" (2.706). In the *Criterion* of Oct 1926, TSE made an appeal against the destruction of City Churches, not "in the name of Christopher Wren and his school" but "in the name of Laud and the *beauty of holiness*" (2.832).

5. TSE wrote in his letter of 5 Dec 1955: "He has given inspiration and help to countless members of his congregation, past and present; he has been an utterly loyal, devoted and diligent servant of the Church throughout these years, and an indefatigable teacher, defender and exponent of the Catholic Faith."

Poetry and the Schools

London: *The Poetry Book Society*, 1956[1]

I have never been very much in favour of introducing the work of living authors into school curricula of the study of English literature, for two reasons. First, I think that schoolboys and girls should be given a background of the classic authors of our language whose work is part of history and can be taught as such. Second, I think that all growing boys and girls should have an area of literature which they're not taught anything about, on which they don't have to pass any examinations, in which they can make their own discoveries, their own errors, and learn for themselves. If every secondary school in the country joined the Poetry Book Society and had a shelf in its library exhibiting the books of new poetry, this year and last year and several years, and just left them there for the boys and girls in the upper forms to discover for themselves and find out what they liked, we would be doing a very great service, because it is in the years between 14 and 18 if ever that people become readers of poetry and lovers of poetry, and also amongst those readers will be the poets of that generation. I think every poet has been a reader of poetry before he has been inflamed with the desire to become a writer of poetry, and it is a good thing also that boys and girls of that age should learn to think of poetry as a living art, as something which is still being written and which will be written in their own generation. I have always held firmly that a nation which ceases to produce poetry will in the long run cease to be able to enjoy and even understand the great poetry of its own past.[2]

NOTES

1. The Poetry Book Society was founded in 1953 by TSE, poetry friends, and booksellers at the instigation of the Arts Council, which provided funding. The immediate aim was to promote poetry readership and book sales. TSE's comments in this promotional broadside originated as remarks at a press conference of the society after its second annual general meeting. TSE's address was preceded by an editorial statement: "The schools are mindful of our heritage of English poetry; but what place should they give to contemporary poets? Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., discussed this problem at a press conference held by the Poetry Book Society on the 10th April, 1956. Mr. Eliot said:" The Society's printing was distributed gratis from Dec 1956. It was also printed in the *Arts Council of Great Britain: Eleventh Annual Report 1955/56* (London, 1956), 57. The

position here outlined was earlier stated in "Author and Critic" (8.53), one of several pieces feeding into "The Frontiers of Criticism" (8.121).

2. The promotional address was further framed by an editorial statement from the Poetry Book Society: "The prime difficulty in approaching the poetry being written and published today is one of selection; and this is where the Poetry Book Society can help. The service it offers – of four books chosen each year – is based on the advice of an annually appointed group of selectors of distinction. The annual subscription is two guineas. For full particulars, apply to the Secretary, The Poetry Book Society Limited, 4, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1."

Christian Social Thought

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 2825 (20 Apr 1956) 237

Sir, – I have read with interest the article entitled "Christian Social Thought Today" in the religious supplement to *The Times Literary Supplement* of March 30.[1] I find myself in cordial agreement with one statement made by your contributor. "If," he tells us, "the word sociology is to be accepted as a legitimate addition to the vocabulary of educated people, it is important that it should be made to bear a more or less constant meaning." The principle could not be better expressed; I should like to think that educated people applied it to every word in the language.[2] But the (more or less constant) meaning to which your contributor limits the word "sociology" causes me dismay. The word, he says, "must surely be taken to mean the science which attempts to predict the collective reactions of groups of people to particular stimuli received in given circumstances."

One might add that a science which attempted to predict, but failed, would hardly be a science at all. But my point is this: that there can be no peculiarly *Christian* way of attempting to predict the collective reactions, etc., and that therefore, on your contributor's definition, a Christian sociology is obviously impossible.[3] But a good deal else of what I had thought to be sociology turns out not to be sociology. Would not this definition exclude the best part of the work of the late Karl Mannheim, whom I had always taken to be a sociologist?[4] And what about Mannheim's teacher Max Weber? And, unless my memory is greatly at fault, Durkheim and Lévy-Bruhl, and, still earlier, Comte and Spencer?[5] If educated people are to call "sociologists" only those who attempt to predict the collective reactions, etc., what are we to call the others?

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The anonymous review of Maurice Reckitt's *Maurice to Temple: A Century of the Social Movement in the Church of England* (1946) was contributed by the blind journalist and Tory writer Thomas Edwin "Peter" Utley (1921-88).

2. In a 1934 letter to a student, Derek Phit Clifford, TSE emphasized the importance of consulting the *Oxford English Dictionary* in order to use words with precision: "I hope that you have access to . . . a book which is most valuable for anyone who wants to write poetry, I mean the complete *Oxford English Dictionary*" (*L7* 110). In a 1943 talk on poetry for the Humanities Club at Reading University, TSE again praised the OED and explained that "the reason for using the biggest dictionary, is to study the examples of the meanings of the word, the ways in which it has been used, by English authors since it was coined. The more of these meanings that can be suggested in one's own use of the words, the better" (6.372).

3. In an address to the World Conference of Churches in July 1937, TSE maintained that "Christian sociology is not an affair simply for people who happen to be practicing Christians and are also sociologists: it is a department of theology" (5.501). In a later discussion of the conference, he reiterated this position and highlighted the challenge of formulating a Christian sociology, lamenting in June 1938 that the conference discussions ended in confusion, "not merely from the differences of theological background, but also from the differences in the way in which the social problem appears in different countries. The effort to find a common formulation of Christian action for all countries . . . led simply to an obsession with totalitarianism. . . . English and American delegates were in danger of taking the line of the average Englishman or American towards a situation existing in other countries." The "important question of whether a 'Christian sociology' is possible at all; and if so, what are its limits" was not "adequately explored." "I am always afraid," he wrote to J. H. Oldham on 22 Apr 1938, "of the departmentalisation of the theologian, the ascetic, and the 'Christian sociologist.'"

4. In a letter dated 23 Nov 1939, TSE described Mannheim as "the best sociologist we have" and the "best disciple of Max Weber," and in 1940, he began his review of Mannheim's *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction* by lauding the author as "one of the most distinguished of living sociologists" (6.74). In his 1943 review of Mannheim's *Diagnosis of our Time*, TSE gives the following definition of sociology: "Sociology is already a recognized science with an immense body of literature . . . it is (as Dr Mannheim says) the science of Human Behaviour, synthesizing and comprehending such more restricted sciences of human behaviour as economics and psychology. . . . We need another science, the science of the Behaviour of Sociologists. . . . The moment the sociologist ceases to confine himself to description within his own terms, and to offering dispassionate predictions of the results of two or more alternative procedures, the moment he betrays any emotional interest in what has happened or in what will happen, elements too personal to be part of the 'science' come into play: they appear to us, when we disagree, as *prejudice*, and when we agree, as *wisdom*" (6.393).

5. TSE discusses these pioneers of the social sciences – Émile Durkheim, Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, Auguste Comte, and Herbert Spencer – at length in his 1913 Harvard essay, "The Interpretation of Primitive Ritual" (1.106, 116, n.3) and often mentions them in passing in later reviews and essays. In a discussion of English prose, he compares them to Frazer, whose "eminence is not merely a matter of superior erudition . . . nor does it depend, like that of two writers who are more distinctly *sociologists*, MM. Durkheim and Lévy-Bruhl, upon brilliant theories of human behavior" (2.514).

The Frontiers of Criticism[1]

The thesis of this paper is that there are limits, exceeding which in one direction literary criticism ceases to be literary, and exceeding which in another it ceases to be criticism.

In 1923 I wrote an article entitled "The Function of Criticism." I must have thought well of this essay ten years later, as I included it in my *Selected Essays*, where it is still to be found [2.458]. On re-reading this essay recently, I was rather bewildered, wondering what all the fuss had been about – though I was glad to find nothing positively to contradict my present opinions:[2†] I was merely rather bewildered, wondering what all the fuss was about. For, leaving aside a wrangle with Mr. Middleton Murry about "the inner voice" – a dispute in which I recognize the old *aporia* of Authority *v.* Individual Judgment – I found it impossible to recall to mind the background of my outburst.[3] I had made a number of statements with assurance and considerable warmth; and it would seem that I must have had in mind one or more well-established critics senior to myself whose writings did not satisfy my requirements of what literary criticism should be. But I cannot recall a single book or essay, or the name of a single critic, as representative of the kind of impressionistic criticism which aroused my ire thirty-three years ago.

The only point in mentioning this essay now, is to call attention to the extent to which what I wrote on this subject in 1923 is "dated." Richards's *Principles of Literary Criticism* was published in 1925.[4] A great deal has happened in literary criticism since this influential book came out; and my paper was written two years earlier. Criticism has developed and branched out in several directions. The term "The New Criticism" is often employed by people without realizing what a variety it comprehends; but its currency does, I think, recognize the fact that the more distinguished critics of to-day, however widely they differ from each other, all differ in some significant way from the critics of a previous generation.

Many years ago I pointed out that every generation must provide its own literary criticism; for, as I said, "each generation brings to the contemplation of art its own categories of appreciation, makes its own demands upon art, and has its own uses for art."[5] When I made this statement I am sure that I had in mind a good deal more than the changes of taste and fashion:

I had in mind at least the fact that each generation, looking at masterpieces of the past in a different perspective, is affected in its attitude by a greater number of influences than those which bore upon the generation previous. But I doubt whether I had in mind the fact that an important work of literary criticism can alter and expand the content of the term "literary criticism" itself. Some years ago I drew attention to the steady change in meaning of the word *education* from the sixteenth century to the present day, a change which had taken place owing to the fact that education not only comprised more and more subjects, but was being supplied for or imposed upon more and more of the population.[6] If we could follow the evolution of the term *literary criticism* in the same way, we would find something similar happening. Compare a critical masterpiece like Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* with the next great critical work to follow it, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*.[7] It is not merely that Johnson represents a literary tradition to the end of which he himself belongs, while Coleridge is defending the merits and criticizing the weaknesses of a new style. The difference more pertinent to what I have been saying, is due to the scope and variety of the interests which Coleridge brought to bear on his discussion of poetry. He established the relevance of philosophy, aesthetics and psychology; and once Coleridge had introduced these disciplines into literary criticism, future critics could ignore them only at their own risk. To appreciate Johnson an effort of historical imagination is needed; a modern critic can find much in common with Coleridge. The criticism of to-day, indeed, may be said to be in direct descent from Coleridge, who would, I am sure, were he alive now, take the same interest in the social sciences and in the study of language and semantics that he took in the sciences available to him.

The consideration of literature in the light of one or more of these studies, is one of the two main causes of the transformation of literary criticism in our time. The other cause has not been so fully recognized. The increasing attention given to the study of English and American literature in our universities and indeed in our schools, has led to a situation in which many critics are teachers, and many teachers are critics. I am far from deploring this situation: most of the really interesting criticism today is the work of men of letters who have found their way into universities, and of scholars whose critical activity has been first exercised in the classroom. And nowadays, when serious literary journalism is an inadequate, as well as precarious means of support for all but a very few, this is as it must be. Only, it means that the critic to-day may have a somewhat different contact with the world,

and be writing for a somewhat different audience from that of his predecessors. I have the impression that serious criticism now is being written for a different, a more limited though not necessarily a smaller public than was that of the nineteenth century.

I was struck not long ago by an observation of Mr. Aldous Huxley in a preface to the English translation of *The Supreme Wisdom*, a book by a French psychiatrist, Dr. Hubert Benoit, on the psychology of Zen Buddhism. Mr. Huxley's observation responded to the impression which I had myself received from that remarkable book when I read it in French.[8†] Huxley is comparing Western psychiatry with the discipline of the East as found in Tau and Zen:

> The aim of Western psychiatry (he says) is to help the troubled individual to adjust himself to the society of less troubled individuals – individuals who are observed to be well adjusted to one another and the local institutions, but about whose adjustment to the fundamental Order of Things no enquiry is made. . . . But there is another kind of normality – a normality of perfect functioning. . . . Even a man who is perfectly adjusted to a deranged society can prepare himself, if he so desires, to become adjusted to the Nature of Things.

The applicability of this to my present matter is not immediately obvious. But just as Western psychiatry, from a Zen Buddhist point of view, is confused or mistaken as to what healing is for, and its attitude needs really to be reversed, so I wonder whether the weakness of modern criticism is not an uncertainty as to what criticism is for? As to what benefit it is to bring, and to whom? Its very richness and variety have perhaps obscured its ultimate purpose. Every critic may have his eye on a definite goal, may be engaged on a task which needs no justification, and yet criticism itself may be lost as to its aims. If so, this is not surprising: for is it not now a commonplace, that the sciences and even the humanities have reached a point in development at which there is so much to know about any specialty, that no student has the time to know much about anything else? And the search for a curriculum which shall combine specialized study with some general education has surely been one of the problems most discussed in our universities.

We cannot, of course, go back to the universe of Aristotle or of St. Thomas Aquinas; and we cannot go back to the state of literary criticism before Coleridge. But perhaps we can do something to save ourselves from being

overwhelmed by our own critical activity, by continually asking such a question as: when is criticism not literary criticism but something else?

I have been somewhat bewildered to find, from time to time, that I am regarded as one of the ancestors of modern criticism, if too old to be a modern critic myself. Thus in a book which I read recently by an author who is certainly a modern critic, I find a reference to "The New Criticism," by which, he says, "I mean not only the American critics, but the whole critical movement that derives from T. S. Eliot."[9] I don't understand why the author should isolate me so sharply from the American critics; but on the other hand I fail to see any critical movement which can be said to derive from myself, though I hope that as an editor I gave the New Criticism, or some of it, encouragement and an exercise ground in *The Criterion*.[10] However, I think that I should, to justify this apparent modesty, indicate what I consider my own contribution to literary criticism to have been, and what are its limitations. The best of my *literary* criticism – apart from a few notorious phrases which have had a truly embarrassing success in the world – consists of essays on poets and poetic dramatists who had influenced me. It is a by-product of my private poetry-workshop; or a prolongation of the thinking that went into the formation of my own verse. In retrospect, I see that I wrote best about poets whose work had influenced my own, and with whose poetry I had become thoroughly familiar, long before I desired to write about them, or had found the occasion to do so. My criticism has this in common with that of Ezra Pound, that its merits and its limitations can only be fully appreciated when it is considered in relation to the poetry I have written myself. In Pound's criticism there is a more didactic motive: the reader he had in mind, I think, was primarily the young poet whose style was still unformed. But it is the love of certain poets who had influenced him, and (as I said of myself) a prolongation of his thinking about his own work, that inspires an early book which remains one of the best of Pound's literary essays, *The Spirit of Romance*.[11]

This kind of criticism of poetry by a poet, or what I have called workshop criticism, has one obvious limitation.[12] What has no relation to the poet's own work, or what is antipathetic to him, is outside of his competence. Another limitation of workshop criticism is that the critic's judgment may be unsound outside of his own art. My valuations of poets have remained pretty constant throughout my life; in particular, my opinions about a number of living poets have remained unchanged. It is, however, not only for this reason, that what I have in mind, in talking as I am to-day about

criticism, is the criticism of poetry. Poetry, as a matter of fact, is what most critics in the past have had in mind when generalizing about literature. The criticism of prose fiction is of comparatively recent institution, and I am not qualified to discuss it; but it seems to me to require a somewhat different set of weights and measures from poetry. It might, indeed, provide an interesting subject for some critic of criticism – one who was neither poet nor novelist – to consider the differences between the ways in which the critic must approach the various *genres* of literature, and between the kinds of equipment needed. But poetry is the most convenient object of criticism to have in mind, when talking about criticism, simply for the reason that its formal qualities lend themselves most readily to generalization. In poetry, it might seem that style is everything. That is far from being true; but the illusion that in poetry we come nearer to a purely aesthetic experience makes poetry the most convenient genre of literature to keep in mind when we are discussing criticism itself.

A good deal of contemporary criticism, originating at that point at which criticism merges into scholarship, and at which scholarship merges into criticism, may be characterized as the criticism of explanation by origins.[13] To make clear what I mean I shall mention two books which have had, in this connection, a rather bad influence. I do not mean that they are bad books. On the contrary: they are both books with which everyone should be acquainted. The first is John Livingston Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu* – a book which I recommend to every student of poetry who has not yet read it.[14] The other is James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* – a book which I recommend every student of poetry to read – at least some pages of.[15] Livingston Lowes was a fine scholar, a good teacher, a lovable man and a man to whom I for one have private reasons to feel very grateful.[16] James Joyce was a man of genius, a personal friend, and my citation here of *Finnegans Wake* is neither in praise or dispraise of a book which is certainly in the category of works that can be called *monumental*. But the only obvious common characteristic of *The Road to Xanadu* and *Finnegans Wake* is that we may say of each: one book like this is enough.

For those who have never read *The Road to Xanadu*, I will explain that it is a fascinating piece of detection. Lowes ferreted out all the books which Coleridge had read (and Coleridge was an omnivorous and insatiable reader) and from which he had borrowed images or phrases to be found in *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner*. The books that Coleridge read are many of them obscure and forgotten books – he read, for instance, every book of

travels upon which he could lay his hands. And Lowes showed, once and for all, that poetic originality is largely an original way of assembling the most disparate and unlikely material to make a new whole. The demonstration is quite convincing, as evidence of how material is digested and transformed by the poetic genius. No one, after reading this book, could suppose that he understood *The Ancient Mariner* any better; nor was it in the least Dr. Lowes's intention to make the *poem* more intelligible as poetry. He was engaged on an investigation of process, an investigation which was, strictly speaking, beyond the frontier of literary criticism. How such material as those scraps of Coleridge's reading became transmuted into great poetry remains as much of a mystery as ever. Yet a number of hopeful scholars have seized upon the Lowes method as offering a clue to the understanding of any poem by any poet who gives evidence of having read anything. "I wonder," a gentleman from Indiana wrote to me a year or more ago, "I wonder – it is possible that I am mad, of course" (this was his interjection, not mine; of course he was not in the least mad, merely slightly touched in one corner of his head from having read *The Road to Xanadu*) "whether 'the dead cats of civilization,' 'rotten hippo' and Mr. Kurtz have some tenuous connection with 'that corpse you planted last year in your garden'?"[17] This sounds like raving, unless you recognize the allusions: it is merely an earnest seeker trying to establish some connection between *The Waste Land* and Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

Now while Dr. Lowes has fired such practitioners of hermeneutics with emulative zeal, *Finnegans Wake* has provided them with a model of what they would like all literary works to be. I must hasten to explain that I am not deriding or denigrating the labors of those exegetists who have set themselves to unravel all the threads and follow all the clues in that book. If *Finnegans Wake* is to be understood at all – and we cannot judge it without such labor – that kind of detection must be pursued; and Messrs. Campbell and Robinson (to mention the authors of one such piece of work) have done an admirable job.[18] My grievance if any is against James Joyce, the author of that monstrous masterpiece, for writing a book such that large stretches of it are, without elaborate explanation, merely beautiful nonsense (very beautiful indeed when recited by an Irish voice as lovely as that of the author – would that he had recorded more of it!). Perhaps Joyce did not realize how obscure his book is. Whatever the final judgment (and I am not going to attempt a judgment) of the place of *Finnegans Wake* may be, I do not think that most poetry (for it is a kind of vast prose poem) is written

in that way or requires that sort of dissection for its enjoyment and understanding. But I suspect that the enigmas provided by *Finnegans Wake* have given support to the error, prevalent nowadays, of mistaking explanation for understanding. After the production of my play *The Cocktail Party*, my mail was swollen for months with letters offering surprising solutions of what the writers believed to be the riddle of the play's meaning.[19] And it was evident that the writers did not resent the puzzle they thought I had set them – they liked it. Indeed, though they were unconscious of the fact, they invented the puzzle for the pleasure of discovering the solution.

Here I must admit that I am, on one conspicuous occasion, not guiltless of having led critics into temptation. The notes to *The Waste Land*! I had at first intended only to put down all the references for my quotations, with a view to spiking the guns of critics of my earlier poems who had accused me of plagiarism. Then, when it came to print *The Waste Land* as a little book – for the poem on its first appearance in *The Dial* and in *The Criterion* had no notes whatever – it was discovered that the poem was inconveniently short, so I set to work to expand the notes, in order to provide a few more pages of printed matter, with the result that they became the remarkable exposition of bogus scholarship that is still on view to-day.[20] I have sometimes thought of getting rid of these notes; but now they can never be unstuck. They have had almost greater popularity than the poem itself – anyone who bought my book of poems, and found that the notes to *The Waste Land* were not in it, would demand his money back. But I don't think that these notes did any harm to other poets: certainly I cannot think of any good contemporary poet who has abused this same practice. (As for Miss Marianne Moore, *her* notes to poems are always pertinent, curious, conclusive, delightful and give no encouragement whatever to the researcher of origins.)[21] No, it is not because of my bad example to other poets that I am penitent: it is because my notes stimulated the wrong kind of interest among the seekers of sources. It was just, no doubt, that I should pay my tribute to the work of Miss Jessie Weston; but I regret having sent so many enquirers off on a wild goose chase after Tarot cards and the Holy Grail.[22]

While I was pondering this question of the attempt to understand a poem by explaining its origins, I came across a quotation from C. G. Jung which struck me as having some relevance. The passage was quoted by Fr. Victor White, O.P., in his book *God and the Unconscious*. Fr. White quotes it in the course of exposing a radical difference between the methods of Freud and Jung.

> It is a generally recognized truth (says Jung) that physical events can be looked at in two ways, that is from the mechanistic and from the energic standpoint. The mechanistic view is purely causal; from this standpoint an event is conceived as the result of a cause. . . . The energic viewpoint on the other hand is in essence final; the event is traced from effect to cause on the assumption that energy forms the essential basis of changes in phenomena . . .[23]

The quotation is from the first essay in the volume *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*. I add another sentence, not quoted by Fr. White, which opens the next paragraph: "both viewpoints are indispensable for the comprehension of physical phenomena."[24]

I take this simply as a suggestive analogy. One can explain a poem by investigating what it is made of and the causes that brought it about; and explanation may be a necessary preparation for understanding. But to understand a poem it is also necessary, and I should say in most instances still more necessary, that we should endeavor to grasp what the poetry is aiming to be; one might say – though it is long since I have employed such terms with any assurance – endeavoring to grasp its entelechy.

Perhaps the form of criticism in which the danger of excessive reliance upon causal explanation is greatest is the critical biography, especially when the biographer supplements his knowledge of external facts with psychological conjectures about inner experience. I do not suggest that the personality and the private life of a dead poet constitute sacred ground on which the psychologist must not tread. The scientist must be at liberty to study such material as his curiosity leads him to investigate – so long as the victim is dead and the laws of libel cannot be invoked to stop him. Nor is there any reason why biographies of poets should not be written. Furthermore, the biographer of an author should possess some critical ability; he should be a man of taste and judgment, appreciative of the work of the man whose biography he undertakes. And on the other hand any critic seriously concerned with a man's work should be expected to know something about the man's life. But a critical biography of a writer is a delicate task in itself; and the critic or the biographer who, without being a trained and practising psychologist, brings to bear on his subject such analytical skill as he has acquired by reading books written by psychologists, may confuse the issues still further.

The question of how far information about the poet helps us to understand the poetry is not so simple as one might think. Each reader must

answer it for himself, and must answer it not generally but in particular instances, for it may be more important in the case of one poet and less important in the case of another. For the enjoyment of poetry can be a complex experience in which several forms of satisfaction are mingled; and they may be mingled in different proportions for different readers. I will give an illustration. It is generally agreed that the greatest part of Wordsworth's best poetry was written within a brief span of years – brief in itself, and brief in proportion to the whole span of Wordsworth's life. Various students of Wordsworth have propounded explanations to account for the mediocrity of his later output. Some years ago, Sir Herbert Read wrote a book on Wordsworth – an interesting book, though I think that his best appreciation of Wordsworth is found in a later essay in a volume entitled *A Coat of Many Colours* – in which he explained the rise and fall of Wordsworth's genius by the effects upon him of his affair with Annette Vallon, about which information had at that time come to light.[25] More recently still, Mr. F. E. Bateson[26†] has written a book about Wordsworth which is also of considerable interest (his chapter on "The Two Voices" does help to understand Wordsworth's style). In this book he maintains that Annette doesn't figure nearly so importantly as Sir Herbert Read had thought, and that the real secret was that Wordsworth fell in love with his sister Dorothy; that this explains, in particular, the Lucy poems, and explains why, after Wordsworth's marriage, his inspiration dried up.[27] Well, he may be right: his argument is very plausible. But the real question, which every reader of Wordsworth must answer for himself, is: does it matter? does this account help me to understand the Lucy poems any better than I did before? For myself, I can only say that a knowledge of the springs which released a poem is not necessarily a help toward understanding the poem: too much information about the origins of the poem may even break my contact with it. I feel no need for any light upon the Lucy poems beyond the radiance shed by the poems themselves.

I am not maintaining that there is *no* context in which such information or conjecture as that of Sir Herbert Read and Mr. Bateson may be relevant. It is relevant if we want to understand Wordsworth; but it is not directly relevant to our understanding of his poetry. Or rather, it is not relevant to our understanding of *the poetry as poetry*. I am even prepared to suggest that there is, in all great poetry, something which must remain unaccountable however complete might be our knowledge of the poet, and that is what matters most. When the poem has been made, something new has happened,

something that cannot be wholly explained by *anything that went before*. That, I believe, is what we mean by "creation."[28†]

The explanation of poetry by examination of its sources is not the method of all contemporary criticism by any means; but it is a method which responds to the desire of a good many readers that poetry should be explained to them in terms of something else: the chief part of the letters I receive from persons unknown to me, concerning my own poems, consists of requests for a kind of explanation that I cannot possibly give. There are other tendencies such as that represented by Professor Richards's investigation of the problem of how the appreciation of poetry can be taught,[29] or by the verbal subtleties of his distinguished pupil, Professor Empson.[30] And I have recently noticed a development, which I suspect has its origin in the classroom methods of Professor Richards, which is, in its way, a healthy reaction against the diversion of attention from the poetry to the poet. It is found in a book published not long ago, entitled *Interpretations*: a series of essays by twelve of the younger English critics, each analysing one poem of his own choice.[31] The method is to take a well-known poem – each of the poems analysed in this book is a good one of its kind – without reference to the author or to his other work, analyse it stanza by stanza and line by line, and extract, squeeze, tease, press every drop of meaning out of it that one can. It might be called the lemon-squeezer school of criticism. As the poems range from the sixteenth century to the present day, as they differ a good deal from one another – the book begins with "The Phoenix and the Turtle"[32] and ends with "Prufrock" and Yeats's "Among School Children," and as each critic has his own procedure, the result is interesting and a little confusing – and, it must be admitted, to study twelve poems each analysed so painstakingly is a very tiring way of passing the time. I imagine that some of the poets (they are all dead except myself) would be surprised at learning what their poems mean: I had one or two minor surprises myself, as on learning that the fog, mentioned early in "Prufrock," had somehow got into the drawing-room. But the analysis of "Prufrock" was not an attempt to find origins, either in literature or in the darker recesses of my private life; it was an attempt to find out what the poem really meant – whether that was what I had meant it to mean or not. And for that I was grateful. There were several essays which struck me as good. But as every method has its own limitations and dangers, it is only reasonable to mention what seem to me the limitations and dangers of this one, dangers which, if it were practised for what I suspect should be its chief use,

that is, as an exercise for pupils, it would be the business of the teacher to warn his class.

The first danger is that of assuming that there must be just one interpretation of the poem as a whole that must be right. There will be details of explanation, especially with poems written in another age than our own, matters of fact, historical allusions, the meaning of a certain word at a certain date, which can be established, and the teacher can see that his pupils get these right. But as for the meaning of the poem as a whole, it is not exhausted by any explanation, for the meaning is what the poem means to different sensitive readers. The second danger – a danger into which I do not think any of the critics in the volume I have mentioned has fallen, but a danger to which the reader is exposed – is that of assuming that the interpretation of a poem, if valid, is necessarily an account of what the author consciously or unconsciously was trying to do. For the tendency is so general, to believe that we understand a poem when we have identified its origins and traced the process to which the poet submitted his materials, that we may easily believe the converse – that any explanation of the poem is also an account of how it was written. The analysis of "Prufrock" to which I have referred interested *me* because it helped *me* to see the poem through the eyes of an intelligent, sensitive, and diligent reader. That is not at all to say that *he* saw the poem through my eyes, or that his account has anything to do with the experiences that led up to my writing it, or to anything I experienced in the process of writing it. And my third comment is, that I should, as a test, like to see the method applied to some new poem, some very good poem, and one that was previously unknown to me: because I should like to find out whether, after perusing the analysis, I should ever be able to enjoy the poem. For nearly all the poems in the volume were poems that I had known and loved for many years; and after reading the analyses, I found I was slow to recover my previous feeling about the poems. It was as if someone had taken a machine to pieces and left me with the task of reassembling the parts. I suspect, in fact, that a good deal of the value of an interpretation is – that it should be my own interpretation. There are many things, perhaps, to know about this poem, or that, many facts about which scholars can instruct me which will help me to avoid definite *mis*understanding; but a valid interpretation, I believe, must be at the same time an interpretation of my own feelings when I read it.

It has been no part of my purpose to give a comprehensive view of all the types of literary criticism practised in our time. I wished first to call

attention to the transformation of literary criticism which we may say began with Coleridge but which has proceeded with greater acceleration during the last twenty-five years. This acceleration I took to be prompted by the relevance of the social sciences to criticism, and by the teaching of literature (including *contemporary* literature) in colleges and universities. I do not deplore this transformation, for it seems to me to have been inevitable. In an age of uncertainty, an age in which men are bewildered by new sciences, an age in which so little can be taken for granted as common beliefs, assumptions and background of all readers, no explorable area can be forbidden ground. But, among all this variety, we may ask, what is there, if anything, that should be common to all literary criticism? Thirty years ago, I asserted that the essential function of literary criticism was "the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste."[33] That phrase may sound somewhat pompous to our ears in 1956. Perhaps I could put it more simply, and more acceptably to the present age, by saying to "promote the understanding and enjoyment of literature." I would add that there is implied here also the negative task of pointing out what should *not* be enjoyed. For the critic may on occasion be called upon to condemn the second-rate and expose the fraudulent: though that duty is secondary to the duty of discriminating praise of what is praiseworthy. And I must stress the point that I do not think of *enjoyment* and *understanding* as distinct activities – one emotional and the other intellectual. By *understanding* I do not mean *explanation*, though explanation of what can be explained may often be a necessary preliminary to understanding. To offer a very simple instance: to learn the unfamiliar words, and the unfamiliar forms of words, is a necessary preliminary to the understanding of Chaucer; it is explanation: but one could master the vocabulary, spelling, grammar and syntax of Chaucer – indeed, to carry the instance a stage further, one could be very well informed about the age of Chaucer, its social habits, its beliefs, its learning and its ignorance – and yet not *understand the poetry*. To understand a poem comes to the same thing as to enjoy it for the right reasons. One might say that it means getting from the poem such enjoyment as it is capable of giving: to enjoy a poem under a misunderstanding as to what it is, is to enjoy what is merely a projection of our own mind. So difficult a tool to handle, is language, that "to enjoy" and "to get enjoyment from" do not seem to mean quite the same thing: that to say that one "gets enjoyment from" poetry does not sound quite the same as to say that one "enjoys poetry." And indeed, the very meaning of "joy" varies with the object inspiring joy; different poems,

even, yield different satisfactions. It is certain that we do not fully enjoy a poem unless we understand it; and on the other hand, it is equally true that we do not fully understand a poem unless we enjoy it. And that means, enjoying it to the right degree and in the right way, relative to other poems (it is in the relation of our enjoyment of a poem to our enjoyment of other poems that *taste* is shown). It should hardly be necessary to say that this implies that one *shouldn't* enjoy bad poems – unless their badness is of a sort that appeals to our sense of humour.

I have said that explanation may be a necessary preliminary to understanding. It seems to me, however, that I understand some poetry without explanation, for instance Shakespeare's

> Full fathom five thy father lies[34]

or Shelley's

> Art thou pale for weariness
> Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth[35]

for here, and in a great deal of poetry, I see nothing to be explained – nothing that is, that would help me to understand it better and therefore enjoy it more. And sometimes explanation, as I have already hinted, can distract us altogether from *the poem as poetry*, instead of leading us in the direction of understanding. My best reason, perhaps, for believing that I am not deluded in thinking that I understand such poetry as the lyrics by Shakespeare and Shelley which I have just cited, is that these two poems give me as keen a thrill, when I repeat them to-day as they did fifty years ago.

The difference, then, between the literary critic, and the critic who has passed beyond the frontier of literary criticism, is not that the literary critic is "purely" literary, or that he has no other interests. A critic who was interested in nothing but "literature" would have very little to say to us, for his literature would be a pure abstraction. Poets have other interests beside poetry – otherwise their poetry would be very empty: they are poets because their dominant interest has been in turning their experience and their thought (and to experience and to think means to have interests beyond poetry) – in turning their experience and their thinking into poetry. The critic accordingly is a *literary* critic if his primary interest, in writing criticism, is to help his readers to *understand and enjoy*. But he must have other interests, just as much as the poet himself; for the literary critic is not merely a technical expert, who has learned the rules to be observed by the writers

he criticizes: the critic must be the whole man, a man with convictions and principles, and of knowledge and experience of life.

We can therefore ask, about any writing which is offered to us as literary criticism, is it aimed toward understanding and enjoyment? If it is not, it may still be a legitimate and useful activity; but it is to be judged as a contribution to psychology, or sociology, or logic, or pedagogy, or some other pursuit – and is to be judged by specialists, not by men of letters. We must not identify biography with criticism: biography is ordinarily useful in providing explanation which may open the way to further understanding; but it may also, in directing our attention on the poet, lead us away from the poetry. We must not confuse knowledge – factual information – about a poet's period, the conditions of the society in which he lived, the ideas current in his time implicit in his writings, the state of the language in his period – with understanding his poetry. Such knowledge, as I have said, may be a necessary preparation for understanding the poetry; furthermore, it has a value of its own, as history; but for the appreciation of the poetry, it can only lead us to the door: we must find our own way in. For the purposes of acquiring such knowledge, from the point of view taken throughout this paper, is not primarily that we should be able to project ourselves into a remote period, that we should be able to think and feel, when reading the poetry, as a contemporary of the poet might have thought and felt, though such experience has its own value; it is rather to divest ourselves of the limitations of our own age, and the poet, whose work we are reading, of the limitations of *his* age, in order to get the direct experience, the immediate contact with his poetry. What matters most, let us say, in reading an ode of Sappho, is not that I should imagine myself to be an island Greek of twenty-five hundred years ago; what matters is the experience which is the same, for all human beings of different centuries and languages capable of enjoying poetry,[36†] the spark which can leap across those 2,500 years. So the critic to whom I am most grateful is the one who can make me look at something I have never looked at before, or looked at only with eyes clouded by prejudice, set me face to face with it and then leave me alone with it. From that point, I must rely upon my own sensibility, intelligence, and capacity for wisdom.

If in literary criticism, we place all the emphasis upon *understanding*, we are in danger of slipping from understanding to mere explanation. We are in danger even of pursuing criticism as if it was a science, which it never can be. If, on the other hand, we over-emphasize *enjoyment*, we will tend to fall

into the subjective and impressionistic, and our enjoyment will profit us no more than mere amusement and pastime. Thirty-three years ago, it seems to have been the latter type of criticism, the impressionistic, that had caused the annoyance I felt when I wrote on "the function of criticism." To-day it seems to me that we need to be more on guard against the purely explanatory. But I do not want to leave you with the impression that I wish to condemn the criticism of our time. These last thirty years have been, I think, a brilliant period in literary criticism in both Britain and America.[37†] It may even come to seem, in retrospect, too brilliant. Who knows?

NOTES

1. As printed in *OPP*. On 30 Apr 1956, TSE gave the Gideon D. Seymour Memorial Lecture in the Williams Arena at the University of Minnesota. The late Seymour (1901-54) was a revered journalist and editor of the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, which printed TSE's lecture in the issue of 1 May under the heading "Expand Frontiers of Criticism" (11-12), further highlighted by news coverage that reported an audience of 13,523 (1,12). That evening, the lecture was broadcast in its entirety on a Minneapolis radio station. In Aug, the University of Minnesota Press printed 10,500 copies of *The Frontiers of Criticism* (hereafter *FC*) in booklet form for distribution gratis, reprinted in the autumn issue of the *Sewanee Review* (hereafter *SR*), with minor revisions, chiefly of American-English spelling, in *OPP*.

TSE was first invited to give the Seymour Lecture on 2 Mar 1955; in declining on 9 Mar, he indicated that he would consider coming "for the same fee [$2,000] another year." On 20 July, he wrote to his longtime friend Allen Tate, poet and professor of English at the university who was instrumental in arranging the invitation, that he had agreed to give the lecture in Apr 1956. The lecture originated in a talk entitled "Author and Critic" (8.53), given on 13 Apr 1955 for the Authors' Club, London. Tate's brief introduction of Eliot before the lecture was printed in the gratis booklet, where he presents TSE as "an old friend whom I would acknowledge as my master . . . and if I may alter a phrase of one of his masters, *maestro di color che scrivono*" (master of those that write), an allusion to Dante's description of Aristotle in *Inferno* IV.131, "maestro di color che sanno"; *trans*: "Master of those that know" (*DC1* 44-45). TSE's title pays tribute to Tate, who in 1953 had published "The Limits of 'History'" and "The Limits of 'Criticism'" in the *SR*. Before settling on "The Frontiers of Criticism" for his title, TSE asked Tate on 23 Feb 1956, "do you think that the title . . . – in imitation of a title of your own, 'The Limits of Criticism' – is acceptable?"

2†. In *FC* and *SR*: "Having decided that this was what I wanted to talk to you about, I turned to see what I had said in an essay called 'The Function of Criticism,' published in 1923. . . . I did not, on re-reading, find it at all helpful, though on the other hand I was glad to find nothing positively to contradict my present opinions:"

3. In part II of "The Function of Criticism," TSE responds to a piece in the *Adelphi* (Sept 1923) in which John Middleton Murry says, "The English writer, the English divine, the English statesman, inherit no rules from their forbears; they inherit only this: a sense that in the last resort they must depend upon the inner voice." Why, TSE asks, "'*in the last resort*'? Do they, then, avoid the dictates of the inner voice up to the last extremity? My belief is that those who possess this

inner voice are ready enough to hearken to it, and will hear no other." Referring to the title of chapter 2 of Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), TSE continues: "The inner voice, in fact, sounds remarkably like an old principle which has been formulated by an elder critic in the now familiar phrase of 'doing as one likes.' The possessors of the inner voice ride ten in a compartment to a football match at Swansea, listening to the inner voice, which breathes the eternal message of vanity, fear, and lust" (2.462).

4. The first edition of Richards's *Principles of Literary Criticism* was actually published in 1924 (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner).

5. Misquoted from memory in *UPUC*: "Each age demands different things from poetry. . . . So our criticism . . . will reflect the things that the age demands. . . . Contemporary critics, like their predecessors, are making particular responses to particular situations" (4.680).

6. "Can Education Be Defined," the first of four lectures given at the University of Chicago in Oct/Nov 1950, published separately in *Measure* (1950-51) and together in 1965 as "The Aims of Education" in *TCC* (7.511, 563, n.1).

7. Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* was published in 1781; Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* in 1817.

8†. In *FC* and *SR*: "when I read it in the original edition." For "preface," *read*: "foreword." For "*The Supreme Wisdom*," *read*: "*The Supreme Doctrine*." Hubert Benoit (1904-92), *La Doctrine suprême: Réflexions sur le bouddhisme zen* (Paris: Le cercle du livre, 1951); published in English as *The Supreme Doctrine: Psychological Studies in Zen Thought*, foreword by Aldous Huxley (New York: Pantheon Books, 1955). The quotation from Huxley's foreword is on the second of four unnumbered pages following the contents.

9. Untraced

10. The older New Critics who wrote for the *Criterion* included I. A. Richards, Edmund Wilson, William Empson, and Allen Tate.

11. *The Spirit of Romance*, Pound's first book of literary criticism, was published in London in 1910 by J. M. Dent & Sons. It consists of a series of essays on European writers, including Dante, Guido Calvacanti, and François Villon.

12. A back-reference to "my private poetry-workshop" in the previous paragraph.

13. TSE's topic in this lecture, "criticism of explanation by origin," is a bedrock principle of the New Criticism. First formulated by W. K. Wimsatt and Monroe Beardsley in "The Intentional Fallacy" (1946), it was reprinted in their book *The Verbal Icon* (1964) and refined by Wimsatt in "Genesis: An Argument Resumed" in *Day of the Leopards* (1968).

14. *The Road to Xanadu: A Study in the Ways of the Imagination* (1927), by John Livingston Lowes, is a study of the origin of Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" based on a close examination of the poet's reading before and during their composition.

15. Joyce's last and most experimental book, *Finnegans Wake* (1939), is sui generis in kind and encyclopedic in scope. Joyce flouts the conventions of the novel, including plot, characterization, and setting, and disregards the boundaries between conscious and unconscious. Between 1928 and 1937, extracts appeared under the title *Work in Progress*, and in 1939, all were published together as *Finnegans Wake*. Faber published the first edition and TSE solicited reviews. On 20 Apr 1939, he wrote to E. R. Curtius, "As James Joyce has requested me to do so, I take a double pleasure in sending you a review copy of *Work in Progress*, which is now completed under the title of *Finnegans Wake.*" On 31 May, in a letter to Stuart Gilbert regarding a possible review,

TSE admitted that he himself preferred reading *Finnegans Wake* "a few pages at a time, . . . treating the book almost as a text for meditation."

16. See 3.571, n.3.

17. Given that TSE entertained quotations from *Heart of Darkness* as epigraphs in both *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*, critics were quick to connect the origin of the two poems with Conrad's novella. TSE here mocks those who associated line 71 of *The Waste Land* ("That corpse you planted last year in your garden") with *Heart of Darkness*. In part II, Conrad's narrator Marlow contrasts the moral laxity of the European "pilgrims" with the restraint of the hungry Africans. The "cannibals . . . did not eat each other before my face: they had brought along a provision of hippo-meat which went rotten and made the mystery of the wilderness stink in my nostrils." In quoting the letter from a scholar in Indiana ("it is possible that I am mad"), TSE is alluding to the ubiquitous motif of madness in the novella, including the ability of the natives to remain sane in the nightmarish situation. "You can't breathe dead hippo waking, sleeping, and eating, and at the same time keep your precarious grip on existence." Claiming that he is the guardian of the memory of the ostensibly civilized Mr. Kurtz, Marlow muses: "I've done enough for it to give me the indisputable right to lay it if I choose for an everlasting rest in the dustbin of progress, amongst all the sweepings and figuratively speaking, all the dead cats of civilisation."

18. The American comparatist Joseph Campbell (1904-87), best known for *Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949), was a professor at Sarah Lawrence College. The American poet and novelist Henry Morton Robinson (1898-1961) was a professor at Columbia University. Campbell and Robinson collaborated in *A Skeleton Key to "Finnegans Wake*," published by Faber & Faber in 1944 and still considered a seminal guide to the novel. In the copies of the Faber seasonal catalogs held in the Hayward Bequest, TSE initialed in ink the blurbs he wrote. In his short blurb of *A Skeleton Key to "Finnegans Wake*," he said: "James Joyce's last work, *Finnegans Wake*, is a book certain parts of which many people have read, and been impressed by, but of which very few people have succeeded in reading the whole. And of those few, still fewer can have understood what they read" (*Spring and Summer Catalogue 1947*; King's P40, 50).

19. *The Cocktail Party* was first produced in 1949 at the Edinburgh Festival and later had successful runs in London and New York. In 1950, it won the Tony Award for best play.

20. *The Waste Land* was first published in the *Criterion* on 16 Oct 1922 and almost simultaneously in the *Dial* (Nov issue) ca. 15 Oct, in both instances without the notes. They were added for the first edition in book form, published on 15 Dec in New York by Boni and Liveright. The first English edition was published by Leonard and Virgina Woolf at the Hogarth Press in London on 12 Sept 1923, again with the notes.

21. In Dec 1923, TSE reviewed Moore's first book, *Poems* (1921), in the *Dial*. In his introduction to her *Selected Poems* (Faber, 1935), he praised her penchant for detailed observation and ranked her as "one of those few who have done the language some service in my lifetime" (5.231). That volume contains a section of notes to twenty-nine of forty-eight poems (123-42).

22. The notes to *The Waste Land* begin with a tribute to Jessie Weston: "Not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental symbolism of the poem were suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's book on the Grail legend: *From Ritual to Romance*. . . . Indeed, so deeply am I indebted, Miss Weston's book will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than my notes can do; and I recommend it . . . to any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble" (*CPP* 76 / *Poems1* 72).

23. Victor White (1902-60), *God and the Unconscious*, foreword by C. G. Jung (Chicago: Henry Regnery, 1953), 152.

24. C. G. Jung (1875-1961), "On Psychical Energy," in *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, trans. H. G. and Carey F. Baynes (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1928), 1.

25. Herbert Read, *Wordsworth: The Clark Lectures, 1929-1930*, Life and Letters Series 35 (London: J. Cape, 1930); *A Coat of Many Colours: Occasional Essays* (London: G. Routledge, 1945). Annette Vallon (1766-1841) was a Frenchwoman with whom Wordsworth fell in love while living in Revolutionary France in 1791-92. She bore him a daughter, Caroline, and although he left France without Annette, he supported her and the child for many years.

26†. In *FC* and *SR*: "More recently still, a Mr. Bateson"; *read:* F. W. Bateson

27. F. W. Bateson, *Wordsworth: A Reinterpretation* (London: Longman, 1936; Longmans, Green, 1954). TSE's "more recently," with a reference point of *A Coat of Many Colours* in 1945, suggests that he is thinking of the 1954 edition of Bateson's book. The first chapter argues that the "Two Voices" in Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence" are "complementary instead of contradictory" and identifies them as the "Wordsworthian Sublime" and the "Wordsworthian Ridiculous" (4). The Lucy poems are a group of lyrics, four of which appeared in the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800), which seem to memorialize unrequited love for a simple English girl who had died young. Critics have long debated whether "Lucy" was a real person; some critics, including Bateson, have associated her with the poet's sister, Dorothy.

28†. The previous sentence is not present in *FC* and *SR*.

29. In *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) and *Practical Criticism* (1929), Richards pioneered a new method of reading and teaching poems by removing authorial identity and context. This radical decontextualization laid the foundation for the "close reading" principles of the New Criticism.

30. Building on Richards's emphasis on multivalence in *Practical Criticism*, William Empson, in *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (1930), demonstrated that close reading could generate an astonishing variety of interpretations. In underscoring the presence of contradiction in these meanings, he equipped the New Critics with the means of detecting the tension that reveals irony.

31. *Interpretations: Essays on Twelve English Poems*, ed. John Wain (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1955).

32. An allegorical poem (1601) by Shakespeare.

33. TSE wrote in "The Function of Criticism" (1923), actually thirty-three years earlier: "Criticism . . . must always profess an end in view, which, roughly speaking, appears to be the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste" (2.459).

34. This line is from the second stanza of "Ariel's Song" in *The Tempest* I.ii, from which TSE takes a line in part II of *The Waste Land* ("Those are pearls that were his eyes"), an adapted line for the opening of "Dirge" ("Full fathom five your Bleistein lies"), and the title of "Those are pearls that were his eyes, See!" (*Poems1* 59, 285-86).

35. The opening lines of a fragment by Shelley, posthumously published in 1824 by Mary Shelley, who titled it "To the Moon": "Art thou pale for weariness / Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth, / Wandering companionless / Among the stars that have a different birth, / And ever changing, like a joyless eye / That finds no object worth its constancy?"

36†. In *FC* and *SR*: "for all human beings capable of enjoying poetry, of different centuries and languages,"

37†. In *FC* and *SR*: "in both England and America."

Fun Fair Tower in Battersea Park

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (9 July 1956) 9

Sir, – It might seem that on the subject of the observation tower to be erected in Battersea Park there is nothing more to be said. This monstrous folly has been denounced in your columns both by correspondents expressing their individual views and by representatives of bodies whose opinions should command the highest respect; and you yourself, Sir, have summed up the case with finality in a leading article.[1] But there is one point which could only be made in retrospect of this correspondence, and which seems to me worth making. It is this: that, in all the correspondence, I have seen no defence of this ignominious project. The silence is ominous. For it is when the proposers and supporters of an ill-advised scheme feel secure in ignoring arguments which they cannot rebut that the situation becomes desperate.[2]

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1, July 6

NOTES

1. On 21 June 1956, in an article entitled "Vandalism-Official," the *Times* summarized the arguments surrounding the proposed construction of an ascent tower in Battersea Park (11). The controversy erupted on 14 June when the *Times* reported that the Minister of Housing and Local Government had given conditional approval for permission to build a steel tower at the Festival Gardens in Battersea Park. The tower would be 162 feet high and cost about £50,000 (10). The application was supported by the London County Council and the Battersea borough council but opposed by the Chelsea borough council. The *Times* announcement prompted numerous letters denouncing the waste of public funds on an unsightly structure at a time when the government was urging the public to curtail unnecessary spending. As a resident of Carlyle Mansions near the Chelsea Embankment and an occasional visitor to Battersea Park, TSE joined the protesters. On 18 June, Irene Barton, Honorary Secretary of the Friends of Battersea Park, wrote to deplore the potential destruction of a "beautiful vista." On 21 June, Hilda Reid, Joint Honorary Secretary of the Chelsea Society, wrote that the tower would draw large crowds of tourists into the already densely populated area (11). On 10 July, the day after TSE contributed his letter, Barton invited him to participate in a protest rally and to serve as vice president of the Association for the Preservation of Battersea. On 2 Aug, he explained that he was unable to serve in an official capacity but was willing to stand as a friend of the association.

2. TSE's letter elicited a response from I. J. Hayward, the leader of London County Council, as well as a group letter by A. S. Frere, Graham Greene, and John Sutro, both published in the issue of 10 July. Hayward argued that the real issue was not the erection of the tower but the very existence in Battersea Park of the Festival Gardens, maintaining that "those who love solitude and hate fairs can never forgive those who think otherwise." The group letter compared TSE's outburst to protests against the erection of the Eiffel Tower and expressed support for "the principle of the project, so long as the tower contributes to the variety of the London skyline" (11). TSE's rejoinder of 12 July, which was not published, accused Hayward of diverting attention from the tower to the Festival Gardens. In response to Frere, Greene, and Sutro, he wrote that "I did not, as they assert, believe that the Tower had no supporters. My letter was inspired by the hope of eliciting some response from the Tower's supporters . . . [so] that I might find out whether they had any good reasons for supporting the scheme." The company running the fun fair abandoned the project after the chancellor stated on 12 July that the government was opposed to the erection of the tower because of the present economic situation.

Kipling and the O.M.

To the Editor of *The Manchester Guardian*

The Manchester Guardian (11 July 1956) 6

Sir, – In his interesting review of Miss Cowles's biography of King Edward VII, in your journal, Mr. Roger Fulford quotes a derogatory phrase applied to that monarch by Rudyard Kipling, and asks whether the reason for this "savage comment" might not be that the King passed over the claims of Kipling at the time of his appointment of Meredith to the Order of Merit.[1]

I was not aware that there had ever been any question of the relative claims of Meredith and Kipling; but how old was Kipling at the time of this supposed claim, and at the time of the resentment attributed to him by Mr. Fulford? Kipling was born in 1865 – just young enough (if I may so put it for the sake of emphasising his juvenility) to have been the elder brother of the writer of this letter. He was recommended for the Order of Merit by Robert Bridges in 1916: in the following year, 1917, he received a message from the Prime Minister to say that he might have any honour that he would accept.

He was first offered the Order of Merit, specifically, in 1921: his refusal then, and again in 1924, might, by Mr. Fulford's method, be imputed to pique at not having been offered it at the time of the foundation of the Order. But in 1921 Kipling was only 56. No one receiving this offer at the age of 56 could complain of its having been too long delayed! Is there any evidence that Kipling's self-esteem was so absurdly exaggerated? If not, may not some later critic, after Mr. Fulford's demise (which will, I hope, be very many years hence), ask whether Mr. Fulford's conjecture "could not be explained" by a dislike of Kipling?[2] I have no reason to suppose that this hypothetical critic would be right.[3]

Yours & c.,

T. S. ELIOT

24 Russell Square, London W. C. 1

NOTES

1. The Order of Merit recognizes meritorious service in the armed forces, science, literature, and art. Established in 1902 by King Edward VII (1841-1910), it is a sole prerogative of the sovereign

and limited to twenty-four individuals from Commonwealth countries. TSE's letter was occasioned by a review of Virginia Cowles's *Edward VII and his Circle* (1956), printed in the issue of 5 July. In an aside, the reviewer, English historian Sir Roger T. B. Fulford (1902-1983), opined: "Because Rudyard Kipling called the King 'a corpulent voluptuary,' Miss Cowles seems to conclude that the King had little use for intellectuals. However, could not this savage comment be explained by the fact that the King passed over Kipling for the Order of Merit, not unreasonably preferring the claims of Meredith?" (6). TSE had been engaged with both Kipling and Meredith from his days as a student, beginning with an undergraduate essay on Kipling (1.8) and scattered references to Meredith in early letters (*L1* 259) and reviews (1.760, 1.766), and he was clearly miffed by this misrepresentation of Kipling, who was well known for declining official honors, including a knighthood, the position of poet laureate, and, in 1921 and 1924, the Order of Merit.

2. On 14 July, Fulford responded to TSE's criticism with a rejoinder "standing [his] ground" (4). When TSE's reply of 15 July was rejected by the *Manchester Guardian*, he wrote to Fulford on 18 July that he was "taking the liberty of sending you a copy of the rejected letter, because I really would like to get to the bottom of this":

> Sir, It was ill-advised of me to enter into controversy with an historian of such unquestioned authority as Mr Roger Fulford – and in his own field too. I have never read Sir Sidney Lee's book, and I did not know that King Edward VII had considered Kipling (together with Swinburne, Shaw and Hardy) for the Order of Merit on the death of Lecky. I will assume that Mr Fulford can also produce evidence that Kipling had cognizance of the fact that his name had been considered and rejected. But Mr Fulford must have one further piece of evidence: evidence that Kipling was incensed at the King for having passed him over. If this evidence does not exist, then I maintain my objection to what seemed to me Mr Fulford's gratuitous conjecture, and hope that Mr Fulford will forgive me for standing half my ground. But perhaps the next word on the subject should be Miss Cowles's, since, as Mr Fulford tells us, she does not give her authority for believing that Kipling made the remark in question.

3. In the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of 19 July, Geoffrey Davies bolstered TSE's position with a letter reminding readers of Kipling's "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas," a Scottish ballad in which the narrator, a poet and harpist, proudly rejects a knighthood from the king. "So far as Rudyard Kipling is concerned, I remember that in the 'Rhyme of True Thomas' (I quote entirely from memory) Kipling says 'I harpit ye down to the floors of hell, I harpit ye your midmost soul in three, I have harpit ye up to the gates of heaven and – ye wad make a knight of me!' I myself believe that Kipling's attitude was always exactly the same on this particular point of honour" (4). On the 24 July, TSE wrote to Davies to inform him that the *Manchester Guardian* had rejected his rejoinder to Fulford, adding: "I am myself inclined to doubt whether Kipling ever made the remark at all."

To Save or Not to Save

To the Editor of *Time and Tide*

Time and Tide, 37 (4 Aug 1956) 936

Sir, – There must be other readers besides myself who would welcome, when the dust of a recent regrettable controversy has settled, a statement from the Trustees of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust setting forth the conditions governing their choice of churches to be aided, in terms that the subscribing public can understand.[1]

In the hope of enlightening myself on these matters, I have just re-read the Report of the Trust for the period 1 September 1952 to 31 December 1953 – the first Report issued.[2] During that period the Trust voted grants to 143 Anglican churches and (I was glad to find) 7 churches "in the main Free Church traditions" [10]. The benefits of the Trust, therefore, are not limited to the Church of England. And, although no churches in Scotland, Wales or Northern Ireland appear to have been aided in that period, the fact that two very distinguished Scotsmen were numbered among the Trustees would seem to indicate that the Trust is not geographically limited to England.

It is stated in the Report that the churches for which loans or grants were voted in 1953 include "some of the largest and most magnificent churches in the country" [3].[3] But we learn also that "not less important has been the task of saving from decay the small and little-known village churches which are such an essential part of the English landscape and of English community life" [3].[4] Then come some observations about architectural styles, leading up to the remark that "[T]he Trustees do not regard it as their duty to favour any one age or style, but to help to hand down all that has been found pleasing in the past"[4].[5] Later, we learn that "some fine churches" that would have fallen into decay have been saved; and in a paragraph which is entirely in italics we are told that "[A] legacy of priceless beauty is in serious danger." And the concluding sentence, paragraphed by itself, is as follows:

> The Trustees earnestly ask for the support of all who value the unique heritage of architectural beauty and historical interest that we possess in our parish churches. [5]

The Report is signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.[6]

From this report I should draw the conclusion that the purpose of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust was to preserve churches of beauty and churches of historic interest, irrespective of communion and irrespective of their redundancy from a pastoral point of view.

I am, etc.,
T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, WC1

NOTES

1. The Historic Churches Preservation Trust was founded in 1953 to support the restoration and revitalization of architecturally and historically significant parish churches, primarily in the Church of England. A registered charity under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, the Trust (and its successor, the National Churches Trust), raised funds to reverse the neglect resulting from socioeconomic changes (including war and the Great Depression) in the early twentieth century and to repair the damage inflicted by WWII.

A controversy over the Trust's policy for the funding of churches came to a head on 14 July when the Archbishop of Canterbury removed from office Ivor Bulmer-Thomas (1905-93), chairman of the Trust since its founding, who was in irreconcilable conflict with his executive committee and trustees over the control and distribution of funds. As reported in the *Times* of 15 July under the heading "Historic Churches Preservation Trust," the Archbishop explained, after appointing a new chairman, "The principle is that any historic church worth preservation can qualify for a grant. Mr. Bulmer-Thomas desired the trustees to accept the principle that they would attempt to save every church whether it required a grant from the trust or not. The trustees felt that this was not the proper function of the trust, whose duty was to make financial grants to help the churches which apply for them so far as they were able to do so with the funds at their disposal" (11). Numerous conflicted letters appeared in the *Times* through 30 July.

2. See *Historic Churches Preservation Trust: First Report and Accounts* (London, 1954). Pp. [12].

3. The report gives as examples Long Medford in Suffolk, Ludlow in Shropshire, and Hexam Abbey in Northumberland.

4. "From Ashley in Hampshire and St. Just-in-Roseland in Cornwall to Pittington in Durham many such churches will be found among those helped by the Trust."

5. "The restoration of the Lumley Chancel, with its unique collection of memorials from the sixteenth century onwards, shows that the Trustees have not been unmindful of their obligations towards the artistic treasures in our churches."

6. The Most Reverend and Right Honorable Dr. Geoffrey F. Fisher was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1945 to 1961 and current chairman of the Trust.

Memorial Tribute for Arthur Stuart Duncan-Jones[1]

We have lost two members of Committee, one by retirement and one by death. . . . Of the Dean of Chichester's services in this capacity I can best judge by my knowledge of him in other contexts; and I hope I may be excused for departing for a moment from the strict agenda, in speaking of him more generally, after an acquaintance and friendship dating from over twenty-five years. "D. J." had several claims to eminence, and a variety of interests which complemented each other. He shared with his Bishop a love of the arts and a sense of public responsibility which extended far beyond the bounds of their City and Diocese. Duncan-Jones was, as a Dean should be, a lover of music, an art in which he possessed both knowledge and taste, and the Cathedral of Chichester became known as a centre of music both liturgical and extra-liturgical. He was a distinguished theologian. He knew well Germany and the German language, and he had a discriminating taste in German wines. Like his Bishop, he early wrote and spoke in condemnation of the Nazi persecution of Jews and their campaign against the Churches.[2] He was an accomplished speaker both in private discussion and in debate, and a formidable disputant in Assembly. I may, of course, be somewhat influenced by the fact that I was in general sympathy both with his theological views and with his political and social views, and that I often found myself supporting, or supported by, his opinion. What I most admired, however, was his fearlessness and independence. He is a loss to the Church and the Nation, and I will remind you again, a loss to the London Library.[3]

* * * *

My affection for Duncan-Jones was quite out of proportion to the intimacy of our acquaintance, for indeed I cannot say that I knew him well. I used to see him regularly at our All Souls' Club, of which he was one of the mainstays. He was unsurpassed for clarity, fluency, and vigour in discussion, during which he gradually became pinker in the face. But so far as I remember, he had the gift of being downright and blunt without ever being quarrelsome or giving legitimate ground for offence. Indeed, the only man of my acquaintance whom I ever remember as quarrelling with Duncan-Jones, was a man who was known to be brusque and ill-mannered. I am happy in the

memory of having given an address to the Friends of Chichester Cathedral which earned his warm commendation.[4]

NOTES

1. As printed in *Duncan-Jones of Chichester*, by S. C. Carpenter. London: A. R. Mowbray, 1956. Pp. 133; 74-75. The Very Reverend A. S. Duncan-Jones (1879-1955) served as dean of Chichester Cathedral from 1929 to his death. TSE's tribute was reconstituted from his notes and remarks at the annual General Meeting of the London Library in July 1955, for and at the request of Duncan-Jones's son, the Reverend A. R. Duncan-Jones, on 26 July. "It is, of course, inadequate," TSE prefaced his tribute, "but I hope, tactful, for I have given no indication that there were matters on which your father and the Bishop did not see eye to eye." The Lord Bishop of Chichester was George Bell.

2. Duncan-Jones was the author of *The Struggle for Religious Freedom in Germany* (1938), *From U-Boat to Concentration Camp* (1938), *The Soul of Czechoslovakia* (1941), and *Witness in the Post-War World* (1946).

3. Duncan-Jones's biographer, the Reverend S. C. Carpenter, also requested a character statement for Duncan-Jones, which TSE sent on 27 Sept and which Carpenter printed below that of Rev. A. R. Duncan Jones (75).

4. TSE's address to the Friends of Chichester Cathedral on 16 June 1951 was published as *The Value and Use of Cathedrals in England Today* (1952) (7.731).

Brief über Ernst Robert Curtius[1]

Dear Dr. Rychner,[2]

I regret deeply that I have no original contribution worthy of inclusion in the Festschrift for Ernst Robert Curtius, but I should be very grieved not to have my name appear amongst those who wish to pay honour to him on the occasion of his 70th birthday. So I send you the following greeting to him:

Time is an important element in friendship – much more important, in my experience, than frequency of meeting. Is it twice, in the last thirty-five years, that I have met Ernst Curtius face to face?[3] It need not have been more than once: I count him nevertheless among my old friends. In one sense, it is as if I had always known him, for the beginning of our acquaintance coincides, very nearly, with what seems to me the beginning of my adult life: the period in my life which is marked by *The Waste Land*, and the foundation of *The Criterion*, and the development of relations with men of letters in the several countries of Europe.

It is true of many of my friendships that I cannot remember how they began. I cannot remember whether I first discovered Curtius, or whether he first discovered me.[4] Was it in 1922? Did he first come across *The Criterion*, and there read *The Waste Land*, about which he was to write, and which he was to translate? Certainly, in common with other English and French writers, I owe him a great debt, and perhaps I owe him more than does any other: for it was he who first brought my work to the notice of the German public.[5] On the other hand, it may be that somehow my attention was drawn to *Literarische Wegbereiter des neuen Frankreichs*, and that I asked him to contribute to my recently founded review. I do not know.[6]

At the time when *The Criterion* was founded, it must have appeared to any reasonable person an act of folly on my part, for the task of editing a magazine had to be the evening occupation of a man fully occupied as a bank clerk in the day time. At that time, *The Criterion* seemed destined to put an end to my original activity, for it left me little time for my own writing. In the end, it altered the whole course of my life, and led to greater freedom for original work; and I must be grateful to the first Viscountess Rothermere, who provided the funds by which the printers and publishers and contributors were paid, during the first years of the periodical's existence.[7] But

what I had chiefly to be grateful for, at the time – the most definite immediate benefit to myself as editor – was the opportunity *The Criterion* opened up to me, as I have said above, of establishing relations with men of letters in other European countries.

The years immediately following the War of 1914-18 were, as I have said in other contexts, a hopeful period in the world of letters. *The Criterion* was only one of a number of reviews similar in character and in purpose, in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and elsewhere;[8] and my own interest in making my contemporaries in other countries known in England, responded to the interests of the editors and contributors of these other reviews. No ideological differences poisoned our intercourse; no political oppression limited freedom of communication. Of the men whose acquaintance I made at this time – some directly, others only by exchange of correspondence – I think of Valery Larbaud, of Charles Du Bos, of Ortega y Gasset,[9] among others (and yourself, Dr. Rychner!). But no name stands, in my memory, with more distinction in this international activity, no name is more representatively that of the *European* man of letters, than the name of Ernst Robert Curtius.

I have, as I have said, my own personal debt of gratitude to acknowledge to Curtius, for translating, and introducing, *The Waste Land*.[10] Curtius was also, I think, the first critic in Germany to recognise the importance of James Joyce.[11] And when it is a question of other writers than myself, and especially when we consider his essays on French contemporaries, and his *Balzac*, and his *Proust*, I am at liberty to praise Curtius as a critic.[12] A generous enthusiast, with no great critical ability, might succeed in communicating his enthusiasm for some foreign author to his fellow-countrymen; but only a critic of scholarship, discrimination and intellect could perform the services that Curtius has performed. For his critical studies are contributions to the study of the authors criticised, which must be reckoned with by those authors' compatriots. *We cannot determine the true status and significance of the significant writers in our own language, without the aid of foreign critics with a European point of view*.[13] For it is only such critics who can tell us, whether an author is of European importance. And of such critics in our own time, Curtius is one of the most illustrious.

There were years when communication was interrupted. After the seizure of power by Adolf Hitler, we feared for the author of *Deutscher Geist in Gefahr*;[14] after the outbreak of war, we heard a rumour that he had been removed to a concentration camp.[15] Happily this was not true; and there

eventually appeared that masterly work, *Europäische Literatur und Lateinisches Mittelalter*,[16] on which he had been at work during the years when freedom of speech and freedom of travel were suspended. It bears testimony to his integrity and indomitable spirit. Ernst Robert Curtius deserves, in his life and in his work, the gratitude and admiration of his fellow writers of every European nation.

Yours sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. As printed in *Freundesgabe für Ernst Robert Curtius zum 14. April 1956*, ed. Max Rychner and Walter Boehlich. Bern: Francke Verlag, 1956. Pp. 234; 25-27. The distinguished philologist, translator, and literary critic Ernst Robert Curtius was TSE's major professional contact in Germany between the wars. He served as a professor at the Universities of Marburg (1920-24), Heidelberg (1924-29), and Bonn (1929-51), and in the 1920s, he was a contributor to the *Criterion* and translator of *The Waste Land*. His postwar reflections associate TSE's evolving attitude toward Germany and his assessment of Goethe with World War II ("T. S. Eliot and Germany," March and Tambimuttu, 119-26). TSE's retrospective on their friendship is given in this letter. Seriously ill in Rome on his seventieth birthday (14 Apr 1956), Curtius managed to read the proofs of this festschrift; he died five days later, on 19 Apr 1956.

2. TSE's letter is dated 24 Oct 1955. The Swiss critic and translator Max Rychner (1897-1965) was editor of the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*. Beginning in Apr 1926, he submitted half-yearly "German Chronicles" to the *Criterion*. He was recommended to TSE by Curtius, who had first been approached to provide commentaries on literary activity in Germany (*L3* 134, n.2).

3. TSE probably met Curtius "face to face" only once, in May 1934 in London (*L7* 196). When TSE visited Germany in Oct/Nov 1949, Curtius was in Colorado to deliver a lecture on Goethe at a conference marking the second centenary of his birth. When TSE went to Hamburg to receive the Goethe Prize in May 1955, Curtius was already ill and living in Rome.

4. The relationship was initiated by TSE as part of an attempt to attract distinguished contributors for the *Criterion* (*L1* 694). As Curtius recalled in 1948, "One morning a letter from T. S. Eliot turned up out of the blue. I knew nothing whatever about him. He proposed that I should contribute to *The Criterion*" (March and Tambimuttu, 119). Curtius went on to contribute three essays to the *Criterion*: "Balzac" (Jan 1923, 127-42); "On the Style of Marcel Proust" (Apr 1924, 311-20); and "Restoration of the Reason" (Nov 1927, 389-97).

5. Curtius translated *The Waste Land* into German and printed it along with an essay on TSE in the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*, 32 (Apr 1927), 348-61. On 2 May 1927, TSE wrote to Curtius that "I could not be happier in my introduction to the German public, both in the translation and the preceding article" (*L3* 494). On 13 Oct 1927, he told Claude Collier Abbot that "about the best thing that has been written about this poem is an introductory essay by Professor E. R. Curtius in the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*" (*L3* 752).

6. As TSE wrote in his letter of 9 July 1922: "Darf ich sagen, dass ich schreibe, nicht nur wegen ihrer Zelebrität, sondern weil ich Ihre 'Literarische [*sic*] Wegbereiter des neuen Frankreichs' hoch

schätze." [*Trans:* May I say that I write not only on account of your fame, but also because I particularly prize your *Literary Precursors of the New France*] (*L1* 694-95). Curtius's goal of building cultural bridges between France and Germany was consistent with TSE's goal in launching the *Criterion*.

7. Lady Rothermere, born Mary Lilian Share, was the wife of newspaper magnate Harold Sidney Harmsworth, the first Viscount Rothermere (1868-1940) (*L3* 907). She funded the *Criterion* from its inception until the end of 1927, when she suddenly withdrew her support. On 13 Dec 1927, TSE wrote to Richard Aldington "we have fallen out completely with Lady Rothermere, who, it appears, dislikes the *Criterion* intensely and who wishes to withdraw her capital from it immediately" (*L3* 859).

8. The *Criterion*'s main European counterparts were *La Nouvelle Revue française* (France), *Europäische Revue* and *Die neue Rundschau* (Germany), *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* (Switzerland), *La fiera letteraria* and *Il Convegno* (Italy), and *Revista de Occidente* (Spain).

9. In his "Commentary" for Oct 1932, TSE praises Curtius's significance as a bridge figure in the European intellectual community: "But as one of those men such as Gide and Larbaud in France, Hofmannsthal in Austria and Ortega y Gasset in Spain, who have steadily laboured in the interest of the European spirit, [Curtius's] work deserves as much attention from us as from the French" (4.498).

10. In Feb 1947, in response to Egon Vietta's request to translate his *Collected Poems*, TSE wrote: "I should want any translation of my poems to be submitted to my friend Professor Curtius in Bonn. . . . It was he who introduced *The Waste Land* to German readers and who made the first translation of it, and he therefore has a strong claim upon me." Actually, the first translation was made by the German-Romanian poet Alfred Margul-Sperber (1898-1967). He sent TSE his translation "Ödland" on 18 Aug 1926, and TSE replied on 1 Nov that "the translation is admirable" and that he would not object to it being published in a German or Austrian periodical (*L3* 293). It did not appear at the time but was included in Margul-Sperber's posthumous collection *Weltstimmen: Nachdichtungen* (Bucharest: Literaturverlag, 1968, 74-86).

11. Curtius wrote a number of studies on Joyce at the end of the 1920s, when the Irish writer was still relatively unknown in Germany. He published two essays, "James Joyce" (*Literatur*, Dec 1928) and "Technik und Thematik von James Joyce" (*Neue Schweizer Rundschau*, Jan 1929), as well as the influential volume *James Joyce und sein Ulysses* (Zurich: Verlag der Neuen Schweizer Rundschau, 1929).

12. Curtius was renowned for his writings on French literature. TSE printed his essays on Balzac (1923) and Proust (1924) in the *Criterion* and attempted to help him with English publishers. In 1926, he asked Routledge to consider including an English translation of *Balzac* (Bonn: Cohen, 1923) in their series of literary biographies (*L3* 77). In the *Criterion* "Commentary" for Oct 1932, he said that Curtius "has occupied himself very largely for many years with the task of interpreting French civilization and French literature to Germany, as a number of books: his *Balzac*, his *Proust*, his *Französischer Geist im Neuen Europa*, and the book which has been recently (and not too well) translated under the title of *The Civilization of France* (Allen & Unwin: 12s. 6d. net) all attest" (4.498).

13. TSE's italics. On 22 Jan 1926, TSE told Curtius: "the work you are doing is of great importance . . . Such criticism . . . is not merely valuable to the compatriots of the critic but has its own value for each other nationality – that is to say it interprets the French to themselves and

also to a third nationality such as the English" (*L3* 42). He repeatedly suggested that Curtius should write an English *Wegbereiter*, concentrating on such writers as Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, Lytton Strachey, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, and Ezra Pound, but Curtius does not seem to have taken to the idea.

14. The polemic, published in 1932 (Stuttgart, Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), criticized "die destruktiven Formen des Nationalismus" (24) [the destructive forms of Nationalism], denounced Nazi barbarism, and warned about the totalitarian threat to universities. It went into three editions within a year and was attacked in Mar 1933 by the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the leading Nazi daily. TSE recommended it as "a book to be read by everyone who can follow a simple and lucid German style, and who can also appreciate the problems of our time as being more serious than such as can be eased by national or imperial nostrums" (4.498).

15. Curtius was lucky not to have been sent to a concentration camp following the publication of *Deutscher Geist in Gefahr*. His friend Hans Naumann, a supporter of the Nazi regime who became rector of the University of Bonn in 1933, apparently succeeded in persuading the Nazis that keeping a man of Curtius's stature was to the party's advantage. In order to retain his chair, Curtius signed a declaration of loyalty to the new regime; nevertheless, he was bitterly disappointed after the war when Stephen Spender and others criticized him for self-serving compromise. On 23 Dec 1947, TSE told Curtius that he "found what [Spender] wrote painful to read, and . . . was completely appalled by his lack of understanding in implying that all good Germans should have exiled themselves . . . during the Hitler regime." On 9 June 1949, in a letter supporting Curtius's invitation to the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, TSE further explained: Curtius "is a man who has always worked for understanding between nations and although he was not removed from his Chair by the Nazi regime, he was considerably under suspicion . . . and had to confine his attention to his work in medieval Latin."

16. *Europäische Literatur und lateinisches Mittelalter* (Bern: Francke, 1948), trans. Willard R. Trask as *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (1953), is generally considered to be Curtius's masterpiece. His argument is that modern European literature cannot be fully understood without a grasp of its relation to medieval Latin rhetoric. TSE received an autographed copy from Curtius in 1949 and described it in 1953 as a "monumental book . . . which ought to be perused by every European man of letters" (7.812).

Tribute to Ezra Pound[1]

I believe that I have in the past made clear enough my personal debt to Ezra Pound during the years 1915-22. I have also expressed in several ways my opinion of his rank as a poet, as a critic, as impresario of other writers, and as pioneer of metric and poetic language. His 70th birthday is not a moment for qualifying one's praise, but merely for recognition of those services to literature for which he will deserve the gratitude of posterity, and for appreciation of those achievements which even his severest critics must acknowledge.

NOTE

1. As printed in *Ezra Pound at Seventy*. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1956. Pp. [16]; tribute title: "t. s. eliot" [5]-[6]. This commemorative volume was published after Mar 1956 for distribution gratis to publicize Pound's books: "To mark Ezra Pound's seventieth year New Directions wrote to a number of persons and here publishes the statements they sent about him [under their names in lowercase], together with a list of his books in print so that the reader of this pamphlet may be led to Pound's own writings" (2). Beginning in 1917 with his thirty-one-page booklet, *Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry* (1.622) and including his handwritten dedication to *The Waste Land*, TSE had lauded Pound in numerous forms over many decades, most recently in a special issue of *Il Mare* (Rapallo) celebrating Pound's sixty-ninth birthday (8.24).

Foreword to *Symbolisme from Poe to Mallarmé: The Growth of a Myth*, by Joseph Chiari

London: Rockliff, 1956. Pp. 198; Foreword, v-viii.[1]

This is a book about the poet Mallarmé, but the author has done well to entitle it ". . . from Poe to Mallarmé": for a book about Mallarmé must also be a book about Poe and about Baudelaire, and must not ignore Mallarmé's most illustrious disciple, Paul Valéry.[2] It must be a book about a movement – the most important "movement" in the world of poetry since that of Wordsworth and Coleridge – and about the aesthetics of that movement.

I must surround the term "movement" with safeguards of several kinds. To say that this is the most important poetic movement since Wordsworth and Coleridge is not to exaggerate the individual importance of the poets involved in it, or to place them higher than other poets, in France, England, and other countries, who are outside of it. Nor can the term here have any of its popular associations. We usually think of a literary movement as a group of young enthusiastic writers who issue a manifesto; who have or who pretend to have certain principles in common; whose work is likely to show a family resemblance; and who are banded together in championship of a common cause, or for sociability and mutual comfort, or at worst for purposes of collective self-advertisement. We think of a "movement" as a phenomenon of youth, and we expect that the sturdier members will in time leave the group as they develop their individual styles, and that the weaker members will disappear into oblivion. By "movement," here, I mean a continuity of admiration: Baudelaire admired Poe, Mallarmé admired Poe and Baudelaire, Valéry admired Poe and Baudelaire and Mallarmé – and a continuity of development of poetic theory. Valéry was the disciple of Mallarmé: but there was no personal association among the rest. Mallarmé, I have been told, came to Paris because Baudelaire was there: he once saw Baudelaire at a bookstall on a quay, but had not the courage to address him. And of course Baudelaire never met Poe. And, as Mr. Chiari points out, although each of these French poets in turn found Poe intensely stimulating, there is no evidence of imitation or even of borrowing from Poe in their work.

How far Baudelaire would have been Baudelaire, or Mallarmé Mallarmé, without the stimulus provided by Poe, is a question to which the answer can never be more than conjecture; but Mr. Chiari is right to raise the question, and leave it in our minds. To Anglo-Saxon readers it must seem that this paradoxical "movement," in which the poets from generation to generation were not greatly influenced by each other's poetry, but deeply influenced by each other's attitude towards poetry, was largely propelled by an initial misunderstanding. It is difficult for us to see how three French poets, all men of exceptional intellectual gifts, could have taken Poe so seriously as a philosopher – for it is Poe's theories about poetry, rather than his poems, that meant most to them. How good a poet was Poe? There is no poet whose status is more disputed. And as a philosopher? It is difficult for an English or American reader to regard as anything but extravagant the praise which Valéry lavishes upon *Eureka*.[3] We suspect, indeed, that if the French poets had known the English language better they could not have rated Poe so high as a stylist; and that if they had known English literature better they might have based their aesthetics not on that of Poe but on that of Coleridge.

No matter: if the influence of Poe upon Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Valéry was based upon misunderstanding, it was a fecund and significant misunderstanding; for the aesthetic which they erected upon this dubious foundation remains valid for their own work. The time had come for a new attitude towards poetry, on the part of poets first, to be accepted by readers afterwards. It does not matter whether Poe's account of the composition of *The Raven* was a conscious hoax, or whether Poe was hoaxing himself; what it suggested to the French poets was an aesthetic which might have come into existence in some other way, if Poe had never written or if Baudelaire had never read Poe.[4]

Any good poet, of course, can be enjoyed without our having previously informed ourselves about his relation to other poets, and without our knowing anything about his theory of poetry – if he has one. Indeed, if this were not so, we might doubt whether what he had written was poetry at all. What we get from a study of these French poets in relation to Poe, is an understanding of their aesthetic which enlarges our understanding of their poetry. And by "aesthetic" here I do not mean merely an abstract theory of what poetry should be; I mean an attitude to poetry, by poets of great critical capacity, which has affected indirectly a good deal of poetry written since

and which has also affected the attitude of readers towards their poetry. What the reader of poetry has come to expect of modern poetry, and the way in which he is prepared to enjoy it, are partly due to the attitude of these French poets to their own work. Without this aesthetic I do not think that the work of some other modern writers would be quite what it is (I am thinking of Rilke, for example, and of some of my own later work) or that, if it was the same, it would find a public prepared for it.

This, of course, is not the whole story. Baudelaire would have been a great poet in any case, a greater than Poe; and much more became possible because of Baudelaire – I am thinking of Laforgue, Corbière and Rimbaud – than is found in the poetic current examined in this book. But this poetic current represents peculiar development of self-consciousness in the poetry of the last hundred years. Mr. Chiari, who is at home in both languages and with both literatures, English and French, and who has examined the voluminous critical literature of his subject in French, has performed a useful service in giving us the first book in English on Mallarmé and his art of poetry.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In 1948 and 1949, Chiari ingratiated himself with TSE by assisting with arrangements for the Edinburgh Festival and in subsequent years by sending gifts of expensive cigars. Chiari submitted several manuscripts to TSE in the hope of publication by Faber & Faber. Although Faber declined to publish Chiari's work, TSE agreed to contribute a foreword to *Contemporary French Poetry* (1952; 7.711), published by Chiari's university (Manchester University Press), and to the present volume. On 20 Dec 1955, TSE described Chiari's checkered career and financial troubles in a letter to Alan Pryce-Jones in an attempt, which was successful, to secure for Chiari support from the Royal Literary Fund. In *T. S. Eliot: A Memoir* (1982), Chiari claims that TSE was a father figure who promised "that he would never let me down for money and that he held at my disposal a substantial sum of money that I could draw upon whenever I needed it" (24).

2. In Apr 1944, TSE wrote to C. P. Harvey of the British Council that he was thinking of a "lecture on the influence of the French symbolist poets on English poetry – with especially reference, of course, to my own work." This foreword, like TSE's other essays on the symbolists, recounts the genealogy of poets, principally Baudelaire and Valéry, whose work led to his own.

3. *Eureka* (1848) is a fanciful account of the cosmos, which is slighted by American and English critics but praised by French poets. In "From Poe to Valéry," TSE attempts to "account for Valéry's admiration for *Eureka* – that cosmological fantasy which makes no deep impression upon most

of us, because we are aware of Poe's lack of qualification in philosophy, theology or natural science, but which Valéry, after Baudelaire, esteemed highly as a 'prose poem'" (7.302).

4. In "The Philosophy of Composition," Poe claims that the best writers control every aspect of their work in order to achieve a predetermined effect. He illustrates his theory with an explanation of his composition of "The Raven." In "From Poe to Valéry," TSE presents a counteranalysis to show why the essay "has not been taken so seriously in England or America as in France." He concludes "that Poe in analysing his poem was practising either a hoax, or a piece of self-deception" (7.295).

"Pygmalion"

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (11 Dec 1956) 11

Sir, – My only excuse for adding one more letter to the correspondence in your columns about *Pygmalion* is that none of your previous correspondents appears to have enjoyed the advantage which I enjoy of having seen *My Fair Lady* in New York. This musical comedy has had great success in New York, and should have great success in London.[1] Any suggestion that its success would be jeopardized by the simultaneous production of *Pygmalion* in the West End (to say nothing of productions outside London) would seem to me ludicrous.[2] West End managers might hesitate to launch a new production of *Pygmalion*: but that decision, surely, could be left to their discretion, and need not be imposed upon them by the Society of Authors?[3]

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1, Dec. 9

NOTES

1. *My Fair Lady*, with lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and music by Frederick Loewe, is a musical based on George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* (1913). With Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in leading roles, it premiered in New York on 15 Mar 1956 and ran for 2,717 performances, setting a record for the longest run of any musical production. TSE, who was in the United States for the Seymour Lecture at the University of Minnesota on 30 Apr 1956 (8.121), spent part of May in New York, and would have seen the play in May or early June, for on 6 June, he boarded the Queen Mary for his return to London. On 3 May 1957, he told Henry Sherek that Shaw was like "a red flag to a bull to me. . . . *Pygmalion* I have never approved of, but it is very much better as a musical comedy. In fact, I sometimes think that Shaw is best at musical comedy for *The Chocolate Soldier* and *My Fair Lady* are the only two of his works which I should like to see again and again." The London production of *My Fair Lady*, in which Harrison and Andrews reprised their roles, opened on 30 Apr 1958 at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where it ran for 2,281 performances.

2. On 1 Dec 1956, the *Times* reported that "the Shaw Society stated last night that *Pygmalion* had been banned – with the free consent of the . . . Society of Authors – for some time ahead (10 years, according to some reports), from stage, film, radio, and television . . . so that *My Fair Lady*, . . . which was not scheduled to arrive in England for a year or more might have a clear run" (3). On 3 Dec, Graham Greene wrote that the news that the Society of Authors had "agreed to ban *Pygmalion* . . . to make way for an American musical . . . will come as a disagreeable surprise to

members like myself" and called on his fellow members to resign in protest (11). Others, including Stephen Spender and E. M. Forster, submitted letters to the editor. On 4 Dec, the *Times* reported that the Society of Authors had denied that there was a ban, explaining that "the sensational success of *Pygmalion* in its musical form" made it necessary to have "traffic control" to prevent "congestion and collisions" (3).

3. On 7 Dec, the *Times* noted that the Bristol Old Vic "has been given permission by the Society of Authors to produce Shaw's *Pygmalion* . . . in the spring" (3); in the same issue, however, they reported that the Nottingham Playhouse, which had planned to do *Pygmalion* for a fortnight in October" was informed in July "that performing rights could not be granted because of . . . the forthcoming production of *My Fair Lady*" (11).

Das schöpferische Recht des Regisseurs[1]

Maske und Kothurn: Vierteljahrsschrift für Theaterwissenschaft, 3 (Jan / Mar 1957), 10

T. S. ELIOT (London): It seems to me that the question of the limits of the stage manager's rights of interfering with the text and stage directions of the dramatist is not one which can be answered in the abstract: it depends on the particular stage manager and the particular dramatist. There will always be instances where the stage manager will exceed his province, and there will always be instances where the dramatist will make difficulties on matters where the stage manager knows best. I should say that when the dramatist is a living dramatist, he should always be consulted with regard to any changes in the text, and to any changes in presentation from his own directions. I should myself be very much annoyed with any stage manager or producer who cut out lines from my verse plays without having consulted me first. On the other hand if, as has sometimes happened, the stage manager or producer has given good reason for omitting lines, I have always been ready to fall in with his wishes.[2]

I think that in works of the past which are already well known, greater liberties are permitted than in works by living authors. If they are famous works of drama or opera, the more intelligent part of the audience may be presumed to be acquainted with other productions, and to be quite aware of any contrast between a traditional form of production and that offered by some enterprising producer.

I do hold the view – this is not altogether beside the point – that an author is well advised to keep his stage directions to the very minimum and leave the maximum possible to the imagination and originality of future producers. For instance, it seems to me that some of Bernard Shaw's stage directions overweight the play, and if followed exactly can sometimes result only in the play appearing as a kind of period piece which will show the ideas, as well as the manners, as being out of date.[3]

NOTES

1. *Trans*: The creative right of the director. On 10 Sept 1956, TSE was invited by Heinz Kindermann, Austrian professor and director of the Institute of Theater Studies at the University of Vienna, to contribute to a symposium on the limited rights of producers. On 19 Sept, he

responded with this letter, which was printed with the conference proceedings in *Maske und Kothurn*, a quarterly journal for theater studies founded in 1955. Kindermann (1894-1985) was just beginning to publish his ten-volume *Theatergeschichte Europas* [*Theatrical History of Europe*] (1957-74).

2. TSE wrote to Henry Sherek on 3 May 1957: "If the piece I contributed to *Maske und Kothurn* merely says what is obviously true, then it is perfectly satisfactory because all I wanted to do was to oblige the people who asked me and to write something which would not be obviously foolish or which I should find necessary to repudiate completely when some enemy discovered it later! . . . I should add that in my opinion the author should express his criticism and objections first of all privately to the producer; after they have come to an understanding, then it is the producer's business to instruct the actor. I never like to give an actor hints behind the producer's back or over his head. If an actor on the other hand asks me what a line means or how I wish it to be spoken, I will tell him."

3. In the letter to Sherek, TSE commented further on Shaw's stage directions, particularly as adapted for the musical comedies *The Chocolate Soldier* and *My Fair Lady*, stating that "as for the stage directions, I will admit that they may be very good. My objection to the type of play, however, which needs such elaborate stage directions is that, even when the stage directions and the introduction are not more interesting than the play itself, which I do find with Shaw, they date the play terribly; but then Shaw's plays do date and it is part of their nature, I suppose, that they should. They have, in fact, very quickly become period pieces."

An Appeal to our Readers[1]

St. Stephen's Parish Magazine (Mar-Apr 1957) [10-11]

By the time you open this number of the Parish Magazine, Father Howard will have completed a Christian Year as priest-in-charge at St. Stephen's.[2] During his year with us, no office customary at this church has been omitted, and no ministration diminished. What was flourishing among us, he has succeeded in keeping alive. We are thankful to God for giving him to us in this very difficult interim without a vicar. Among the less conspicuous, but nevertheless important responsibilities for the discharge of which we are grateful, has figured the editing of this Parish Magazine.

A parish magazine, however, such as Father Cheetham made this magazine, is a very personal creation. Its circulation may be a long time in growing, but only a short time in dwindling to danger point. It is no fault of the editor that this point has now been reached. A very large proportion of the subscribers has consisted of former parishioners and members of Father Cheetham's congregation, who had moved away – some of them very far away – but who wanted to keep in touch with St. Stephen's so long as Father Cheetham, with his very personal touch, was editing it. Many of these subscribers are letting their subscriptions lapse. Some subscribers have died. Many new members of the congregation have not yet become subscribers. In consequence, the magazine is now run at a loss which the Parochial Church Council is obliged to view with alarm.

It is for this reason that the magazine is for the present – we hope only temporarily – reduced in size. That is regrettable: but what would be most regrettable would be for the magazine to cease altogether. The difficulty of re-starting a magazine after an hiatus is very great. We should like to hand over this Parish Magazine to the new vicar, as a going concern with no breach of continuity.[3]

If you believe, as I do, that the struggle to keep this magazine going is worthwhile, I ask you first:

> To renew your subscriptions punctually when they come to an end, without having to be reminded again;

and second:

To persuade other members of the congregation to become subscribers.

But we need further aid to help us through the present emergency. If you can afford to make any donation towards the expenses of printing and distribution, over and above your annual subscription, please give it, clearly marked for its purpose, to the Verger or to one of the Churchwardens, or address it to the Magazine Secretary, at the Vestry. At least, let me make one suggestion:

Why not, for the year 1957, double your subscription and pay 12/- instead of 6/- for the magazine for this one year?

I am not skilled in the arts of persuasion; and though I have supported many appeals in my time, I have never before taken it upon myself to launch one! But I hope that your response will show that you share my belief in the importance of keeping our Parish Magazine in existence. It was thriving when I became a parishioner, in 1933;[4] I should be very sorry to see it die.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE's brief appeal to readers was followed by a note, presumably by the editor of the magazine: "In this issue, the new vicar of the church was announced, Father Willfred Jennings, moving from Bathwick Rectory, Bath, to be inducted on 28 February, relieving Father Harry Howard, who remained a member of the church clergy."

2. Father Harry Howard (1880-1967) had served as interim priest at St. Stephen's on Gloucester Road since the retirement of Father Eric Cheetham on 29 Feb 1956 (8.115, n.1).

3. Father Willfred Hilary Jennings served for ten years in Bath before arriving as vicar at St. Stephen's in 1957. During his tenure, he edited the parish magazine and authored *St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester Road, 1867-1967* (London: Rowling, 1967).

4. TSE first attended Mass at St. Stephen's in the autumn of 1933 and, shortly thereafter, became a parishioner. From 1934 to 1959, he served as Vicar's Warden, the highest position in the parish, responsible for administering parish finances and overseeing Sunday collections (8.330).

The Importance of Wyndham Lewis[1]

The Sunday Times (10 Mar 1957) 10

I first met Wyndham Lewis early in the year 1915, at the flat of Ezra Pound, whose acquaintance I had made only a few days before.[2] Pound had already shown me Lewis's *Timon of Athens* drawings: this was in the days of Vorticism and *Blast*, before Lewis had gone to the war as a gunner.[3]

I do not remember that Lewis had much to say on that occasion, but I recall that in those early years and in general company he could be a brilliantly amusing talker, his conversation having much of the wit and original phrasing of his prose. Six years later Lewis and I were in Paris, and again through an arrangement by Ezra Pound together made the acquaintance of James Joyce. Lewis himself has recorded in a most humorous way both of these meetings, which are landmarks in the history of my association with three men, very different in every way from each other – and from myself.[4]

I have always thought of Lewis as a very great draughtsman who also painted some masterly portraits.[5] But as I have no standing in the world of art criticism it is of his prose that I prefer to speak.

His versatility, variety, and vitality in both arts were prodigious. His writings are of several distinct kinds. To mention only those writings which I know well: first, the criticism of ideas, *Time and Western Man*, *The Art of Being Ruled*, and *The Lion and the Fox*; more recently, *The Writer and the Absolute*.[6]

Second, works of satire and extravagant imagination – the trilogy of *The Childermass*, *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta*, with a slighter though bulky work *The Apes of God*. His first novel, *Tarr*, is primarily satiric; his later and to my mind, greater novels, *The Revenge for Love*, and *Self Condemned*, have moments of pathos and poignancy which the satirist had not led us to expect.[7]

There are volumes of short stories, *The Wild Body*, *Rotting Hill*; there is *Blasting and Bombardiering* in the category of memoirs; and there is miscellaneous work from *The Caliph's Design* to *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, which can only be described as pamphleteering.[8]

The output was astounding. The views expressed were independent and unpopular. In everything Lewis wrote there was evidence of a powerful critical intelligence or of an astonishing visual imagination.[9]

Finally, there is, in everything he wrote, *style*. I would even affirm that Wyndham Lewis was the only one among my contemporaries to create a new, an original, prose style. Most prose of my time, indeed, seems to me, when compared with that of Lewis, lifeless. A great intellect is gone, a great modern writer is dead.

NOTES

1. Lewis was born in Nova Scotia on 18 Nov 1882 and died in London on 7 Mar 1957. In the weeks following his death, TSE memorialized their long friendship in this obituary and in an essay in the *Hudson Review* (8.166). In addition, he sent a brief homage to *Spectrum*, a student literary magazine in California (8.174). TSE's tributes overlap and are cross-referenced accordingly.

2. According to Lewis in *Blasting and Bombardiering* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1937), he first met TSE – "a sleek, tall attractive transatlantic apparition – with a sort of Giaconda smile" – in Pound's flat between June 1914 and July 1915 (282-83). TSE is probably right in dating the meeting in "early 1915," for it would have occurred weeks or months (not "a few days") after he met Pound on 22 Sept 1914 (*L1* xxvi).

3. *Timon of Athens* is a series of nine ink drawings (now in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC) that Lewis created to illustrate Shakespeare's play. Exhibited in the second Post-Impressionist exhibition in 1912 and published as a portfolio in 1913, the series is an early example of Vorticism, Lewis's marriage of Futurism and Cubism. TSE admired the *Timon* drawings and acquired a copy of the portfolio (8.166). The first of the two numbers of *BLAST*, Lewis's literary magazine, appeared in June 1914. Lewis volunteered as a gunner in the Royal Artillery in Mar 1916.

4. Pound arranged for TSE to deliver a package to Joyce in Paris, thus ensuring that they would meet (*L1* 491). After the meeting, which occurred on 15 Aug 1920, TSE and Lewis enjoyed a fortnight of walking and cycling in France. At the end of the holiday, as indicated in a letter to Sydney Schiff, they returned to Paris for a second visit with Joyce (*L1* 497). TSE describes the holiday in the contemporaneous letter to Schiff and in his memorial essay on Lewis in the *Hudson Review* (8.166). Lewis describes it in *Blasting and Bombardiering* (270-76) and in his essay "Early London Environment" (*T. S. Eliot*, compiled by Richard March and Tambimuttu. Chicago: Henry Regnery, 1948).

5. Lewis was a prolific portraitist, especially in the 1920s. The catalog of paintings and drawings for *Wyndham Lewis Portraits* (text by Paul Edwards), the 2008 exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery in London, included six self-portraits, five portraits of Pound, three of TSE, three of Edith Sitwell, two of Joyce, and one of Virginia Woolf. His 1949 portrait of TSE (now at Magdalene College, Cambridge) was his last completed oil painting. TSE later recalled that the portrait caused Lewis "great pains. He was obliged to peer closely at me every few minutes, as it was the last picture he was able to paint before complete blindness put an end to the practice of this art" (8.428).

6. In his essay on *Monstre Gai*, TSE divides Lewis's prose into three genres (criticism of ideas, satiric fiction, and memoirs), illustrated by *Time and Western Man*, *The Apes of God*, and *The Revenge for Love* (8.34, n.10). In this obituary, he adds three titles to the philosophical books.

The Art of Being Ruled (1926) is a critique of the political naïveté ("Peterpanism") of his contemporaries, and *The Lion and the Fox* (1927) is an interpretation of Shakespeare's tragedies as illustrations of Machiavelli's view of human nature. In "Niccolò Machiavelli" (3.111) and "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (3.256), TSE rejects Lewis's nihilistic interpretation of Shakespeare in *The Lion and the Fox*, with additional comments in a 1937 retrospective review (5.573). In his 1927 essay on Chesterton, he refers to Lewis's critique of the "child-cult" (3.317, nn.4, 6) in contemporary literature. *The Writer and the Absolute* is a late collection of essays on contemporary thinkers (8.33-34, n.5).

7. TSE often distinguishes between Lewis's early work, written before WWII, and his late, written after he lost his sight in 1951 (8.33, n.5). In 1918, he reviewed Lewis's first novel, *Tarr* (1.718, 745), and in 1955, one of his last, *Monstre Gai*, the second book in his science fiction trilogy, of which the first and third are *The Childermass* and *Malign Fiesta*. He discounted *The Apes of God*, but in what is an anomaly among his preference for Lewis's post-blindness prose, he admired the political satire, *The Revenge for Love* (8.34, n.10).

8. *The Wild Body* (1927) is a group of quasi-philosophical stories connected by Lewis's interest in mind-body dualism, and *Rotting Hill* is a late collection of loosely autobiographical stories (8.000, n.5). *Blasting and Bombardiering* is a memoir of the years 1914-26 containing memorable prose sketches of TSE and other artists from the 1910s and 1920s. *The Caliph's Design* (1919) is a pamphlet on art from the *BLAST* era, and *The Demon of Progress in the Arts* (1954) is a late assault on abstract art.

9. Lewis wrote more than forty books. TSE often commented on the brilliance of his writing style, which he attributed to his unification of "primitive instincts and the acquired habits of ages" (1.747) and his "painter's memory for visual detail" (8.166).

Wyndham Lewis[1]

Hudson Review, 10 (Summer 1957) [167]-170

Of my first meeting with Wyndham Lewis, which took place in Ezra Pound's rooms early in 1915, Lewis himself wrote so amusingly, and with so precise a painter's memory for visual detail, in his contribution to a volume published in my honour in 1948, that I can have nothing further to say.[2] Pound had previously shown me some of Lewis's drawings – I possessed myself of a copy of the *Timon* portfolio, which mysteriously vanished from my library some years ago;[3] I had also seen the first number of *Blast*;[4] and Pound had, I think, mentioned a remarkable novel called *Tarr* which was to be serialised in *The Egoist*.[5] I was then doing some post-graduate work at Oxford, and my early meetings with Pound and Lewis took place during the Christmas vacation.[6] I dined one evening with Lewis at a restaurant in Charlotte Street which I still frequent,[7] and visited him in his rooms in Fitzroy Street on some occasion on which he was at home to the artists with whom he was then associated: I remember Bomberg, Etchells, Roberts, Wadsworth, Miss Saunders and Miss Dismorr as being present.[8]

Later in that same year Lewis appeared in the khaki brassard, decorated with the royal crown in red, which was the badge of those who had volunteered and were in due course to be called up. During the rest of the 1914-18 War I saw him but rarely, even during the period when he, with a number of other artists, had been withdrawn from the Front (Lewis, of course, was an artilleryman, and ended the war as a subaltern) to render their impressions of the battlefield on canvas.[9] It was not until 1921 that I began to see much of him, beginning with an expedition which Lewis himself has mentioned, but of which I have some supplementary memories worth recording.[10]

In the summer of that year, 1921, Lewis and I made an excursion down the Loire to Nantes and the Morbihan, ending with a few days in Paris.[11] Whether we were away for two or for three weeks I cannot remember: it was my summer holiday when I was working in Lloyds Bank in the City. It was on this visit that we both first made the acquaintance of James Joyce. Our first meeting with Joyce on this visit has been described by Lewis, in a book of reminiscences, not only with great humour and verbal felicity, but

with an accuracy to which I can bear witness.[12] I had almost forgotten that episode, until my memory was revived by Lewis's account, but my memory thus aroused confirmed every detail of his story of that first meeting, at which we presented a parcel of unknown contents confided to us for delivery to Joyce by Pound.[13]

My memory is a feeble one, whether for scenes or for conversations, and I envy Lewis's ability to conjure up pictures from the past. While we were on the Loire I provided myself with a sketch book; and under Lewis's critical eye, and guided by his tuition, made a number of sketches, which, feeble as they were, served to fix some of the landscape and domestic architecture in my mind. But one scene, which I had no opportunity of sketching, remains very clear in my mind.[14] At Saumur Lewis and I hired bicycles for the day, with the intention of riding over to Chinon. It was Lewis's bicycle that caused all the trouble. We had hardly got out of the town when the chain came off; efforts to get it back in place proved fruitless, and I think we returned to the bicycle shop for repairs. On our second start we got further on the way, indeed, rather too far; for we were speeding along at a great pace, well beyond the town, when suddenly Lewis's handlebars snapped off, and he was precipitated violently on to the road. He was rather badly shaken, one trouser was torn and his knee badly bruised.[15] There was an inn not far off; I managed to lead Lewis to a bench outside the door; and after some difficulty persuaded a rather unsympathetic hostess to provide brandy. Leaving Lewis on the bench, with his battered cycle beside him, I hastened back to Saumur and chartered an open barouche, which I led to the scene of the accident. The driver and I got Lewis into the barouche, hoisted his cycle behind, and returned to Saumur. As might be expected, a violent altercation with the bicycle-shop proprietor ensued: Lewis very angry at having been given so unreliable a machine, and the owner insistent that Lewis should pay for the damage to the bicycle. The dispute was terminated, in a hostile atmosphere, without any money changing hands.

The incident in itself is, up to this point, purely comic. But a good deal of dirt from the road had got into the wound on Lewis's knee, and he was firmly persuaded that there might have been some contamination which would lead to lockjaw. So much did this thought prey upon his mind, that he saw a doctor in Paris as well as a local practitioner in Saumur; and I do not think that his fears were appeased until the lapse of time, with no symptoms appearing, proved them to have been vain. This fear of tetanus, which surprised me, was, I came to think, indicative of Lewis's temperament. Many

people may have thought of Lewis as "tough" and aggressive, with a tendency to persecution mania. He was rather, it now seems to me, a highly strung, nervous man, who was conscious of his own abilities, and sensitive to slight or neglect. To what extent, I still wonder, was the aggressiveness self-protective? His work was persistently ignored or depreciated, throughout his life, by persons of influence in the world of art and letters who did not find him congenial. Those who dislike such a man call him "neurotic"; but I do not think he was any more neurotic than other men of genius. He was independent, outspoken, and difficult. Temperament and circumstances combined to make him a great satirist: satire can be the defence of the sensitive.

I remember Lewis, at the time when I first knew him, and for some years thereafter, as incomparably witty and amusing in company, with the same gift of phrase in conversation as is found in his writings. Later, I saw less of him; and on his return from Canada and America he was already a sick man, with the danger of blindness imminent.[16] After the blindness had put an end to painting, and he was obliged to confine himself to writing, his conversation lost its brilliance, but his temper, I thought, was somewhat mellowed. (His essay describing the approach of blindness, printed in *The Listener* of May 10th, 1951, is a terrifying masterpiece of calm and detached self-observation.)[17] Yet at no time do I remember his wit as having any savour of malice. His criticism was impartial. He had been a frank and merciless critic even of his friends, to whom indeed he devoted more attention than to his foes – witness his comments, in *Time and Western Man*, on Joyce and Pound, and elsewhere on myself.[18]

It may be that the very variety of Lewis's achievement, and the fact that so much of it just falls short of perfection, obscure his excellence in each kind. But the point I should like to make is that some of his best work in writing was done after blindness had overtaken him, when the difficulties of composition might have been, for another man, insuperable.[19] I think of *Rotting Hill*, *The Writer and the Absolute*; but chiefly of *Self Condemned* and *Monstre Gai*. His last published book, *The Red Priest*, is I think inferior: not, however, because of failing powers, but because of a mistaken choice of subject-matter (his Anglo-Catholic priest is quite preposterous). And in the best of the late work, *Self Condemned* and *Monstre Gai*, there is a seriousness absent from *Tarr*. *Tarr* is a not altogether satisfactory composite of satire and tragedy; in *The Revenge for Love* the tragedy and pathos begin to dominate and give greater significance to the satire; in *Self Condemned* Lewis wrote a novel of almost unbearable poignancy.

There is enough of Lewis's best work as painter, as draughtsman and as novelist to content us: what we shall miss the most, I think, is Lewis the Gadfly and inspired pamphleteer. We have no critic of the contemporary world at once so fearless, so honest, so intelligent, and possessed of so brilliant a prose style.

I dined with Lewis and his wife in December: he was obviously a very sick man. I never saw him again. Early in January I went abroad with my wife.[20] On our return I was very busy, and then succumbed to bronchitis. While I was confined to bed I had a message from Ashley Dukes to say that Lewis had been taken to hospital and was unconscious; and a few days later another message to say that Wyndham Lewis was dead.[21]

NOTES

1. On 12 Mar 1957, TSE received a cable from Frederick Morgan of the *Hudson Review* requesting an essay on Lewis. TSE agreed to send a piece by 1 May, and on 29 Apr, mailed this retrospective. The following day he wrote to say the essay had been mailed, adding, "It is not very satisfactory but somehow his death is so recent that I still feel some diffidence in attempting to analyse his character in public, hence my remarks will appear, I know, somewhat superficial." Dated 29 Apr 1957, this piece is cross-referenced with TSE's essay on *Monstre Gai* (8.29), his obituary in the *Sunday Times* (8.163), and his memorial note in *Spectrum* (8.174).

2. TSE recalls his first meeting with Lewis in the *Sunday Times* (8.164, n.2). In his 1948 tribute, Lewis recalls that TSE "swam into my ken in Ezra Pound's diminutive triangular sitting-room. . . . He softly growled at me, as we shook hands. American. A graceful neck I noted, . . . 'a Giocanda smile' . . . he used his eyes a little like a Leonardo" (March and Tambimuttu, 25).

3. TSE mentions Lewis's *Timon of Athens* in the *Sunday Times* (8.164, n.3).

4. TSE saw the June 1914 number of *BLAST* before meeting either Pound or Lewis. While passing through London on his way to Marburg, he mailed a letter, postmarked 7 July, to Eleanor Hinkley, and on 19 July, writing from Marburg, he sent Conrad Aiken a parody of the Vorticist manifesto in *BLAST* (*L1* 43-44). One year later, TSE's poetry ("Preludes" and "Rhapsody on a Windy Night") made its English debut in the second and final issue of *BLAST*. Lewis volunteered as a gunner in the Royal Artillery in March 1916.

5. An abridged version of *Tarr* was serialized in the *Egoist* from Apr 1916 to Nov 1917. TSE reviewed the novel twice in 1918 (1.718, 745).

6. TSE's Christmas break began on 6 Dec 1914 (1.165). After a holiday in Dorset with friends, TSE went to London, where he remained in a pension off Gordon Square until 15 Jan 1915 (*L1* 81).

7. L'Etoile, 30 Charlotte Street, where Lewis and Pound launched *BLAST* on 20 June 1914, remained one of TSE's favorite restaurants through the 1950s.

8. Lewis's rooms were located at 18 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square. These artists were associated with the Rebel Art Centre, which Lewis established in Mar 1914 in opposition to Roger Fry's Omega Workshop. David Bomberg (1890-1957), Frederick Etchells (1886-1973), William Roberts (1885-1980), Edward Wadsworth (1889-1949) (painter of the nostalgic 1962 group portrait, the *Vorticists at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel*), Helen Saunders (1885-1963), and Jessica Dismorr

(1885-1939). Although the Rebel Art Centre dissolved in July 1914, it served as the nursery for Vorticism and was responsible for the publication of *BLAST*.

9. "that same year": Lewis volunteered in Mar 1916 (not 1915) and spent the rest of the year in artillery camps where he became a noncommissioned officer or bombardier. For most of 1917, he was in the trenches, but having been born in Canada, he was withdrawn late in the year and assigned to the Canadian War Artists whose charge was to portray Canada's part in the war.

10. The holiday with Lewis occurred in the summer of 1920, not 1921 (*L1* xxix, 492).

11. *Sunday Times* (8.164, n.4). TSE left London for the holiday on 14 Aug 1920 and returned at the end of the month.

12. *Blasting and Bombardiering*, 270-76

13. Pound's gesture was in part a response to a letter from Joyce on 5 June 1920: "I wear my son's boots (which are two sizes too large) and his castoff suit which is too narrow in the shoulders" (James Joyce, *Letters*, ed. Stuart Gilbert and Richard Ellmann [New York, 1966], II. 468). The package, dutifully delivered by TSE on 15 Aug, contained a pair of old shoes and a jacket.

14. On 31 Aug 1920, immediately after returning to London, TSE told Sydney Schiff that he and Lewis went to the seacoast in Brittany, sketchbooks in hand, but when the weather turned suddenly cold, they scurried south to Saumur, a picturesque village on the Loire River where TSE sketched the landscape and "Lewis found some delightful old houses to sketch that just suited him" (*L1* 497).

15. TSE admits that his memory of events that occurred over three decades ago is "feeble." He misremembers the year and wrongly recalls that Lewis's injury was to his knee. As indicated in his contemporaneous description to Schiff, it was his hand that was hurt: "Unfortunately, we hired bicycles, and his wretched machine collapsed and bruised his hand so as to prevent him from working" (*L1* 497).

16. Lewis and his wife moved to Toronto in 1941. At the end of the war, with the financial assistance of Malcolm MacDonald, the British High Commissioner for Canada, they returned to England. Lewis's vision, which had been deteriorating for several years, continued to fail, leaving him stone blind in 1951.

17. "The Sea-Mists of the Winter," *The Listener*, 45 (10 May 1951), 765. Rpt in *Wyndham Lewis: An Anthology of his Prose* (1969).

18. Lewis's criticism of Pound and Joyce appears in several passages of *Time and Western Man* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1927). "Pound is, I believe, only pretending to be alive for form's sake. . . . The particular stimulation that Pound requires for what he does all comes from without; he is terribly dependent upon people and upon 'atmosphere'; and, with a sensationalist of his type, . . . little development is possible, his inspiration is of a precarious order, attached as it is to what he regards as his rôle, handed him by a shadow to whose authority he is extremely susceptible, a Public he despises, is afraid of, and serves. So he is easily isolated, his native resources nil" (57). On Joyce: "I cannot see that any work of Joyce – except *Ulysses* – is very significant. . . . The *Portrait of the Artist* seemed to me a rather cold and priggish book. It was well done, like the *Dubliners*, which I have just read; and that was all . . . No writing of his before *Ulysses* would have given him anything but an honourable position as the inevitable naturalist-french-influenced member of the romantic Irish Revival – a Maupassant of Dublin, but without the sinister force of Flaubert's disciple" (91).

19. Although Lewis in his blindness was unable to continue his work as a painter and portraitist, he struggled on as a writer. TSE consistently ranked the works written after Lewis lost his sight –*Rotting Hill*, *The Writer and the Absolute*, *Self Condemned*, and *Monstre Gai* – as superior to such early work as *Tarr* (8.33, n.5; 8.165, n.7; 8.174, n.3). Lewis's last novel, *The Red Priest*, was published in 1956.

20. TSE married Valerie Fletcher on 10 Jan 1957, and they left immediately for three weeks in the south of France.

21. Ashley Dukes (1885-1959), founder of the Mercury Theatre, and TSE were active in assisting Lewis in his tragic last years in London. Their solicitude extended to keeping Lewis supplied with champagne, delivered quarterly. On 28 Nov 1955, TSE sent Dukes a check for champagne for Lewis, adding that he would "be glad to go on doing this quarterly indefinitely." Early in 1956, Lewis was informed by the London County Council that his Notting Hill flat was to be demolished at the end of the year. Dukes and TSE exchanged several letters regarding the crisis, with TSE writing on 23 July of Mrs. Lewis's anxiety that they would be "homeless" for months and on 2 Aug of Lewis's "great state of perturbation." On 26 July, TSE wrote Dukes of the urgency of the Lewises "being able to get in [a new flat] at the same time as having to get out from where they are." As Lewis's biographer reports, "In September 1956, Lewis told a journalist that 'The L.C.C. demolition squads are closing in on me with their picks and hammers'" (Jeffrey Myers, *The Enemy* [Routledge, 1990], 329). Dukes found several possible living quarters for the Lewises, but destitute and dying, Lewis refused to budge. In Feb 1957, as workmen began to tear down the building, he lapsed into a coma and was carried to Westminster hospital where he died on 7 Mar.

Statements on the Nuremberg Trials[1]

. . . I was from the beginning very unhappy about the Nuremberg trials . . . the weak points of such trials are obvious: they are trials of the vanquished by the victors instead of by an impartial tribunal; furthermore, the trials are only of the crimes committed by the vanquished, and the fact that the Katyn massacre of Polish officers was never properly investigated casts doubt on the conduct of such trials.[2] The only tribunal that I can think of which could conduct such trials with propriety would be one representing the Vatican.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. As printed in *Doenitz at Nuremberg: A Reappraisal. War Crimes and the Military Professional*, ed. H. K. Thompson, Jr. and Henry Strutz (Torrence, CA: Institute for Historical Review, 1976), 51.

On 5 June 1957, TSE replied to an invitation of 23 May from H. Keith Thompson to contribute to an album of opinions to be presented to the German Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz (1891-1980), who succeeded Hitler after his suicide on 3 Apr 1945 and authorized the surrender of German forces on 7 May. The Grand Commander of the Nazi Imperial Navy and a member of Hitler's inner circle, he was indicted as a war criminal, tried at Nuremberg, and sentenced to ten years in Spandau Prison. On Doenitz's release in Oct 1956, Thompson (1922-2002), an American authority on, and opponent of, the trials, began a campaign to remove the designation "war criminal" from his name as a victim of injustice.

Troubled by the Nuremberg trials on principle, TSE demurred, pointing out that trials of the vanquished by the victors are by definition one-sided, with the victors sitting in moral judgment against the vanquished. He was aware not only of the crimes committed by Hitler but also of those committed by Stalin, an essential partner in the alliance that defeated Hitler. "Your list of contributors," TSE replied, "is especially impressive as it contains the names of so many admirals and generals of both the United States and the British services. . . . I was from the beginning very unhappy about the Nuremberg trials, but I am not especially informed about the case of Admiral Doenitz. I am not a military or naval man, and I do not feel that it would be suitable, therefore, for me to add my name to a protest which does not concern the Nuremberg trials in general but the situation of one particular victim." When Thompson wrote on 8 June to urge reconsideration, TSE explained: "I do not feel that there is any reason why my opinion on war crimes trials should be included amongst those of diplomats, admirals and generals, all of whom no doubt have some particular qualification for pronouncing. I will only say that the weak parts of such trials are obvious:". The rest of the letter continues as above; however, in the nineteen years before all of the contributions were collected in *Doenitz at Nuremberg*, the editors conflated

TSE's letters, lifting the opening sentence from that of 5 June, eliding it with that of 12 June, and printing it with facsimile signature without permission or date eleven years after his death.

2. In Apr 1940, Stalin ordered the removal of thousands of Polish officers from internment camps inside the Soviet Union for execution in three camps (Kozielski, Starobielsk, and Ostashkov); the massacre takes its name from the Katyn Forest, where some of the first mass graves were discovered. TSE would have known of the massacre at least from Feb 1945 when he received for his preface (6.742) and publication the text of *The Dark Side of the Moon* (London: Faber, 1946). a book that reveals the horrors and suffering of the Polish people under the Soviet occupation between 1939 and 1945: "On April the 12th [1943] the German Press announced the discovery of the corpses of 11,000 Polish officers murdered at Katyn in the Soviet Union. The Polish Government requested the International Red Cross to visit the graves. This was used by the Soviet Government as an occasion for breaking off relations with the Poles" (215-16).

Homage to Wyndham Lewis 1884-1957[1]

Spectrum (Santa Barbara, CA), 1 (Spring/Summer 1957) 45[2]

Since Wyndham Lewis's death I have twice written about him elsewhere.[3] Nevertheless I should not like my name to be absent from any collection of tributes. Wyndham Lewis was in my opinion one of the few men of letters in my generation whom I should call, without qualification, men of genius. It is for other painters and draughtsmen to praise his genius as a painter and draughtsman. I would only like to repeat what I have said several times before, that Lewis was the most versatile prose-writer of my time and had the most interesting style. I would like also to pay a special tribute to the work he did after he became completely blind.[4] In *Self Condemned*, he seems to me to have written a novel greater than *Tarr* or *The Revenge for Love*; in *Monstre Gai* a sequel to *The Childermass* more remarkable than *The Childermass* itself. It is a great artist and one of the most intelligent men of my age who is dead.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Lewis was born on 18 Nov 1882 (not 1884) and died on 7 Mar 1957. The title was added by a *Spectrum* editor.

2. *Spectrum* was the student literary magazine at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Hugh Kenner, who was on the faculty from 1951 to 1973, was one of its founders. On 8 Mar, he wrote to TSE requesting the contribution, and on 28 Mar, TSE, recovering from a bout of bronchitis, sent this brief homage. In a note to his 1954 piece on *Monstre Gai*, TSE described Kenner's *Wyndham Lewis* (1954) as an "excellent study" (8.34, n.7).

3. On 10 Mar, TSE's "The Importance of Wyndham Lewis" appeared in the *Sunday Times* (8.163), and on 29 Apr, his "Wyndham Lewis" was submitted to the *Hudson Review* (8.166).

4. For TSE's preference for the work Lewis wrote after he lost his vision in 1951, see his essay on *Monstre Gai* (8.33, n.5), his obituary in the *Sunday Times* (8.165, n.7), and his retrospective on their friendship in the *Hudson Review* (8.171, n.19).

Tribute to John Davidson

Quoted in Maurice Lindsay, "John Davidson – *The Man Forbid*"

Saltire Review (Edinburgh), 4 (Summer 1957) 54-61[1]

"I read John Davidson's poems first," Mr. Eliot said, "I can't remember whether it was towards the end of my school days or in my first year or two at Harvard University. But I read them at a time when I was reading the poets of the 'nineties, who were the only poets – most of them were dead, of course – who at that period of history seemed to have anything to offer to me as a beginner. What I wanted, I think, from the poets of the 'nineties was what they did not have in common with the Pre-Raphaelites, but what was new and original in their work. And I remember three poets in particular, one of whom was John Davidson. One was Arthur Symmonds,[2] some of his poems; another was Ernest Dowson, again one or two poems; and the third was Davidson, in his *Thirty Bob a Week*. From these men I got the idea that one could write poetry in an English such as one would speak oneself. A colloquial idiom. There was a spoken rhythm in some of their poems. Now, I admire other poems of Davidson very much indeed. I think they should be read again and again; but it is *Thirty Bob a Week* which made a terrific impact on me. I think that poem one of the great poems of the end of the nineteenth century. And with some of those by the other men I've mentioned, I think it prepared me for initiation into the work of some of the French symbolists, such as La Forgue,[3] whom I came across shortly after. But *Thirty Bob a Week* has a very important place in the development of my own poetic technique" (57).

NOTES

1. TSE's tribute to John Davidson, quoted on page 57 of Lindsay's article in *Saltire Review*, originated as a contribution to a broadcast entitled "'Mankind Has Cast Me Out': A Centenary Tribute to John Davidson," recorded on 29 Mar 1957 and broadcast on the Scottish Home Service on 7 Apr; the title was taken from the first line of Davidson's "The Testament of a Man Forbid." Lindsay introduces TSE's tribute by remarking that "*Thirty Bob a Week* is not only a fine poem in its own right; it has had a considerable influence on, among others, T. S. Eliot, as Mr. Eliot recently announced in a recorded tribute for radio" (56). Some of TSE's remarks were repeated in his 1961 preface to *John Davidson: A Selection of his Poems* (8.434).

2. The *Saltire* text has Symmonds, a misprint for the surname of Arthur Symons.

3. The *Saltire* text has La Forgue, a misprint for the surname of Jules Laforgue.

Classic Inhumanism [I]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*[1]

The Times Literary Supplement, 2893 (9 Aug 1957) 483

Sir, – The author of the front-page article "Classic Inhumanism" in your issue of August 2 quotes T. E. Hulme as having said in 1914, "we are in for a classical revival,"[2] and affirms confidently that Hulme was thinking of "the men of 1914," namely Pound, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis and myself.[3]

I cannot say with equal confidence that Hulme was not thinking of Pound and Lewis. I never met T. E. Hulme, and in 1914 had not met Pound or Lewis.[4] If Hulme associated Joyce with anything in the nature of a "classical revival," it could only have been on the evidence provided by *Dubliners*, if that book was available to him. But Hulme had certainly never heard of myself; and as nothing of mine was published until the summer of 1915 (and then only in *Poetry* Chicago) there was no evidence what-ever.[5]

Your reviewer speaks of me as "a self-confessed 'romantic'" [465]. In the course of forty years I may have contradicted myself many times, and I sometimes meet with quotations from my own writings which I fail to identify. Therefore I should be interested to learn where and when and in what context I made this confession, of which I have no recollection. I should also like to know on what grounds I have been charged with Fascism and with anti-semitism, and whether your reviewer himself believes these charges.[6]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This is the first of three letters printed under this heading, concerning Burns Singer's anonymous front-page review of Geoffrey Wagner's *Wyndham Lewis* in the issue for 2 Aug 1957 ([465]-67), in which Singer referred to "unambiguous signs of anti-semitism" in TSE (466).

2. In the opening sentence of "Romanticism and Classicism," Hulme declares: "I want to maintain that after a hundred years of romanticism, we are in for a classical revival." This landmark manifesto, which was not published during Hulme's lifetime, is probably a lecture he gave on 15 July 1912, at Clifford's Inn Hall, London (*Collected Writings of T. E. Hulme*, 59). It entered the bloodstream of modernist aesthetics by being included in *Speculations*, the collection of Hulme's essays edited by Herbert Read in 1924.

3. "If [Hulme] was right then we have had it; but, if he was right, classicism becomes a difficult concept to define and some of us will doubt whether it represents an unmixed blessing. Whether right or wrong, though, Hulme was thinking of that constellation of writers who came to be known as 'the men of 1914' – Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis" (466).

4. It is possible that TSE met Hulme in 1916 (Schuchard, *Eliot's Dark Angel*, 56-59) and certain that he met Pound on 22 Sept 1914. According to *Blasting and Bombardiering* (1937), Lewis first met TSE in Pound's flat in 1914 or 1915 (282-83). Years later, on 15 Aug 1920, TSE met Joyce in Paris (*L1* xxvi, 104n). On 16 Aug, Barnes Singer challenged TSE's claims in his letter of 9 Aug (8.179, n.1), and on 23 Aug, TSE refuted the allegations in Singer's letter of 16 Aug (8.178).

5. TSE's "nothing of mine" refers to his post-university publications, excluding his reviews and poems in the *Harvard Advocate*. "Prufrock" was first published in the June 1915 issue of *Poetry*.

6. Singer states that Lewis's dedication "to some form of English classicism" has been tarnished by subsequent developments, namely, "the unfortunate nature of . . . Lewis's political development, the same as have led Ezra Pound into a mental institution and have forced Mr. Eliot's admirers [to defend] him against a charge of Fascism." Singer goes on to state that "the best thing about Wagner's book is the clarity with which he reminds us that the link-up between Hulme's 'classical revival' and French culture was . . . closely allied with certain political tendencies in France, chiefly the *Action Française* of Maurras, and this alliance gave it a sternly authoritarian turn from the beginning so that we need hardly wonder at the political development of Pound or the praise that Lewis initially lavished on Hitler. Even Eliot gave unambiguous signs of anti-semitism while Lewis seems to be annoyed as much by the Jewishness of Bergson as by the philosophy of Flux" (466).

The reviewer concedes that Hulme's "classical revival" succeeded in countering some of the obvious fallacies of the humanist metaphysics. "The metaphysic that man is the measure of all things and the ethic of the greatest happiness for the greatest number are among the more important of the casualties. We now see clearly that the former sets up a motor car as our god while the latter would allow us to undergo a leucotomy if only it could cure a nasty headache. From these false principles 'the men of 1914' have delivered us and it is not entirely their fault if they could find no substitute better than the inhumanism that leads at its worst to Belsen and at its best to the asthetic [*sic*] of *The Apes of God*" (467).

Classic Inhumanism [II][1]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 2895 (23 Aug 1957) 507

Sir, – Your reviewer has pointed out a lapse of memory on my part which is all the more curious because the published book of Ezra Pound's letters, which provides the evidence that I was in communication with Mr. Pound in September, 1914, was prepared for press under my supervision.[2] It is also the fact that *Preludes* and *Rhapsody* were published in *Blast* in July, 1915; but the essential point here is that none of my verse had appeared in print, with the exception of school and college magazines, until Prufrock was published in *Poetry* Chicago in June, 1915.

At the outbreak of war, I was in Germany, and only succeeded in making my way to England three weeks later. It is therefore probable that I presented myself at Mr. Pound's door early in September, 1914. Hulme was by that time in uniform.[3] But *if* he made the prophecy in question during the last four months of 1914, and *if* Mr. Pound was in close enough touch with him to have shown him the typescript of my poems, then it is just possible, though highly improbable, that he was aware of my existence and had me in mind. No one can settle this question but Mr. Pound himself.

Your reviewer terms me a "self-confessed romantic" because I said, in my introduction to a selection of Pound's poems, that my taste was too romantic for the appreciation of epigrams.[4] This was in 1928, in the same year as *For Lancelot Andrewes*, in which I described my point of view as "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion."[5]

The most important point, however is this: I invited your reviewer to state the grounds for the accusation of Fascism and anti-semitism. To the second charge he does not return. Ignoring *The Rock* (the full text of which he may never have seen) and *Murder in the Cathedral*, he refers to the pages of *The Criterion* for the decade 1928-38. Such an answer is too vague to be taken seriously: but an article by me in the December, 1928, *Criterion* entitled "The Literature of Fascism" certainly gives no ground for such a charge.[6] Your reviewer declares his agreement with a Mr. S. E. Hyman, who has, he tells us, accused me of a "tentative and embarrassing flirtation with Fascism." I note that Mr. Geoffrey Wagner, author of the book on Wyndham Lewis

which your reviewer was reviewing, also cites Mr. Hyman. But what Mr. Wagner says is this (p. 89, footnote): "Stanley Edward Hyman, *The Armed Vision* (New York, Knopf, 1948) p. 87 explores the (obviously absurd) idea of Eliot being in any way a Fascist."[7]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This letter is TSE's response to that of Barnes Singer, writing under the heading "Classical Inhumanism" as "Your Reviewer" in the *TLS* of 16 Aug, in which he challenges TSE's chronology for meeting "the men of 1914," doubts his confessed inability to appreciate epigrams "because his 'taste' is too 'romantic,' " and points to his "embarrassing flirtation" with Fascism and anti-Semitism (495).

2. *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1950).

3. Hulme volunteered on 10 Aug 1914 for service in the Honorable Artillery Company and left London for training in mid-Sept. On 30 Dec 1914, he was shipped to the trenches.

4. TSE wrote in his edition of Pound's *Selected Poems* (1928): "I am not prepared to say that I appreciate epigrams: my taste is possibly too romantic. All that I am sure of is that Pound's epigrams, if compared with anything contemporary of similar genre, are definitely better" (3.525).

5. "The general point of view may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion" (3.513).

6. "The Literature of Fascism" (3.540)

7. In chapter 2 of *The Armed Vision* (1948), "T. S. Eliot and Tradition in Criticism," Stanley Edgar Hyman (1919-70) argues that "an influence on Eliot probably second only to Pound was T. E. Hulme . . . a rationalist Catholic, classicist, militarist, and premature fascist" (83). "Eliot certainly believes in a variety of racism, and his Christian society would not permit 'an influx of foreign populations' and . . . would find 'any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable.' All of this adds up, not quite to fascism, but to a kind of tentative and embarrassed flirting with it" (73).

Speech to the BBC Governors[1]

The London Magazine, 4 (Sept 1957) 54-56

I should like to remark first, that I had no hand in preparing the statement about Talks to be issued by the Society, but I have read it and am in cordial agreement with it.[2] I think it would be a waste of time for me to attempt to go over quite the same ground which is there so thoroughly covered: I shall assume that the Governors present will give it their careful attention.

What is at issue is, as the Sound Broadcasting Society affirms, the future, not only of the Third Programme but of the whole BBC. That is not for me to demonstrate: I am to speak to the point of *Talks*. I am not quite sure where "Drama" ends and where "Talks" begin, for there are feature items which partake of the nature of both; there are also dialogues and discussions, sometimes on philosophical, scientific or religious topics, which disseminate ideas or stimulate thought by a quasi-dramatic appeal. But even the most abstract or abstruse subject is given dramatic aid by the voice of the author of the talk. I mention this point because I have heard the suggestion that a great deal of the more serious matter of talks is better read than heard and therefore should not be broadcast at all. Now, I know that not every author has the gift of putting his ideas across on the air. I have indeed heard Talks which I found well worth reading, but which were boring as Talks because the speaker had failed to learn – perhaps had not tried to learn – how to write for broadcast delivery – how to simplify his vocabulary and sentence structure; or had not learned how to read so as to give to his listeners the effect of spontaneity and keen interest. But, to mention one example, Sir Isaiah Berlin is a brilliant broadcaster who has something to give us when we hear him, over and above the value of his ideas in cold print, great as that is. So had the late Desmond MacCarthy, in a lighter vein.[3] There is an excitement of interest in listening to the voice of a good broadcaster which the printed word cannot arouse. Any argument against the broadcasting of talks on the ground that they ought to be read, is indeed an argument against all lectures from a full script.

The argument that serious talks could be dispensed with because the listener would gain more from reading them, is similar to the argument that the Third Programme can be dispensed with because the Third Programme

public is precisely that which does not need a Third Programme. It is, admittedly, a minority public: therefore it is assumed, perhaps, to be the public which knows its way about the world of music, art, drama, poetry, the highest class of fiction, and ideas. But why should this assumption be made? Has the BBC, has the Third Programme, no educative function? I think that there must be many people in this country to whom the Third Programme is important because they are isolated and do not know how to inform themselves; because their education has been inadequate and they wish to supply its deficiencies; or because opportunities for hearing the best music, seeing the best drama, and listening to the highest authorities on various subjects are not otherwise available to them.

I was highly alarmed when I read Sir Alexander Cadogan's letter in *The Times* of May 3: I am always alarmed when I read a public statement, by anyone in authority, the sense of which I fail utterly to grasp.[4] I should be glad, however, if keener intelligence than mine could be applied to the elucidation of Sir Alexander's use of the terms "minority" and "minority interest." Sir Alexander concedes that the Third Programme provides service for "a highly important minority." Later, he tells us that Network Three, which is to occupy the two hours deducted from the Third Programme, will with these two hours "cater for many other minority interests, including further education." I am sorry, as are other people, that "further education" is no longer to be conducted on either the Light or the Home, but is to be segregated in a sort of isolation ward; but what are the other "minority interests" which are to be recognized on the same footing as the "minority interest" of the listeners to the Third Programme? I would plead with the Governors of the BBC to tell the public something more about Network Three and these "minority interests" which have hitherto been mute and inglorious.[5] I can only think of hobbies: stamp collecting, building model yachts, etc. I submit that the term "minority" is used in Sir Alexander's letter in two different senses: one is the "minority" which is the more serious-minded part of the nation, that which consists of those who are interested in art and thought, who wish to educate their taste or discipline their intellect – that is one kind of minority. The minorities which have specialized interests such as those I have mentioned, or even more serious interests, constitute a different kind of minority. There is no parallel to be drawn between the interests of the two kinds.

I find myself hampered, in speaking to my point, by two impediments: the absence, so far, of any arguments in *favour* of diminishing the Third

Programme, and the mystery which appears to surround Network Three: I should like to be given the opportunity to examine a specimen programme. I should like to ask questions, but the Governors, I understand, are not here to answer questions. I should like, in closing, to protest against one word in Sir Alexander's letter: the fact that the Sound Broadcasting Society is not implicated in any objection which I raise emboldens me. He wrote: "there was contained in the recent letter by fifteen distinguished signatories an innuendo that the competitive situation in television has shaken the Corporation's resolve to be much more than a provider of mass entertainment."[6] The word against which I protest is the word "innuendo." For this word itself is capable of conveying an innuendo, and the innuendo which it may convey is *willing to wound and yet afraid to strike*. Speaking for myself, I should wish to disclaim any resemblance to Atticus.[7] I find this explanation – which Sir Alexander deprecates – of the Corporation's new policy a plausible one; for I cannot think of any other reason for reasonable men adopting this policy. If this explanation is untrue, then I hope that the Corporation will not be content with a denial, but will provide a better explanation, and issue a statement to the public in simple language that persons like myself can understand, which will dispel the fear that the BBC is preparing a catastrophic abdication of its responsibilities lowering the standards of culture at home and lowering the prestige of Britain abroad.[8]

NOTES

1. On 8 Apr 1957, the BBC announced sweeping changes in the amount of time to be given to its Sound Broadcasting Services (Home, Light, and Third Programme), to become effective in Oct. Widespread protests culminated on 18 July when the Sound Broadcasting Society (SBC), formerly the Third Programme Defence Society, sent a delegation of four speakers, including TSE, to Broadcasting House to present its case before Sir Alexander Cadogan, chairman of the Board of Governors, and four other governors.

2. Prior to the meeting with the governors, the SBC, which had been established "to see that the traditional high standards of British broadcasting are maintained in all fields," prepared a printed text of its position for study by the governors and SBC speakers. The text was subsequently published and distributed by Faber as *Unsound Broadcasting: The Case against the BBC's New Policy* (Aug 1957). The speakers, each addressing the negative effect the policy would have on their respective realms of art, were TSE on Talks, Ralph Vaughan Williams and Michael Tippett on Music, and Sir Laurence Olivier on Drama. The proceedings were reported in the *Times* of 19 July under the heading "B.B.C. Hear Plea for 'Third' / Deputation Seeks Speedy Decision" (6). The new policy on Talks stated that "there will be less talk on the air and more music of every kind."

3. Sir Isaiah Berlin (1909-97), philosopher and historian of ideas, was also well known as a broadcaster on the Third Programme and had a strong following for the broadcasts of his lectures

and interviews, beginning with his lecture on "Freedom and Betrayal: Jean-Jacques Rousseau" in 1952. The journalist and broadcaster Sir Desmond MacCarthy (1877-1952) began speaking on books for the BBC in 1927 and later gave numerous talks on literary figures and popular topics.

4. Following his distinguished career in the Foreign Service and United Nations, Sir Alexander Cadogan (1884-1968) was appointed chairman of the BBC's Board of Governers by Winston Churchill in 1952 and served until his retirement later in 1957. In his letter, under the heading "Aims of the B.B.C. / Plan for the Whole Community," Cadogan wrote that the Board continues "to regard the Third Programme as the service we provide for a highly important minority whose interest lies in the finer forms of expression whether classical or contemporary. . . . At the same time the Third Programme is a broadcast and not a literary form of communication; . . . It is our considered view that the three hours a day . . . will provide a first-class Third Programme. The additional hours on Network Three will cater for many other minority interests, including further education, which are of great importance but which lie outside the cultural field of the Third Programme. Approximately 17 hours a day will be devoted to the majority audience which demands relaxation and light entertainment. The Home Service will occupy some 15 hours and retain its character. . . . We believe also that the division between majorities and minorities of time, money, and resources . . . is fair and just when considered in terms of what is known of the tastes and habits of the community as a whole" (13).

5. An allusion to Thomas Gray's "An Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard" (1751): "Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest, / Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his Country's Blood" (ll. 59-60).

6. In their letter to the *Times* of 26 Apr, titled "Special Duty of the B.B.C," the twelve signatories, including TSE, stated: "So far as the increase in the vast national television audience has been at the expense of sound broadcasting, it has come mainly from the sound audience for the lighter kinds of entertainment. It is unjust that the B.B.C.'s reaction should be to cut by nearly half the time devoted to the Third Programme, which even now has less than one-third of the time available for either Home or Light Programme material. The proposed new 'Network Three' is not put forward as, nor can it be, a substitute" (11) (8.583).

7. An allusion to Alexander Pope's satiric portrait of the essayist Joseph Addison in "An Epistle from Mr. Pope, to Dr. Arbuthnot" (1735): "View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes, / And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise; / Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, / And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; / Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, /Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike" (ll. 199-204). Referring to his former friend as Atticus, Pope describes him as one "who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, / Means not, but blunders round about a meaning: / And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad, / It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad" (ll. 185-88).

8. In "Six Consecutive Hours for the 'Third' on Sundays," the *Times* reported on 2 Aug that the governors had conceded three extra hours for the Third Programme on Sundays but refused to increase the three-hour daily amount. The response of the deputy director of the SBC, Paul Sieghart, was quoted: "Our arguments remain unanswered: our proposals are ignored" (8).

In protest, on 29 Sept the members of the SBC held an evening program of poetry, music, and drama, reported next day in the *Times* as "Lament for the Third / Mourners at the Royal Court Theatre": "The mourners heard the recorded voice of Mr. T. S. Eliot, who apologized for not being able to attend in person. Mr. Eliot said that he found the assumption behind the B.B.C.'s

attitude alarming; it tended to 'demoralize democracy, discourage excellence, and enervate the nation. . . . [*Times* ellipsis]. It is the assumption that the minority audience which finds entertainment in what also gives it mental and emotional nourishment – that is, the best music, the best poetry and drama, and the words of our most powerful thinkers – that this public, because it is a minority, is less important than the majority. That this assumption should be made in high quarters is what frightens me'" (3). For the full text of the recording see "The Spoken Word" (8.228).

Johnson as Critic and Poet[1]

I

It is primarily with Johnson as a critic, as the author of *The Lives of the Poets*, that I am here concerned.[2] But I shall have something to say of his poetry also; because I think that in studying the criticism of poetry, by a critic who is also a poet, we can only appreciate his criticism – its standards, its merits, and its limitations, in the light of the kind of poetry that he wrote himself. I consider Johnson one of the three greatest critics of poetry in English literature: the other two being Dryden and Coleridge. All of these men were poets, and with all of them, a study of their poetry is highly relevant to the study of their criticism, because each of them was interested in a particular kind of poetry.[3]

If this relevance is less apparent in the case of Johnson, than with Dryden and Coleridge, it is for trivial reasons. A great deal of bibliography has accumulated about Johnson, yet relatively little has been written about his writings; his two long poems have been neglected;[4] and as for *The Lives of the Poets*, few educated persons have read more than half a dozen of them, and of these half-dozen, what is remembered is chiefly the passages with which everyone disagrees.[5] One reason for indifference to his criticism, is that he was not the initiator of any poetic movement: he was a secondary poet at the end of a movement which had been initiated by greater poets than he, and his poems represent a personal variation of a style which was well established. Dryden, and Coleridge in partnership with Wordsworth, represent for us something new in poetry in their time. What Dryden wrote about poetry is therefore more exciting than what Johnson wrote. In his critical essays, he was outlining laws of writing for two generations to come: Johnson's view is retrospective. Dryden, concerned with defending his own way of writing, proceeds from the general to the particular: he affirms principles and criticizes particular poets only in illustration of his argument; Johnson, in the course of criticizing the work of particular poets – and of poets whose work was ended – is led to generalizations. Their historical situations were quite different. It is not, in the long run, relevant to our judgment of an author's greatness whether he comes at the beginning of an age or at the end;

but we are inclined to favour unduly the former. Of Johnson's influence there is nothing to say; and we are always impressed by a reputation for influence, as influence is a form of power. But when the tide of influence, which a writer may set in motion for a generation or two, has come to its full, and another force has drawn the waters in a different direction, and when several tides have risen and fallen, great writers remain of equal potentiality of influence in the future. It remains to be seen whether the literary influence of Johnson, as, in political thought, the influence of his friend of the other party, Edmund Burke, does not merely await a generation which has not yet been born to receive it.[6]

An obvious obstacle to our enjoyment in reading *The Lives of the Poets* as a whole – and we must read it as a whole if we are to appreciate the magnitude of Johnson's achievement – is that we have not read the works of many of the poets included, and no inducement of pleasure or profit can be offered us to do so. Some of his minor eighteenth-century poets I have read in order to understand why Johnson approved of them; some I have only glanced at; and there are a number, of whom Johnson's commendation is so mild or his treatment so perfunctory, that I have not bothered even to look them up. Nobody wants to read the verses of Stepney or Walsh; I hardly think that any Ph.D. candidate would be encouraged by his advisers to devote his thesis to a study of the work of Christopher Pitt. Johnson's assertion that Yalden's poems "deserve perusal" is no more convincing than a letter of introduction written for an importunate visitor whom the writer wants to get rid of.[7] The student of the history of literary taste may be struck by Johnson's remark that "perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's *Choice*" and want to find out why.[8] But the common reader will probably be more discontented by Johnson's omissions, than made curious by all his inclusions. Everyone knows that the collection represented the choice of a group of booksellers, or publishers, who presumably thought that the works of all these authors were saleable, and who certainly thought, with more evident reason, that prefaces by Dr. Johnson would go far to compensate for the want of copyright, in commending their edition to the public.[9] We may be pretty sure that Johnson himself, though he did his best by everybody, would not have thought all of his authors worth including. Yet we know that Johnson had some liberty to add to the collection, for we are told that he suggested three of the poets, of one of whom, Sir Richard Blackmore,[10] I shall have something more to say.

That the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, and the metaphysical poets before Cowley, were at that time unsaleable, would have been justification for the booksellers' vetoing any proposal by Johnson for their inclusion. But there is no evidence that Johnson wanted to include them; the evidence goes to show that his acquaintance with them was very limited, and that he was perfectly content to edit a library of poetry which began with Cowley and Milton. The very fine Preface to Shakespeare is a separate work, and shows no evidence of awareness of the need to estimate any poet in relation to his predecessors and contemporaries. Yet this very innocence of the historical and comparative methods which modern criticism takes for granted, contributes to the singular merit of this Preface; and the virtues of Shakespeare to which he calls attention, are mostly those in which Shakespeare was unique, which he did not share, even in degree, with the other dramatists.

This limitation of the area of English poetry is a positive characteristic of importance. It would be a capital error to attribute the narrow range of Johnson's interests solely to ignorance, or solely to lack of appreciation, or even to both. To say that his ignorance was due to lack of understanding, would probably be truer than to say that his lack of understanding was due to ignorance: but it is not so simple as that. If we censure an eighteenth-century critic for not having a modern, historical and comprehensive appreciation we must ourselves adopt towards him, the attitude the lack of which we reprehend; we must not be narrow in accusing him of narrowness, or prejudiced in accusing him of prejudice. Johnson had a positive point of view which is not ours; a point of view which needs a vigorous effort of imagination to understand; but if we can grasp it, we shall see his ignorance or his insensibility in a different light. Walter Raleigh says of Johnson that "he had read immensely for the *Dictionary*, but the knowledge of English literature which he had thus acquired was not always serviceable for a different purpose. In some respects it was even a hindrance. Johnson's *Dictionary* was intended primarily to furnish a standard of polite usage, suitable for the classic ideals of the new age. He was therefore obliged to forego the use of the lesser Elizabethans, whose authority no one acknowledged, and whose freedom and extravagance were enemies to his purpose."[11†]

To the poet and critic of the eighteenth century, the values of language and literature were more closely allied than they seem to the writers and to the reading public of to-day. Eccentricity or uncouthness was

reprehensible: a poet was prized, not for his invention of an original form of speech, but by his contribution to a common language. It was observed by Johnson and by men of his time, that there had been progress in refinement and precision of language, as of refinement and decorum of manners; and both these attainments, being recent, were highly esteemed. Johnson is able to censure Dryden, for his bad manners and bad taste in controversy.[12] Now it is generally observable of mankind, that in the elation of success in some course which we have set ourselves, we can be oblivious of many things which we have been obliged to resign in the accomplishment of it. We do not take kindly to the thought that, in order to gain one thing, we may have to give up something else of value. With these lost values the path of history is strewn and always will be: and perhaps a purblindness to such values is a necessary qualification, for anyone who aspires to be a political and social reformer. The improvement of language, which the eighteenth century had achieved, was a genuine improvement: of the inevitable losses only a later generation could become aware.

Johnson, certainly, saw the body of English poetry from a point of view which took for granted a progress, a refinement of language and versification along definite lines; and which implied a confidence in the rightness and permanence of the style which had been achieved – a confidence so much stronger than any we can place in the style, or styles, of our own age that we can hardly see it as anything but a blemish upon his critical ability. The emphasis upon, the care for, the common style and the common rules, which Johnson exhibits, and which make him sometimes appear to measure great genius by the standards suitable only to smaller minds, may lead to an exaggeration of the value of pedestrian poetry which conforms, over that of work of individual genius which is less law-abiding. Yet the obtuseness which we are apt to attribute to Johnson is seldom apparent in his positive affirmations, but chiefly by silence; and this silence is evidence, not of individual insensibility, but of an attitude which is difficult for us to assume. From Johnson's point of view, the English language of the previous age was not sufficiently advanced, it was still in its infancy; the language with which earlier poets worked was too rough, for those poets to be treated on the same footing with those of a more polished age. Their work, when they were not of the very highest rank, was a subject of study more suitable for the antiquary than for the cultivated reading public. The sensibility of any period in the past is always likely to appear to be more limited than our own; for we are naturally much more aware of our ancestors' lack of awareness to those

things of which we are aware, than we are of any lack in ourselves, of awareness to what they perceived and we do not. We may ask then whether there is not a capital distinction to be drawn between a limited sensibility – remembering that the longer extent of *history* of which we have knowledge, makes all minds of the past seem to us limited – and a defective sensibility; and accordingly ask whether Johnson, within his proper limits, is not a sensitive as well as judicial critic; whether the virtues he commended in poetry do not always remain virtues, and whether the kinds of fault that he censured do not always remain faults and to be avoided.

Even if I have not yet succeeded in making my meaning very clear, I hope that I have done something to unsettle your minds, and to prepare for an investigation of the charge against Johnson of being insensitive to the music of verse. A modern reader remembers nothing more clearly, from a reading of *The Lives of the Poets*, than Johnson's remarks on the versification of Donne and of Milton's *Lycidas*. If we recall no other opinion of Johnson, we recall the following:

> The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavour: but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry, they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.[13]

Of the work of Cleveland, and some of the other minor metaphysicals, this judgment would be sound enough; but that Johnson included Donne in this censure, we can be sure from his observation that Ben Jonson resembled Donne "more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments."[14] Nowadays we regard Donne as a very accomplished craftsman indeed, as a versifier of signal virtuosity; and what Johnson denotes as "ruggedness" strikes our ear as a very subtle music. But the judgment on *Lycidas*, as well known as the judgment on the metaphysical poets, equally outrages our sensibility. Johnson declares that in this poem "the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing." With some other of Johnson's remarks about *Lycidas* we may find it possible to agree. If we think that an elegy requires the justification of unfeigned and cordial regret, we may find the poem frigid.[15] The conjunction of Christian and classical imagery is in accord with a baroque taste which did not please the eighteenth century: and I must admit for myself that I have never felt happy in the

spectacle of Fr. Camus and St. Peter marching in the same procession, like a couple of professors strolling down King's Parade on their way to hear the university sermon.[16] But surely it is the musical virtue of the verse which clothes the absurdities in grandeur, and makes all acceptable. So we ask, was Johnson insensible to the music of verse? Had he, had the whole of his generation, defective hearing?

There is perhaps no more stubborn cause of extreme differences of opinion, between respectable critics of poetry, than a difference of ear: and by "ear" for poetry I mean an immediate apprehension of two things which can be considered in abstraction from each other, but which produce their effect in unity: rhythm and diction. They imply each other: for the diction – the vocabulary and construction – will determine the rhythm, and the rhythms which a poet finds congenial will determine his diction. It is the immediate favourable impression of rhythm and diction which disposes us to accept a poem, encourages us to give it further attention and to discover other reasons for liking it. This immediacy may be lacking, in the reading of the poetry of one generation by another. Not until a literature has arrived at maturity – not, perhaps, until it has passed the moment of maturity and advanced far into later age, can critics perceive that rhythm and diction do not simply improve, or deteriorate, from one generation to another, but that there is also pure change, such that something is always being lost, as well as something being gained. In the perfection of any style it can be observed, as in the maturing of an individual, that some potentialities have been brought to fruition only by the surrender of others; indeed, part of our pleasure in early literature, as of the delight which we take in children, is in our consciousness of many potentialities not all of which can be realized. In this respect, primitive literature can be richer than that which follows. A literature is different from a human life, in that it can return upon its own past, and develop some capacity which has been abandoned. We have seen in our own time, a renewed interest in Donne; and, after Donne, in earlier poets such as Skelton.[17] A literature can also renew itself from the literature of another language. But the age in which Johnson lived, was not old enough to feel the need for such renewal: it had just arrived at its own maturity. Johnson could think of the literature of his age, as having attained the standard from which literature of the past could be judged. In a time like ours, in which novelty is often assumed to be the first requisite of poetry if it is to attract our attention, and in which the names of *pioneer* and *innovator* are among the titles most honoured, it is hard to apprehend this point of

view. We easily see its absurdities, and marvel at the assurance with which Johnson could reprehend *Lycidas* for the absence of the merit which we find most conspicuous in it, and could dismiss Donne for the roughness of his diction.[18] And when Johnson writes of Shakespeare, we are puzzled by Johnson's silence about the mastery of versification. Here there was no prejudice against a particular fashion of writing, as when he discusses the metaphysicals; no personal dislike of the man, as when he treats of Milton; but only the acutest observation, the highest esteem, the most just and generous praise: but he assigns to Shakespeare the very highest rank among poets, on every other ground than that of the beauty of rhythm and diction.

My point is that we should not consider this obtuseness, which to us is very strange, as a personal defect of Johnson which diminishes his stature as a critic. What is lacking is an historical sense which was not yet due to appear. Here is something which Johnson can teach us: for if we have arrived at this historical sense ourselves, our only course is to develop it further;[19] and one of the ways in which we can develop it in ourselves is through an understanding of a critic in whom it is not apparent. Johnson fails to understand rhythm and diction which to him were archaic, not through lack of sensibility but through specialization of sensibility. If the eighteenth century had admired the poetry of earlier times in the way in which we can admire it, the result would have been chaos: there would have been no eighteenth century as we know it. That age would not have had the conviction necessary for perfecting the kinds of poetry that it did perfect. The deafness of Johnson's ear to some kinds of melody was the necessary condition for his sharpness of sensibility to verbal beauty of another kind. Within his range, within his time, Johnson had as fine an ear as anybody. Again and again, when he calls attention to beauties or to blemishes in the work of the poets of whom he writes, we must acknowledge that he is right, and that he is pointing out something that we might not have noticed independently. It may prove that his criteria are permanently relevant.

There is another consideration, in the problem of the difference between the sensibilities of one century and another, which is worth mention. That is the problem of the emphasis on sound or on sense. The greatest poetry, I think we may agree, passes the most severe examination in both subjects. But there is a great deal of good poetry, which establishes itself by a one-sided excellence. The modern inclination is to put up with some degree of incoherence of sense, to be tolerant of poets who do not know themselves exactly what they are trying to say, so long as the verse sounds well and

presents striking and unusual imagery. There is, in fact, a certain merit in melodious raving, which can be a genuine contribution to literature, when it responds effectually to that permanent appetite of humanity for an occasional feast of drums and cymbals. We all want to get drunk now and again, whether we do or not: though an exclusive addiction to some kinds of poetry has dangers analogous to those of a steady reliance upon alcohol. Besides the poetry of sound – and, from one point of view, occupying an intermediate position between the poetry of sound and the poetry of sense – there is poetry which represents an attempt to extend the confines of the human consciousness and to report of things unknown, to express the inexpressible. But with this poetry I am not here concerned. Between the two extremes of *incantation* and *meaning* we are I think to-day more easily seduced by the music of the exhilaratingly meaningless, than contented with intelligence and wisdom set forth in pedestrian measures. The age of Johnson, and Johnson himself, were more inclined to the latter choice. Johnson could accept much as poetry, which seems to us merely competent and correct; we, on the other hand, are too ready to accept as poetry what is neither competent nor correct. We forgive much to sound and to image, he forgave much to sense. And to exceed in one direction or the other is to risk mistaking the ephemeral for the permanent. Johnson sometimes made mistakes. I referred, a little earlier, to Sir Richard Blackmore.

Impressed by Johnson's assertion that Blackmore's *Creation* alone was a poem which "would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English Muse," and his statement that it was by his own recommendation that Blackmore was included in the library which he introduced, I read the poem with some curiosity.[20] I came to the conclusion that Johnson's praise of this poem shows a grievous lapse in two directions. In the first place, the poem almost at once violates some excellent rules which Johnson himself, in treating of a greater poet, had laid down for the use of triplet and alexandrine in the rhymed couplet form.[21] Instead of reserving the triplet (three lines rhyming together and alexandrine as the third line) for the conclusion of a period, where this termination can be very effective, Blackmore introduces a triplet almost at the start; and presently offers us an alexandrine as the second line of a couplet.[22] What is much worse, the versification is sometimes no better than that of a schoolboy's exercise. But Johnson, like all good churchmen and all good Tories, abominated Hobbes – a notable atheist and totalitarian. He must have been blinded to defects which he

would have reproved in Dryden or Pope, by the satisfaction he got from the following lines alluding to that philosopher:

> At length Britannia's soil, immortal dame!
> Brought forth a sage of celebrated name,
> Who with contempt on blest Religion trod,
> Mocked all her precepts, and renounced her God.[23]

To apply the kind of minute criticism in which Johnson excelled, we may remark that the first line is bad grammar, because *dame* is grammatically in apposition to *soil* instead of to *Britannia*; and may censure the second line by remarking that Hobbes's name was not celebrated until a long time after his birth. We should expect also, that the personification of Religion, as a helpless female stamped upon by Hobbes, would be too inelegant for Johnson's taste. I think that this is the kind of lapse which can most severely be censured in a critic – the lapse from his own standards of taste. And secondly, my reading of the poem led me to suspect that even on grounds of content Johnson should have rejected it. For Johnson – and it is a very important thing about him – was one of the most orthodox churchmen, as well as one of the most devout Christians, of his day: and Blackmore seems to me to be expressing pure deism.[24] I can only suppose that deism so permeated the atmosphere of the century that Johnson's nose failed to respond to its smell.

I want however to distinguish this species of error – the critic's failure to apply his own standards – from those apparent errors which spring from the principles of a particular mind at a particular time, and which no longer seem to us errors in the same sense, once we succeed in apprehending the point of view. Such will be found, and they will at first bewilder us, in Johnson's various remarks about writers of blank verse. For this kind of verse, he appears to give the highest place to Akenside, of whom he says, that "in the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse."[25] Even leaving out of account the blank verse of the great dramatic poets of a previous age – or the dramatic verse of Otway at his best – this seems at first an extravagant assertion.[26]

Nowadays we use words so loosely that a writer's meaning may sometimes be concealed from us, simply because he has said exactly what he meant. To extract the meaning from Johnson's assertion about Akenside, we must first compare Akenside's versification with that of other blank verse writers of

his century; we have also to compare what Johnson has said about the others, and with what he said about Milton's verse. In his essay on Milton, you will remember that Johnson confirms the words of Addison who said of Milton "*the language sunk under him*."[27] Johnson goes on to say that Milton "had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle" and that "he was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom." But, having made this criticism, he goes on to utter the highest praise: Milton "was master of his language to its full extent."[28] And in mentioning the weaknesses of "heroic" blank verse; particularly the difficulty, in speaking it, of preserving the metrical identity of each line; and finally, after saying everything that can be said against blank verse, he makes the handsome admission: "I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated."[29] The acknowledgment of Milton's greatness as a versifier is unequivocal. But there are laws, for the use of words and the construction of sentence, which Milton defies. The lawbreaker should not be praised for his lawlessness; and a second-rate poet may be more law-abiding than a poet of great genius. So, Akenside, "in the general fabrication of his lines," may be more correct than Milton; and if we value correctness, in that respect superior.

I do not think that the history of blank verse since Milton's time altogether gives him the lie. "The music of the English heroic lines strikes the ear so faintly," says Johnson, "that it is easily lost."[30] That is true: the alternative danger is a monotonous thumping, which ceases to have any music at all. What Johnson failed to remark is, that Milton made blank verse a successful medium for the heroic poem, by that very eccentricity which Johnson reproves.

Johnson did, however, see the verse of Milton as an exception. He admits that there are purposes for which blank verse remains the proper medium; though he does not trouble to define and particularize those purposes. Of Young's *Night Thoughts* he says:

> This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme.[31]

His approval of the use of blank verse by Thomson in his *Seasons* expresses a similar approval:

> His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersections of the sense, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.[32]

Let us return to Akenside, the author upon whose blank verse Johnson has bestowed such high commendation: its context is this:

> In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not occur[33†] with sufficient frequency. The sense is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauses, and as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.
>
> The exemption [Johnson continues, generalizing from his criticism of Akenside] which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.[34]

To say that the concatenation of Akenside's verse is "too long continued," and that "the sense is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauses," is a censure which is fully justified by our examination of Akenside's lines; though it is only fair to remark that this concatenation, these complicated clauses, were exactly what Milton was able to manipulate with conspicuous and solitary success. But the general observations on the dangers of blank verse are such as later writers in this form would have done well to ponder. And Johnson could not foresee that later poets would also be able to exhibit in the rhymed couplet, through their desire to extend the resources of this form beyond the rigid limits imposed by the best eighteenth-century verse, the same exuberance, the same loquacity, and the same tiresomeness that Johnson lists as the vices of blank verse. We have only to look at William Morris for examples.[35]

Amongst all the poets whose works Johnson introduced, we can I think agree that Thomson and Young are the only ones who have left blank verse poems which are still more or less readable, and which are still of importance

for the student of English poetry to read. In praising their versification, therefore, Johnson shows himself to be not unaware of how blank verse should be written. In qualification of his approval of Akenside's versification, it must be added that his praise of the poem which shows Akenside's moderate gifts at their best, *The Pleasures of Imagination* (or, *Pleasures of the Imagination*) is very faint indeed.

> The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, and sometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.[36]

Which is as direct an intimation that the poetry is not worth reading, as Johnson cared to give. I have put myself to the mechanical operation of reading this poem through, yet I cannot say that I have read it; for, as Johnson foretold, "attention deserted the mind."[37†] So in effect I have read only passages. Yet I retain the impression that the sound is more melodious than that of the verses of either Thomson or Young, though these are much more substantial poets. His syllables are well disposed; his pauses, his sentence structures, are generally such as to give perpetual variety, without breaking down the metre altogether; and though he is always dull, he is seldom absurd. If you dip into Thomson's *Seasons*, you will constantly find delightful landscapes; but you will find also a frequent endeavour to elevate the humble, and embellish the matter-of-fact, which invites ridicule. Take for instance his humane exhortation to the angler:

> But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm
> Convulsive, twist in agonising fold.[38]

Akenside never says anything worth saying, but what is not worth saying he says well. The close of the third book of his poem (which is left unfinished in the middle of the fourth book) is good enough to quote:

> When at last
> The Sun and Nature's face again appear'd,
> Not far I found me; where the public path,
> Winding through cypress groves and swelling meads,
> From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends.
> Heedless I followed on; till soon the skirts

Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierced the mountain's rocky side.
Entering within the threshold, on the ground
I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil.[39]

If you did not know who wrote these lines, you might attribute them to some better poet. But, as Johnson observes of the same writer's odes: "to what use can the work be criticised that will not be read?"[40] Yet I think we can now understand, and within limits accept, the assertion that "in the general fabrication of his lines, (Akenside) is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse."[41]

I cannot help wondering how many blank verse poems of the nineteenth century will be perused by posterity with any greater excitement, than we now derive from those of Thomson, Young, or Cowper. There will remain *Hyperion*, *The Prelude* (which, however tedious in many places, has to be read entire), a few fine short pieces of Tennyson, some dramatic monologues of Browning.[42] But in general, I think that the nineteenth-century poems which promise to remain permanently pleasurable, are poems in rhyme.

That Johnson regarded blank verse as more suitable for the theatre than rhyme, we may infer from his preference for *All for Love* among Dryden's heroic plays,[43] and from his having chosen blank verse as the medium for his own tragedy *Irene*. That Johnson failed to understand the peculiarities of *dramatic* blank verse is evident from this play: for we find the blank verse to be that of a writer who thought and felt in terms of the rhymed couplet.[44] I have already observed, that in all of Johnson's high and just praise of Shakespeare as a dramatic poet, he speaks as if Shakespeare had written in a language of which the sense had been preserved, but of which the sound meant nothing to us: for there is not a word about the music of Shakespeare's verse. Johnson holds that blank verse is more suitable to the stage, simply because it is nearer to prose: in other words, people conversing do occasionally produce an unconscious iambic pentameter, but almost never fall into rhyme. I do not think that this judgment is altogether valid. If Johnson failed, on the one hand, to appreciate the special music of dramatic blank verse, he was also deceived in thinking that blank verse is necessarily the more conversational form. I remarked long ago, that Dryden seems to me to approximate more closely to the tones of conversation in his rhymed plays than he does in *All for Love*.[45] Johnson's *Irene* has all the virtues which verse by Johnson should be expected to have; and for Johnson, who did not

ordinarily labour at his writing, it appears a very painstaking piece of work. His verse has none of the dramatic qualities; it is correct, but correctness in such isolation becomes itself a fault. The play would be more readable to-day, if he had written it in rhyme; the whole would be more easily declaimed, and the good things more easily remembered; it would lose none of its excellence of structure, thought, vocabulary and figures of speech. What would be mellifluous in rhyme, is merely monotonous without it.

I have been occupied so far, primarily with the task of trying to reduce some of the obstacles to the appreciation of Johnson as a critic. Before closing, there remain two incidental opinions of Johnson which I must face, because otherwise I should expose myself to the charge of evading them. The first is Johnson's opinion of choral drama, which was unfavourable; the second is his attitude towards religious or devotional verse, which was condescending. I must therefore direct the jury on these two points.

> If *Paradise Regained* has been too much depreciated, *Samson Agonistes* has in requital been too much admired. It could only be by long prejudice, and the bigotry of learning, that Milton could prefer the ancient tragedies, with their encumbrance of a chorus, to the exhibitions of the French and English stages; and it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton that a drama can be praised in which the intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence, neither hasten nor retard the catastrophe.[46]

I may have occasion to remind you again, how emphatically Johnson was *modern* in his time: his preference of the French and English theatre to the Greek is only one example of this. I should wish to qualify his reproof of Milton, in the passage I have just quoted, by saying that I do not believe it was primarily "long prejudice," or the "bigotry of learning," which led Milton to write his play on the Greek model. I think that it was first of all a knowledge, conscious or unconscious, of what were his own gifts. He chose, in *Samson*, the one subject most suitable for him; and he took the Greek model because he was a poet, and not a dramatist, and in this form he could best exhibit his mastery and conceal his weaknesses. What is more odd, however, since Johnson holds up French as well as English drama for imitation, is that he makes no reference to the case, inconvenient for his thesis, of Racine's *Athalie*. Racine was a poet of the theatre, if there ever was one; in *Athalie* he employs the chorus; and *Athalie*, I think, is a very great play indeed.[47] But, with this exception, Johnson was judging choral drama

according to dramatic standards which I do not think that most of us apply to *Samson*. For many people, *Samson* is the most readable of Milton's major works: certainly, more readable than *Paradise Regained*. We can even enjoy *Samson*, as we can enjoy *Comus*, when it is performed. But I do not believe that anyone could enjoy them directly as drama: we need either to be pretty familiar with the text, or else have a very quick ear for the appreciation of verbal beauty. Otherwise, I do not think that the plot or the characterization of either piece would long hold our attention.

I am inclined to believe that on the whole Johnson, if he is allowed to criticize *Samson* as drama, is right. I do not believe that he appreciated the dramatic force of the Greek conventions in their own place and time. Indeed, I doubt whether it was possible for anyone to do so in the undeveloped state of archaeological knowledge in his time: certainly, our own understanding of the Greek plays as plays has been immensely extended by recent study and research. But the real question is whether the form of Greek drama can be naturalized for the modern world. And I suspect that the chief justification for Milton, as for some later poets, in imitating the Greek form of drama, is that the use of a chorus enables poets with no skill in the theatre, to make the most of their accomplishments, and thereby conceal some of their defects.

Johnson's opinions on religious verse are most fully stated in his Life of Waller. It is there that he observes

> Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. . . .
>
> Contemplative piety, of the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. . . .[48]

These and other words might have been transposed into his Life of Watts, and are confirmed there by the following:

> [H]is devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction.[49]

As a criticism of Watts, this is just enough. To a generation which has learned to admire the religious sonnets of Donne, the lyrics of George Herbert, Crashaw and Vaughan, it seems narrowly perverse. I think that we have to take account, not only of the limitations of the literary taste of his time, but of its religious limitations also. The two support each other here:

for as it did not occur to the mind of Johnson that there were poetic values, in earlier periods, which had vanished during the perfecting of those of his own, so I do not think that it could occur to him that there was a religious sensibility which had disappeared also. Johnson's strictures are applicable to *most* of the religious verse that has been written since, as well as to that of his own time. What vitiates his condemnation, is the absence of any discrimination between the religious poetry of public worship, and the religious poetry of personal experience. In the hymn, the anthem, the sequence, the intrusion of personal experience would be impertinent; and perhaps for this reason the poetry of public worship is at its best in the impersonal eloquence of the Latin language. It is true that some devotional religious verse appears to be equally valid in both contexts. Some of George Herbert's poems are found in hymnals: yet I always feel them to be less satisfactory as hymns than those of Watts;[50] for I am always aware of the personality of Herbert, and never conscious of any personality of Watts. But most of the devotional poetry of the eighteenth century has the merit neither of the one kind nor of the other. The reasons why good poetry in this kind was not written, and the reasons why Johnson could not recognize its possibility, have to do with the limitations of religious sensibility in that century. I say limitations, rather than lack of sensibility, for no one can read Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*, or Law's *Serious Call* without acknowledging that this age also has its monuments of religious devotion.[51]

II[52]

I do not propose to discuss the poetry of the eighteenth century in general; or even to discuss Johnson's Lives of Dryden and Pope, except to extract from them some statements indicating Johnson's critical theory. I must say something of Johnson's poetry, on the principle which I have already affirmed, that we can only understand a poet's criticism of poetry in relation to the poetry which he writes. Of his shorter poems, we can only say of the most of them that they possess those two qualities which Johnson believed to be all that can be asked of short poems: neatness and elegance. One of them, "Long-expected one-and-twenty," might provide an interesting comparison, not to Johnson's disadvantage, with the *Shropshire Lad*: Housman's verse is also neat and elegant, but on the point of poetic diction, and on that of edification – two of Johnson's criteria, as we shall see – we might grant that Johnson's poem is superior.[53] The only one, I think, of Johnson's short poems which is more than neat and elegant, the only one

which does what no one before him could have done and which no successor could emulate, is the poem on the death of Dr. Levet, the man "obscurely wise and coarsely kind" – a poem unique in tenderness, piety and wisdom.[54] The two poems on which Johnson's title as a poet must rest are *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and *London*. *London* has 364 lines, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* 263.[55] Johnson was a meditative poet: he could not have expressed himself fully in a poem of less length; and being only a meditative poet, he did not have the resources for a poem of more ample scope.

London has fine lines and passages, but it does not seem to me successful as a whole. The setting, or prologue to the poem, is artificial. It is wearisome to have the invective against the metropolis presented as the speech of "injur'd Thales" to a friend who is seeing him off at Greenwich, as he enters a wherry for the ship which will take him into voluntary exile in Pembrokeshire.[56] There is, as elsewhere in the poem, a suspicion of falsity. Johnson wished to write a satire in the manner of Juvenal, in order to denounce the wickedness of London;[57] but that Johnson should ever have contemplated leaving London for the remote promontory of St. David's is so inconsistent with his character, and his confessed sentiments in later life, that we cannot believe he ever meant it. He was the last man to have domiciled himself at St. David's, or to have appreciated the beauties of that romantic spot when he got there.

> For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?[58]

The answer is, Samuel Johnson, if anybody. These may seem carping objections. But they reinforce my doubt, whether Johnson was the right man for satire. Johnson was a moralist, and he lacked a certain divine levity which makes sparkle the lines of the two great English verse satirists. Indignation may make poetry, but it must be indignation recollected in tranquillity;[59] in *London* I feel that a feigned indignation is presented, instead of a real indignation being recalled. In the satire of Dryden, as in a different way in that of Pope, the object satirized disappears in the poetry, is hardly more than the pretext for poetry. With Dryden, the man ridiculed becomes absurdly gigantic; and Pope's noxious insect becomes something beautiful and strange.[60] In *London* the total effect is one of querulousness. The indictment of a whole city fails: it is incredible, even in the eighteenth century, that you could never go out at night without being set upon by boisterous drunkards, or sleep in your own house without danger of being killed by

burglars.[61] Johnson utters generalizations, and the generalizations are not true: what keeps the poem alive is the undercurrent of personal feeling, the bitterness of the hardships, slights, injuries and privations, really experienced by Johnson in his youth.

Johnson's mind tended towards the general reflection supported by instances. In a well known passage, Imlac, the preceptor of Rasselas, is made to observe that

> The business of a poet . . . is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.[62]

This disposition to the general affects even Johnson's regulations of poetic diction. "It is a general rule in poetry," he says in his Life of Dryden, "that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general impressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal . . . and therefore far removed from common knowledge;"[63] and he proceeds to reprimand Dryden for using technical terms of seamanship, most of which – such as *seam, mallet, tarpauling* – we should now consider unexceptionable.[64] But with Johnson's ideas of poetic diction I am not yet concerned: I only wish to suggest that Johnson's rules for poetry were to some degree limited by the kind of poetry which he himself was able to write.

In *The Vanity of Human Wishes* Johnson found the perfect theme for his abilities. The idea, which is indicated by the title, was not new, and never had been. That is not necessary or even desirable for a poem of this sort: what is essential is that it should be an idea which the reader will not for a moment question. In this respect, as a meditative poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is superior to Gray's *Elegy*; for the latter poem contains one or two ideas which are perhaps not very sound: the likelihood that the village churchyard, or any churchyard, contained the body of a potential Hampden, Milton or Cromwell is exceedingly small.[65] Gray, of course, in this poem, is by no means purely meditative: what the *Elegy* gains by its description, by its evocation of the rural landscape of England, is all

important. On the other hand, if Johnson had confined himself to the general, and not supported it with instances, there would be little left of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. Of these, the passage on Charles of Sweden is the most quoted and the best sustained.[66] These thirty-two lines compose a paragraph which is, in itself, quite perfect in form: the rising curve of ambition, the sudden calamity, and the slow decline and degradation through which we see the conqueror

> Compelled a needy supplicant to wait,
> While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

culminating in

> a barren strand,
> A petty fortress, and a dubious hand[67]

But this passage is not one which preserves its full value when extracted: it requires both what precedes and what follows, and takes only its proper place in the complete poem.

Great poetry of the type of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is rare; and we cannot reproach Johnson for not writing more of it, when we consider how little of such poetry there is. Yet this type of poetry cannot rise to the highest rank. It is, by its nature, of rather loose construction; the idea is given at the start, and as it is one universally accepted, there can be but little development, only variations on the one theme.[68] Johnson did not have the gift of structure. For a more elaborate construction – and structure I hold to be an important element of poetic composition – a variety of talents – descriptive, narrative and dramatic – are required. We do not ordinarily expect a very close structure of a poem in rhymed couplets, which often looks as if, but for what the author has to say, it might begin or end anywhere. But there is a poem, by a contemporary and friend of Johnson, which has a high degree of organization. I place *The Deserted Village* higher than any poem by Johnson or by Gray. In Goldsmith's poem, the art of transition is exemplified in perfection. If you examine it paragraph by paragraph, you will find always a shift just at the right moment, from the descriptive to the meditative, to the personal, to the meditative again, to the landscape with figures, to the delineation of individuals (the clergyman and the schoolmaster) with a skill and concision seldom equalled since Chaucer. These parts are properly proportioned. Finally, the idea is one which, while as acceptable as Johnson's, is more original and also prophetic:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.[69]

I have made this digression, because I do not think that Johnson shows great power of construction in his own poems, and because I do not think that he recognizes the importance of considering structure in the valuation of a poem. I pass now to review those properties of a good poem, which Johnson both illustrates in his own verse and especially commends in the work of others.

Johnson attached importance to *originality*. Originality is one of those numerous terms the meaning of which may alter from generation to generation, and we must be careful to examine what it meant to Johnson. His use of the word is illustrated by the following passage from his Life of Thomson:

> As a writer, he [Thomson] is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life, with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the 'Seasons' wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.[70]

Originality is found, here, in a mode of thinking and of expression. But the thought itself does not have to be novel or difficult of apprehension and acceptance; it may be, and for Johnson most often is, the commonplace, or a thought which, when grasped, is so quickly admitted that the reader wonders that he never thought of it for himself. Originality does not require the rejection of convention. We have grown accustomed, during the last century and more, to such a riot of individual styles that we may forget that originality is as significant in a settled period as it is in one of constant change; we have become so accustomed to differences of poetic style recognizable by anybody, that we may be less sensitive to the finer variations within a form,

which the mind and ear habituated to that form may perceive. But originality, when it becomes the only, or the most prized virtue of poetry, may cease to be a virtue at all; and when several poets, and their respective groups of admirers, cease to have in common any standards of versification, any identity of taste or of tenets of belief, criticism may decline to an advertisement of preference. The originality which Johnson approves, is an originality limited by the other qualities which he demands.

Johnson attached importance to *edification*. This term has become the object of derision, though what the term means may be something from which we can never escape. That poetry should teach wisdom or inculcate virtue, seems to most people a quite secondary, even an extraneous value; to some it even seems incompatible with the true function of poetry. But we must first observe, that Johnson, when his critical sense is alert, is never given to overrating a poem on the sole ground of its teaching a pure morality. He held that a poem should be interesting, and that it should give immediate pleasure. Indeed, I think he overstates this requirement, when he says, in his Life of Cowley:

> Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected; that which elevates must always surprise. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with the consciousness of improvement, but will never strike with the sense of pleasure.[71]

I agree that a poem which makes no immediate impression, which in no way compels our attention, is not likely to arouse a thrill later. But Johnson does not seem to me to allow for the possibility of any development or expansion of enjoyment, and the gradual awareness to new beauties, to follow from better acquaintance; nor does he allow for the ripening of the reader and the development of his sensibility through deeper experience and more extensive knowledge. I did not, however, quote his sentence for the purpose of disagreement, but to indicate the strictness with which pleasure and edification are associated in Johnson's mind. He speaks of "whatever professes to benefit by pleasing"; he says, "that which elevates must always surprise." The edification is not a separable addition to a poem, it is organically essential to it. We do not have *two* experiences, one of pleasure and one of edification: it is one experience which we analyse into constituents.

In judging the permanence of the principles of a critic belonging to an age very different from our own, we must constantly reinterpret his language

according to our own situation. In the most generalized sense, I suppose that "edification" means only that from good poetry, certainly from great poetry, we must derive some benefit as well as pleasure.[72] If we identify edification with the propagation of the moral ideas of Johnson's time – ideas which Christians may hold to be tainted with deism, and which others may find too Christian – we fail to see that it is merely our notions of edification that have changed. When Matthew Arnold said that poetry was a criticism of life, he was maintaining the standard of edification.[73] Even the doctrine of "art for art's sake" is only a variation under the guise of a protest;[74] and in our time, the defence of poetry as a substitute for religion, and the attempt, not always successful or beneficial to poetry, to express or impose a social philosophy in verse, indicate that it is only the content of "edification" that changes.[75]

If, therefore, we allow to "edification" all the elasticity of which the term is capable, it seems to come to no more than the assertion that poetry should have some serious value for the reader: a proposition which will not be denied and which is therefore hardly worth affirming. Our only disagreement will be about the kind of content which we consider edifying. Our real difficulty with Johnson's view is rather different. We distinguish more clearly between the conscious intention of the writer, and the effect of the work. We distrust verse in which the author is deliberately aiming to instruct or to persuade. This distinction does not form one of the commonplaces of Johnson's thinking. He is, however, I believe, really concerned with the morality of the poem, and not with the moral designs of the poet.

"Bossu is of opinion (says Johnson in his Life of Milton) that the poet's first work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton; the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic."[76]

I think that this statement is true of Milton, though if Johnson had been better acquainted with Dante he might not have taken Milton as an unique example. It appears to show, however, that what interests Johnson is the edifying power of the poem, rather than the deliberate intention of the poet.

We are all, of course, influenced in our degree of attraction to any particular work of art, by our sympathy with, or antipathy towards, the ideas, as well as the personality of the author. We endeavour, and in our time must endeavour, to discount this attraction or repulsion, in order to arrive at a just valuation of the artistic merit. If we lived, like Johnson, in an age of

relative unity and of generally accepted assumptions, we should probably be less concerned to make this effort. If we were agreed upon the nature of the world we live in, on the place of man in it and on his destiny, if we were agreed as to what we meant by wisdom, by the good life for the individual and for society, we should apply moral judgments to poetry as confidently as did Johnson. But in an age in which no two writers need agree about anything, an age in which we must constantly admit that a poet with a view of life which we believe to be mistaken, may write much better poetry than another whose view is the same as our own, we are forced to make this abstraction; and in making it, we are tempted to ignore, with unfortunate results, the moral value of poetry altogether. So that, of a poet's view of life, we incline to ask, not "is it true?" but "is it original?" And it is one of the theses maintained in this discussion of Johnson's criticism, that Johnson was in a position as no critic of equal stature has been since, to write purely *literary* criticism, just because he was able to assume that there was a general attitude towards life, and a common opinion as to the place of poetry in it.

I come next to Johnson's use of the term *poetic diction*. To most people nowadays, I imagine, "poetic diction" means an idiom and a choice of words which are out of date, and which perhaps were never very good at their best. If we are temperate, we mean the use of idiom and vocabulary borrowed from poets of a different generation, idiom and vocabulary no longer suitable for poetry. If we are extreme, we mean that this idiom and vocabulary were always bad, even when they were fresh. Wordsworth, in his Preface, says: "There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction."[77] Johnson uses the term in a eulogistic sense. In the Life of Dryden he remarks:

> There was, therefore, before the time of Dryden no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriate to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention to themselves which they should transmit to things.[78]

We must bear in mind, with regard to vocabulary and construction, what I tried to put before more generally: that the notion of the language as

perpetually in change is not one which had impressed itself upon the age of Johnson. He looked back some two centuries and marked in language, as in manners, a continuous improvement. As for the improvement which he noted, he was not deceived: but he had neither the awareness of anything lost, nor the apprehension of inevitable changes to come. Nor does Wordsworth himself evince any more consciousness of the constancy with which language must change, than was Johnson: what he thought he had established was a return to a diction of popular simplicity and rural purity. In his perception that the language of literature must not lose its connexion with the language of speech, Wordsworth was right; but his standard of the right poetic diction was no more relative than Johnson's.[79] We, on the contrary, should be able to recognize that there should be, for every period, some standard of correct poetic diction, neither identical with, nor too remote from, current speech; and must concede that the right poetic diction, fifty years hence, will not be the same as that for to-day. I mean that the vocabulary, the idiom, and the grammatical rules for poetry cannot be identical with those of prose. In the choice of words, Johnson's restriction remains true: that "those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions" are to be avoided – except, I must add, when it is the purpose of the poet to present something small or coarse; and that "words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention to themselves which they should transmit to things" – except, I should add, when the word is the only word for that thing, or when it is the poet's purpose to draw attention to the word.

To criticize the poetic diction of eighteenth-century poetry is one thing, to criticize an eighteenth-century theory of poetic diction is another. We must remember that if there is no "poetic diction" admitted, we have no standard for criticizing good and bad writing in poetry: to deny that there is any right common style, is as dangerous as to insist that the poetic style of our time should be the same as that of the nineteenth century. Our modern vocabulary accommodates many comparatively new words which to Johnson would have sounded barbarous. We have been inventing, discovering, fashioning and theorizing at a rate unknown to any earlier time, and a new word establishes itself much more quickly. No word is too new, if it is the only word for the purpose; no word is too archaic, if it is the only word for the purpose. And many occasions, which to Johnson would have seemed "small" or "coarse," seem to us fit occasions to be celebrated in verse. Johnson's view

of poetic diction remains sound; but we have to use our own wits in the application of it.

That Johnson was alert to the vice of *mannerism*, appears from another passage in his Life of Dryden, a passage which should be taken to heart by everyone who aspires to write good verse:

> He who writes much, will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always *another and the same*; he does not exhibit a second time the same elegancies in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters.[80]

I wished to draw particular attention to this point of poetic diction, because it is an essential standard of Johnson's criticism, and because I think that the absence of any common standard of poetic diction is a weakness both of modern verse and of our criticism of it. And I deliberately took this up directly after touching upon his standard of *edification*. That poetry, when it illustrates some moral truth or inculcates some virtuous practice, is more to be commended than when it does not; and that poetry which recommends or insinuates bad principles, or leads into error, is to be condemned, is shown throughout in Johnson's treatment of his authors. Yet Johnson said, in praising Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*: "with the philosophical or religious tenets of the author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry."[81] Johnson did not confuse his judgment of what an author was saying, with his judgment about the way in which he said it. Now I observe sometimes in contemporary criticism of poetry, and in the more ambitious reviewing of poetry, a confusion of these judgments. The standard of edification has been fractured into a variety of prejudices; with no common opinion as to what poetry ought to teach, the critic is not necessarily liberated from moral judgment, but will frequently declare a poem good or bad, according to his sympathy with, or antipathy from, the author's point of view. Not infrequently too, the critic's knowledge of the author's views will be derived from other sources than the particular poem presented for his criticism, and will influence his judgment upon that poem. And with the question whether a poem is well or ill written, whether it could be improved, whether the cadences are musical, whether the choice of words is fastidious

and literate, whether the imagery is happily found and properly distributed, whether the syntax is correct and whether the violations of normal construction are justified: such questions are avoided as if they laid the questioner under suspicion of pedantry. The result is too often comment which is of no value to the author, except when, if favourable, it may be good advertisement; a criticism of the hustings, by which reviewers range themselves for or against a particular poet.

That there is to-day no definite standard of taste in poetry, is partly the result of conditions of society and historical origins, beyond our control and beyond our responsibility. The most, perhaps, that we can do, and that is worth the doing, is to learn to recognize the benefits to the writer and to his critic of *common style* in poetry. It is in fact only when a common style is recognized, from which the poet may not depart too far without censure, that the term "poetic diction," in any but a derogatory sense, has meaning. When such standards for a common style exist, the author who would achieve originality is compelled to attend to the finer shades of distinction. To be original within definite limits of propriety may require greater talent and labour, than when every man may write as he pleases, and when the first thing expected of him is to be different. To be obliged to work upon the finer shades is to be compelled to strive for precision and clarity: a good deal of what is blamed as wilful obscurity on the part of modern writers is the result of the lack of any common style, and the consequent difficulty of communication. Those conditions also favour the flowering of something for which Johnson's own verse, at its best, is eminent: *eloquence*. Eloquence is a virtue associated with great oratory: it should be distinguished from the baser, and far commoner type of political oratory, by the test of its appeal to the reason and to the sensibility, and its avoidance of appeal to the coarser and more inflammable passions. Eloquence is that which can stir the emotions of the intelligent and judicious. But, in poetry, not all poetry which does this is, in my use of the word, eloquent; poetry is eloquent, only if the poet is appealing to emotions which the intelligent and judicious can experience together – in other words, not to a single reader but to an audience. It is not an universal virtue in poetry; it is effective of some results and incompatible with the attainment of others; but most of the great poets have displayed it on occasion. It is related to that peculiar force in the poetry of Johnson and Goldsmith, as in the poetry of Dryden and Pope before them, which I may indicate by saying that every word and epithet goes straight to its mark. In comparison, much of later poetry has employed

words rather for the sake of overtones, associations, and indefinite suggestiveness. The greatest poets have done this too; we must admit that we can err by exclusive attention to the one kind of use of words or to the other.

In the Life of Pope, Johnson defines, as illustrated in Pope's poetry, the three qualities which constitute poetic genius. He says significantly that Pope has these three qualities "in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other"; which is a wholesome reminder that it is not separate qualities, but qualities in relation to each other, by which we must judge a poet – that, in fact, the perfection of their proportion is itself the final quality. He writes as follows:

> He had *invention*, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the 'Rape of the Lock'; and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the 'Essay on Criticism.' He had *imagination*, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his 'Eloisa,' 'Windsor Forest,' and 'Ethic Epistles.' He had *judgment*, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality; and he had colours of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.[82]

The dangers of attempting to catalogue the faculties of the poet are of two kinds. These denominations may separate faculties which are only found together; and they may be taken too seriously, as final psychological or philosophical truth, when they are merely analyses of pragmatic validity, to be tested by their usefulness in helping us to weigh the merits of particular poets. It is prudent, not simply to choose the set of definitions which we find most congenial, or to assume that that one is most exact which is most recent; but to collate all those of respectable authority of different ages. We find that these have a great deal in common. Johnson follows Dryden in the use of the term *invention*, but puts it beside *imagination*, whereas Dryden had made *invention* a species of *imagination*, together with *fancy* and *elocution*; Johnson does not employ *elocution*, but introduces *judgment*. Coleridge concentrates upon *imagination*, in which he finds depths of meaning

unsuspected by either Dryden or Johnson; and belittles fancy – with a sharpness of distinction between *fancy* and *imagination* which I find difficult to apply in practice.[83] The changes in the meaning of words, and these changes of emphasis, are part of the history of our civilization. A contemporary critic, engaged in the same task of analysis, would produce another, and more complicated account, which would probably be influenced by the study of sciences of more recent growth. The modern account would fit in better with our mental furniture, but would not necessarily be more true for this reason; because of the unsettled state of the sciences upon which it might draw, it might even be more inclined to stray from what is the true purpose of such discriminations, the help they afford in discerning the merits and defects of particular pieces of poetry. The accounts of Dryden and Johnson, because these critics were concerned with literature as literature, and not with psychology or sociology, and because of their very simplicity, have enduring usefulness. The particular interest of Johnson's variation, I think, lies in his use of the term *judgment* – a reminder of the great importance of the critical faculty in creative composition.[84]

"In the present age the poet – (I would wish to be understood as speaking generally, and without allusion to individual names) – seems to propose to himself as his main object, and as that which is the most characteristic of his art, new and striking images; with incidents that interest the affections or excite the curiosity. Both his characters and his descriptions, he renders, as much as possible, specific and individual, even to a degree of portraiture. In his diction and metre, on the other hand, he is comparatively careless."[85]

These words are not mine, but Coleridge's. They could well enough be applied to the present time; and on the other hand the principle maintained is one which I am sure Johnson would have approved. Similarly, Coleridge's observations on poetic diction, when compared with Johnson's, show a fundamental agreement on the difference between the use of language in verse and its use in prose. In an age like ours, lacking common standards, poets need to remind themselves that it is not sufficient to rely upon those gifts which are native to them, and which they exercise with ease, but that good poetry must exhibit several qualities in proportion, of which one is good sense. Their judgment should also be employed, in discovering for themselves the sources of their own strength and weakness; in curbing the exuberance of their force, and avoiding occasions on which they would display only their weakness. I remember once being told that a famous tennis player had said, that she was all the better for being naturally weak in certain strokes;

for the effort to overcome her deficiency, and manoeuvre so that it should be least exposed, had greatly increased her resourcefulness. There is something here which poets might ponder.

A thorough examination of Johnson's criticism would require, first, a study of the eighteenth-century background; second, a study of Johnson himself, not as the subject of anecdote, but in his other works, and in his religious and political opinions; and, finally, a much more detailed study of his criticism of the greater of the poets who came under his observation: Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray. Such would be a work of more scholarship than I profess. I only want to suggest to the student of English poetry and of the criticism of poetry that here is a subject which deserves much more serious investigation than it has yet received. And, in closing, I wish to sum up those points which seem to me to have particular relevance to the criticism of poetry in our own time.

In the first place, it is remarkable that Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is the only monumental collection of critical studies of English poets in the language, with a coherence, as well as an amplitude, which no other English criticism can claim. It is worth while asking ourselves why no later work of criticism is of the same kind. Nineteenth-century criticism, when it has not belonged primarily to the category of scholarly research, the presentation of the ascertainable facts about one author or another, has tended to be something less purely *literary*. With Coleridge, criticism merges into philosophy and a theory of aesthetics; with Arnold, it merges into ethics and propaedeutics, and literature becomes a means towards the formation of character; in some critics, of whom Pater is a specimen, the subject-matter of criticism becomes a pretext of another kind. In our own day, the influence of psychology and of sociology upon literary criticism has been very noticeable. On the one hand, these influences of social disciplines have enlarged the field of the critic, and have affirmed, in a world which otherwise is inclined to depreciate the importance of literature, the relations of literature to life. But from another point of view this enrichment has also been an impoverishment, for the purely literary values, the appreciation of good writing for its own sake, have become submerged when literature is judged in the light of other considerations. That this has happened, must not be attributed either for approval or disparagement to individual critics. It is simply that the conditions under which literature is judged simply and naturally as literature and not another thing, no longer prevail.[86] For such judgment of literature to be the normal and natural task of the critic, a settled

society is necessary; a definite and limited public, in the midst of which there would be a smaller number of persons of taste and discrimination, with the same background of education and manners. It must be a society which believes in itself, a society in which the difference of religious and political views are not extreme. Only in such a society can the standard of a *common style* of good writing become established and unquestioned. That is the kind of society for which Johnson wrote. It is evidence of the change of society, accelerated in our own time, a change which brings inevitably a change in the consciousness of the literary critic himself, that in attempting to explain, to myself and to my audience, the peculiar interest of Johnson's criticism, I am forced to put myself at a point of view so very different from his own, and intrude the suggestion of social background which has become the necessary concern of criticism.

The conclusion that no work comparable to *The Lives of the Poets* could be written to-day, should not lead us either to elevate Johnson to a pinnacle, and lament the decline of civility which makes such criticism impossible; nor should it on the other hand tempt us to treat these essays merely as a curiosity of no bearing upon our actual problems. Their first value is a value which all study of the past should have for us: that it should make us more conscious of what we are, and of our own limitations, and give us more understanding of the world in which we now live. Their secondary value is, that by studying them, and in so doing attempting to put ourselves at their author's point of view, we may recover some of the criteria of judgment which have been disappearing from the criticism of poetry. We do not need to accept all of Johnson's judgments, or agree with all his opinions, to extract this lesson. Nor do we need to overrate the poetry of that period of which the names of Dryden and Johnson may serve as boundaries. But amongst the varieties of chaos in which we find ourselves immersed to-day, one is a chaos of language, in which there are discoverable no standards of writing, and an increasing indifference to etymology and the history of the use of words. And of the responsibility of our poets and our critics, for the preservation of the language, we need to be repeatedly reminded.

NOTES

1. On 6 and 7 Mar 1944, TSE gave the Ballard Matthews Lectures at the University of North Wales (since 2007, Bangor University) in Bangor, Gwynedd, Wales. The two lectures, substantially revised, were first published in *OPP* (the text for this printing) as parts I and II of "Johnson as Critic and Poet." As TSE told Montgomery Belgion on 13 Mar, "My lectures will have to be

re-written at more length: which shows that the more you limit your subject, the more difficult it is to deal with it in the time. *The Lives of the Poets* starts all sorts of questions." The lectures were delivered more than three years into WWII and more than a year before it ended. In a letter of 11 Feb 1944 to the principal of the university, TSE references the wartime situation: "my present mode of life is to sleep here at my office during the week and make my headquarters with friends in Surrey with whom I live at weekends. I shall therefore have to return to town on Sunday in order to catch the morning train from Euston. . . . I have no provision for service here at the weekend and I shall have to find a bed elsewhere. The difficulty . . . is one of getting any breakfast . . . [and] getting lunch on the train . . . the prospect of lecturing after a long day without any food is rather appalling."

2. TSE's many tributes to Johnson as critic begin in the preface to *The Sacred Wood* (1920), which ends with a long quotation from "Life of Cowley" (1779) and a description of Johnson as a model critic "the justice of whose criticism" is broadly acknowledged (2.297). TSE's criticism, including his 1921 essay on the metaphysical poets (2.375), often takes *Lives of the Poets* as a primary reference point. His copy was *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, Chandos Classics, new edition (London: Frederick Warne, 1872), here abbreviated as *Lives*.

3. The starting point for the Bangor lectures, as TSE explained to Hayward on 31 May 1943, was to be the first twelve pages of a lecture delivered on 11 Nov of the previous year at the University of Reading – "Poetical and Prosaic Use of Words" (6.365). Two weeks later, on 14 June, he wrote Hayward that he had settled on his topic – "Samuel Johnson: The Poet and Critic." He would "consider his verse and his criticism in any lights that they shed upon each other. This will force me to do what one never does unless forced . . . read the whole of the available works of some great and good man. And Johnson is so congenial a mind, and so exemplary for the present time, that he seems to offer the opportunity for those occasional brief flashes of intuitive wisdom which occur fitfully in my prose." Both Dryden and Coleridge are omnipresent in Eliot's criticism. His 1932 BBC broadcasts on Dryden were printed as *John Dryden: The Poet, The Dramatist, The Critic* (4.265, 275, 286), and his 1932-33 Harvard lectures, published as *UPUC*, include chapters on both Dryden and Coleridge (4.614; 4.625).

4. In 1930, TSE contributed an introduction to the "two long poems" – *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. In the opening paragraph, he revealed that he first encountered Johnson's poetry when he was twelve and an avid reader of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Scott often quoted Johnson and used some of his lines as chapter titles (4.168).

5. *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* (1781) is a collection of prefaces for selections from fifty-two poets, arranged according to the date of each poet's death. The series begins with Abraham Cowley, who died in 1667, and ends with Thomas Gray, who died in 1771. Between these two, Johnson includes prefaces to major poets, notably Milton, Dryden, and Pope. Later in this lecture, TSE focuses on the two passages "with which everyone disagrees," Johnson's outrageous comments on the metaphysical poets and Milton's *Lycidas*.

6. Burke was one of the original members of the Club (later called the Literary Club) founded by Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1764. Johnson, granted a lifetime pension by George III, was a conservative Tory; Burke was a leader of the "other party," the "Rockingham Whigs," a group of liberal noblemen who detested and were detested by George III. TSE praised Burke as early as 1916 (1.407-08), and wrote in 1945, "In more recent years still, I have interested myself in political philosophy, and have returned to the reading of Edmund Burke" (6.699).

7. George Stepney (1663-1707) "is a very licentious translator," and in his poetry, there is "little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature" ("Stepney," *Lives*, 120). William Walsh (1662-1708), who "seldom rises higher than to be pretty," is known for his friendship with Dryden and his correspondence with a youthful Pope, who praises him in "Essay on Criticism," sacrificing "a little of his judgment to his gratitude" ("Walsh," *Lives*, 131). Christopher Pitt (1699-1748) and Thomas Yalden (1670-1736) were clergymen in the Church of England. Pitt wrote imitations of Horace, inviting comparison with Pope, and translated the *Aeneid*, inviting comparison with Dryden. "Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; . . . Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read" ("Pitt," *Lives*, 442). Yalden wrote Pindaric odes on William III and Queen Anne and other poems that "deserve perusal, though they are not always exactly polished . . . his faults seem rather the omissions of idleness than the negligences of enthusiasm" ("Yalden," *Lives*, 297).

8. John Pomfret (1667-1702), also a member of the clergy, specialized in uplifting verse. "His *Choice* exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquility, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's *Choice*" ("Pomfret," *Lives*, 120).

9. Johnson contracted with London booksellers in 1777 to write introductions for fifty-two poets, all but three of whom were assigned by the booksellers. Although he includes all fifty-two in *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, he ironizes the description of minor figures he himself would not have chosen, including the five mentioned by TSE – Stepney, Walsh, Pitt, Yalden, and Pomfret.

10. Sir Richard Blackmore (1654-1729, Physician in Ordinary to King William III and later to Queen Anne), wrote several epics, a series of Arthurian romances, and as TSE will discuss later in his speech, a theodicy entitled *Creation: A Philosophical Poem* (1712). In spite of the fact that Blackmore had been immortalized as one of Pope's dunces ("But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain; / Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again." *The Dunciad*, II.259-60), Johnson added him to the bookseller's list of poets.

11†. Walter Raleigh, *Johnson on Shakespeare: Essays and Notes Selected and Set Forth with an Introduction* (London: Henry Frowde, 1908), xv-xvi; for "English literature," *read*: "English language."

12. Of Dryden, Johnson says, "Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To him we owe the improvement . . . of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. . . . What was said of Rome adorned by Augustus, may be applied . . . to English poetry embellished by Dryden, . . . he found it brick, and he left it marble" ("Dryden," *Lives*, 187). But Johnson also criticized Dryden, who was England's first Poet Laureate, as a timeserver for such poems as "Britannia Rediviva: A Poem on the Birth of the Prince of Wales" (1688), of which "nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and that insensibility of the precipice on which the king was then standing which the laureate apparently shared with the rest of the courtiers" ("Dryden," *Lives*, 178).

13. "Cowley" (*Lives*, 8). Donne, who is not one of the chosen fifty-two, is discussed as an example of the metaphysical poets.

14. John Cleveland (1613-58) and Ben Jonson (1572-1637), like Donne, are not honored with a "life" but are discussed with the metaphysicals in "Cowley." These authors "lay on the watch

for novelty . . . Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and labored particularities, the prospects of nature . . . than he who dissects a sun-beam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon. . . . This kind of writing . . . had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of a very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments" ("Cowley," *Lives*, 9-10).

15. "One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. What beauty there is we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy . . . nor tells of rough *satyrs* and *fauns with cloven heel*. In this poem there is no nature . . . for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted, and its inherent improbability always forces distraction on the mind" ("Milton," *Lives*, 65).

16. "[*Lycidas*] has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverend combinations" ("Milton," *Lives*, 65). Because the elegy memorializes someone who had drowned, Milton includes a procession of mourners related to rivers and the sea, led by Triton (who speaks for Neptune), followed by Camus (who represents the River Cam and speaks for Cambridge University), and by Peter (who walked on water and speaks for Christ) (ll. 85-131).

17. In his reconstructed lecture on "The Tendency of Modern Poetry" (1933), TSE reportedly stated that "[y]oung poets are now going back to earlier English and Scottish poetry – that of Skelton and Dunbar for example" (4.842), and in his Harvard course that year, he discussed the interest of Hopkins, Auden, and himself in Skelton (4.781-83).

18. Johnson's assurance is belied by critics and poets alike. "Most poets and critics have agreed," notes Marjorie Hope Nicolson, that *Lycidas* is the most perfect long short poem in the English language, and one of the greatest poems ever written" (*John Milton* [New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1963], 87), and Richard Wilbur remarked in an interview that *Lycidas* "is an indestructible poem; it can't be damaged by any amount of thought or talk about it" (*Christianity and Literature* [Summer 1993], 523). In his review of Grierson's volume on the metaphysical poets, TSE set in motion a renewed appreciation of Donne's diction (2.375).

19. The "historical sense," as defined over two decades earlier (1919) in "Tradition and Individual Talent": [T]he historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order" (2.106).

20. In "Blackmore," Johnson declares: "This poem, if he had written nothing else, would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English Muse" (*Lives*, 275).

21. Johnson's most detailed discussion of the use of triplets and alexandrines in rhymed couplet poems occurs in "Dryden" (*Lives*, 185-86).

22. Blackmore's *Creation*, which is written in rhymed couplets, breaks form by inserting a triplet, the third line of which is an alexandrine, in the opening lines.

No more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
No more of Valour's force, or Beauty's charms;
The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain,
I leave unsung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the main. (ll. 1-5)

The Works of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper: including the series edited with Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, by Samuel Johnson. Edited with *Additional Lives* by Alexander Chalmers. 21 vols (London: J. Johnson, 1810), X.339.

23. Blackmore's "sage of celebrated name" is Thomas Hobbes, who in *Leviathan* (1651) undercut traditional understandings of religion and subordinated the authority of the church to that of the state. TSE misquotes Blackmore's lines (Chalmers, X.359), which read:

At length Britannia's soil, immortal shame!
Brought forth a sage of celebrated name,
Who with contempt on blest Religion trod,
Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God. (Bk. III, ll. 674-77)

TSE bases his criticism of Johnson on a metaphor generated by misreading "shame" as "dame" and extended by seeing in "brought forth" an image of dame Britannia giving birth to a rebellious child. Consistent with that error, he reads the pronoun in the last line as feminine – "her God" – missing Blackmore's point that Hobbes is renouncing "his" God – not the Christian God of mother Britannia, but the Deist God of all.

24. Blackmore's theodicy is a classic of Deism. In the words of its author, the purpose was "to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal mind."

25. "Akenside" (*Lives*, 495). Mark Akenside (1721-70), poet and physician, is best known for his poem *The Pleasures of the Imagination* (1744). He wrote in blank verse, with Milton as his model. Johnson remarks, "To his versification justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical."

26. Thomas Otway (1652-85) was best known for *Venice Preserved* (1682), a popular play in blank verse that was praised by Dryden, who wrote its prologue.

27. In reference to Milton's "laborious endeavours after words suitable to the grandeur of his ideas," Johnson states: "*Our language*, says Addison, *sunk under him*. But the truth is that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom" ("Milton," *Lives*, 76).

28. "Whatever be the faults of [Milton's] diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety: he was master of his language in its full extent" ("Milton," *Lives*, 76).

29. "But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated" ("Milton," *Lives*, 77).

30. "The music of the English heroic lines strikes the ear so faintly, that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together" ("Milton," *Lives*, 77).

31. "Young" (*Lives*, 489). Edward Young (1683-1765) is best known for *Night Thoughts* (1742-45), a long dramatic monologue in blank verse on death. Occasioned by the deaths of Young's wife and other family members, it was immediately popular and has retained a wide readership.

32. "Thomson" (*Lives*, 448). James Thomson (1700-48), a Scottish poet best known for *The Seasons*, a series of four blank verse poems based on the four seasons. The first to be written, "Winter," was published in 1726, and the complete series in 1730.

33†. TSE's Chandos Classics edition of *Lives* misprints Johnson's "recur" as "occur."

34. "Akenside" (*Lives*, 495)

35. William Morris wrote several poems in blank verse, including "Sir Peter Harpdon's End" in *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems* (1858).

36. "Akenside" (*Lives*, 495)

37†. *Read*: "attention deserts the mind."

38. Thomson, *The Seasons*. "Spring," ll. 387-88; spelling partly modernized.

39. Akenside, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, Bk. 3, ll. 531-40 (Chalmers, XIV.96).

40. "Akenside" (*Lives*, 406). Johnson concludes his discussion of Akenside's poetry with this question.

41. See nn. 25 and 34.

42. TSE concludes his discussion of eighteenth-century blank verse by adding *The Task* (1785) by William Cowper (1731-1800) and by cataloging nineteenth-century specimens – Keats's unfinished epic *Hyperion* and Wordsworth's *Prelude*. The Victorians, including Tennyson in "Ulysses" and Browning in "My Last Duchess," used blank verse in some of their finest dramatic monologues.

43. In "Dryden," Johnson writes, "All for Love, or the World well Lost (1678) . . . is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character" (*Lives*, 143-44).

44. Johnson's only play, *Irene: A Tragedy* (1749), is acknowledged as a failure by author and critics alike. Its blank verse, as Johnson's biographer Walter Jackson Bate observes, "reads like heroic couplets from which the rhyme has been removed" (*Samuel Johnson* [New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977], 158).

45. In 1931, TSE discusses the versification of Dryden's plays in "Dryden the Dramatist," the second of three talks for the BBC. "There is not a line in *All for Love* which has, to my ear, the conversational tone of the best of Dryden's satires. . . . But there is no other poet to whom the couplet came so naturally as the vehicle of speech as it did to Dryden; what he did not do with it cannot be done; and his couplet, miraculously, *is* speech" (4.279).

46. "Milton" (*Lives*, 75-76)

47. Like Milton's *Samson Agonistes* (1671), Jean Racine's highly regarded tragedy, *Athalie* (1691), is based on ancient texts (in both *Samson* and *Athalie*, the Old Testament) and uses a chorus.

48. Edmund Waller (1606-87; incorrect birth date in *Lives*) was an active member of Parliament over five decades. TSE's quotations are from "Waller" (*Lives*, 114). "Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse will not lose it because his subject is sacred. . . . The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. // Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer."

49. The Protestant churchman Isaac Watts (1674-1748) is best known for his "Olney Hymns." TSE's quotation is from "Watts" (*Lives*, 452). "[Watts's] judgement was exact, . . . his imagination . . . was vigorous and active. . . . His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well."

50. TSE comments on Herbert's hymns in *George Herbert* (1962), his pamphlet in the series Writers and their Works (8.498).

51. *Prayers and Meditations* is a collection of manuscripts published in 1785, the year after Johnson's death, by his friend, the Reverend George Strahan. Johnson used the Collects in the Book of Common Prayer as his model.

Johnson was one of many who were deeply moved by the devotional writings of Church of England priest William Law (1686-1761). His *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (1728) influenced a wide range of leaders, from historians such as Edward Gibbon to Evangelicals such as John and Charles Wesley.

52. Here begins TSE's second lecture, given on 7 Mar 1944. The first, given the preceding night, dealt with "Johnson as Critic," the second, with "Johnson as Poet." See n.1. This lecture was anticipated by TSE's discussion of eighteenth-century poetry in his 1930 introduction to *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (4.168, 173, n.1). His text of Johnson's poems is Methuen's *The Poems of Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins* (4.173, n.2).

53. "Long-expected one and twenty" is the first line of "A Short Song of Congratulation," written to celebrate the coming of age of John Lade, the nephew of Johnson's close friend and patron, Henry Thrale. "Neat and elegant," it consists of seven rhymed quatrains in trochaic tetrameter. Housman's "When I was one-and-twenty" (*A Shropshire Lad*, 1896) is the lament of a twenty-two-year-old for the losses of the past year. It consists of two rhymed octaves in iambic trimeter.

54. "On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet" (1782) is an elegy for a poor, charitable, and uncouth physician who lived in Johnson's house and took care of him and the neighboring poor for little or nothing. Johnson loved Levet and often mentioned his kindness. TSE's quote appears in the third of nine quatrains: "Yet still he fills affection's eye, / Obscurely wise and coarsely kind; / Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny / Thy praise to merit unrefin'd." He quotes the elegy in full in "A Personal Anthology" (7.50).

55. TSE's line count is incorrect: The first edition of *Vanity* (1749) has 368 lines and the Methuen printing has 266 (not 263); both the first and the Methuen editions of *London* (1738) have 263 lines (not 364).

56. The full titles identify both *London* and *Vanity* as imitations of Juvenal: *London: A Poem in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes: The Tenth Satire of Juvenal, Imitated*. In his *Dictionary* (1755), Johnson defines "imitation" as "a method of translating looser than paraphrase, in which modern examples and illustrations are used for ancient." Juvenal's third satire describes Umbricious fleeing the city of Rome for the solitude of Cumae. In Johnson's imitation, "injur'd Thales . . . / Resolved at length, from Vice and London far, / To breathe in distant Fields a purer Air" (ll. 2, 5-6) and to exile himself in a remote part of Pembrokeshire, Wales.

57. Juvenal is one of two first-century Romans, the other being Horace, whose poems provided classical models for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century satire. The Horation mode (for example,

Pope's *Rape of the Lock*) uses playful mockery to highlight social and political folly, whereas the Juvenalian (for example, Swift's *A Modest Proposal*) uses bitter irony to castigate immorality and evil. In *Lives of the Poets*, Johnson repeatedly expresses his admiration for "that great satirist," Juvenal: "The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur" ("Dryden," *Lives*, 178).

58. *London* (ll. 9-10). TSE modernizes the first line: "For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's Land"; St. David's promontory is the site of a monastery on the western coast of Wales. Hibernia is the classical name for Ireland.

59. An allusion to Wordsworth's definition of poetry in the preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*: "poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility."

60. An allusion to Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe* (1678), a lampoon on the dramatist Thomas Shadwell, which begins with an image of Shadwell as an Emperor of Nonsense (ll. 1-6):

> All human things are subject to decay,
> And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
> This Fleckno found, who, like Augustus, young
> Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
> In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute
> Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.

An allusion to Pope's image in "An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot":

> Satire or Sense alas! Can *Sporus* feel?
> Who breaks a butterfly upon a Wheel?
> Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings,
> This painted Child of Dirt that stinks and stings;
> Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys
> Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys. (ll. 307-12)

61. An allusion to the danger of going out at night in London:

> "Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
> And sign your will before you sup from home.
> "Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
> Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
> Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
> Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest. (*London*, ll. 224-29)

An allusion to the danger of sleeping at home in London:

> "In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
> And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
> Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
> The midnight murd'rer burst the faithless bar;
> Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
> And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast. (*London*, ll. 236-41)

62. *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia* (1759), ed. George Birkbeck Hill (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1887), 62-63.

63. "Dryden" (*Lives*, 171)

64. Johnson quotes lines from Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, italicizing the technical words he considers inappropriate for verse ("Dryden," *Lives*, 171):

So here some pick out bullets from the side,
  Some drive old *oakum* through each *seam* and rift:
Their left-hand does the *calking-iron* guide,
  The rattling *mallet* with the right they lift. (CXLVI)

Some the *gall'd* ropes with dauby *marling* bind,
  Or sear-cloth masts with strong *tarpawling* coats:
To try new *shrouds* one mounts into the wind,
  And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes. (CXLVIII)

65. An allusion to lines 57-60 from Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard."

Some village-Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

66. Lines 189-220 of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* describe the rise and fall of Charles XII (1682-1718), Emperor of Sweden, who conquered Denmark, Saxony, and Poland, only to be defeated by the Russians at Pultowa in 1709.

67. *The Vanity of Human Wishes,* ll. 211-12, 17-18; for "Compelled," read "Condemn'd."

68. Johnson announces the theme in the first ten lines of the prologue:

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.

69. Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, ll. 51-52

70. "Thomson" (*Lives*, 447-48)

71. "Cowley" (*Lives*, 29)

72. In Johnson's *Dictionary*, "edification" is defined as "[a] building; but most commonly instruction. The act of building up man in the faith; improvement in holiness."

73. In his 1933 lecture on Arnold at Harvard, TSE discusses his predecessor's definition of poetry as a "criticism of life," with special reference to the following passage in Arnold's essay on

Wordsworth: "It is important . . . to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life, that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life" (*Essays in Criticism*, *Second Series*, 143). TSE's riposte is "at bottom: that is a great way down . . . At the bottom of the abyss is what few ever see, and those cannot bear to look at for long; and it is not a 'criticism' of life'" (4.659).

74. The doctrine of "art for art's sake" runs from Edgar Allan Poe through Walter Pater and the French Symbolists to Paul Valéry. TSE's many comments on this genealogy culminate in his 1948 retrospective "From Poe to Valéry," which concludes that "la poésie pure" is "a goal that can never be reached, because . . . poetry is only poetry so long as it preserves some 'impurity' . . . so long as the subject matter is valued for its own sake" (7.300).

75. TSE's criticism of poetry as a substitute for religion "in our time," discussed at length in his 1933 Harvard lecture "The Modern Mind," is focused on his friend I. A. Richards and concludes, "salvation by poetry is not quite the same thing for Mr. Richards as it was for Arnold; but so far as I am concerned these are merely different shades of blue" (4.674).

76. "Milton" (*Lives*, 68)

77. Wordsworth, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, 2nd edn (1800), xxi.

78. "Dryden," *Lives*, 165

79. Wordsworth repeatedly notes in his preface to the 1800 edition of *Lyrical Ballads* that "Poetry is . . . as far as possible a selection of the language really spoken by men" and that the Poet "is a man speaking to men."

80. "Dryden" (*Lives*, 164)

81. "Akenside" (*Lives*, 494)

82. "Pope" (*Lives*, 430-31)

83. In chapter 14 of *Biographia Literaria* (1817), Coleridge argues that the imagination creates, whereas the fancy mechanically reproduces. "The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the former. . . . It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate. . . . The Fancy is indeed no other than a mode of Memory emancipated from the order of time and space . . . equally with the ordinary memory the Fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association." *Biographia Literaria*, ed. J. Shawcross, vol 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907), 202.

84. The importance of judgment in the arts was a lively one in the eighteenth century. Eleven years after the publication of Johnson's reflections in *Lives of the Poets*, Kant published *Critique of Judgment* (1790), the classic work on the topic. TSE read Kant's three *Critiques* and wrote papers on them as part of a seminar at Harvard in 1913 (1.29).

85. *Biographia Literaria*, vol 2, chapter 16 (221).

86. One of the principles permeating TSE's early criticism originated from an epigram attributed to the eighteenth-century clergyman Joseph Butler: "Everything is what it is and not another thing" (3.131, n.27). In 1919, TSE observed that "Leonardo turned to art or science, and each was what it was and not another thing" (2.27). In 1927, he noted, "In his tragedies Middleton employs all the Italianate horrors of his time, and . . . yet underneath we feel always a quiet and undisturbed vision of things as they are and not 'another thing'" (3.126). In the 1928 preface to a reprinting of *The Sacred Wood*, he explained that "the problem appearing in these essays . . . is

the problem of the integrity of poetry, with the repeated assertion that when we are considering poetry we must consider it primarily as poetry and not another thing" (3.413). Still again, in 1929, he said that eighteenth-century critics "recognized literature as literature, and not another thing" (3.754). As late as 1940, he wrote "we tend to escape into the past and into the future at the same time, and refuse to acknowledge that the present is what it is and not another thing" (6.75). In "The Frontiers of Criticism" (1926), TSE had emphasized the importance of "understanding of *the poetry as poetry*" (8.129).

Preface to *On Poetry and Poets*, by T. S. Eliot

London: Faber and Faber, 1957. Pp. 262; Preface, 11-12.[1]

With one exception[2*] all the essays included in this book are subsequent to those included in my *Selected Essays*. Most of them were written within the last sixteen years. My *Selected Essays* was a miscellaneous collection; this book, as the title indicates, is limited to essays concerned with poets or with poetry.[3]

The present collection differs from my *Selected Essays* in another respect. Only one essay in that book – the paper on Charles Whibley – was written for delivery to an audience;[4] the rest were all written for publication in periodicals. Of the sixteen essays which make up the present book, ten were originally addressed directly to audiences; an eleventh essay, that on Virgil, was a broadcast talk. In publishing these addresses now, I have not attempted to transform them into what they might have been if originally designed for the eye instead of the ear; nor have I made alterations beyond omitting the prefatory remarks to "Poetry and Drama," and also some of those preambular remarks and incidental pleasantries which, having been intended to seduce the listener, might merely irritate the reader. Nor did it seem to me right, in preparing for publication in one volume papers which were written at different times and for various occasions, either to remove passages which repeat statements made elsewhere, or to try to suppress inconsistencies and reconcile contradictions. Each item is substantially the same as on the date of its delivery or first publication.

Some papers or addresses, qualified by date and subject matter for inclusion, I have rejected, on re-reading after some lapse of time, as not good enough. I wish that I could have found worthy of inclusion two lectures delivered at Edinburgh University before the War, on "The Development of Shakespeare's Verse";[5] for what I was trying to say still seems to me worth saying. But the lectures struck me as badly written, and in need of thorough revision – a task to be deferred to some indefinite future. I regret the omission the less, however, as I had pillaged this set of lectures of one of its best passages – an analysis of the first scene of *Hamlet* – to incorporate in another address, "Poetry and Drama."[6] So, having already robbed one lecture for the benefit of another, I now append to "Poetry and Drama" another brief extract

from the same Edinburgh lecture, a note on the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*.[7]

My acknowledgments appear in the form of footnotes to the several essays. They do not convey my grateful memories of hospitality in several cities – in Glasgow, Swansea, Minneapolis, Bangor (N. Wales) and Dublin. The debts of gratitude are too numerous to particularize; but as my essay on "Goethe as the Sage" was delivered on the occasion of my receiving the Hanseatic Goethe Prize, I should like to express my appreciation of the hospitality of the Stiftung F.V.S. (the foundation which awards the prize), the Rector of the University, and the Burgomaster and Senate of the City of Hamburg.[8]

T. S. E.

October 1956

NOTES

1. Published on 13 Sept 1957. Dedication [7]: To / VALERIE

2*. TSE's note: "The paper on Sir John Davies which appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* in 1926; it was rescued from oblivion, and recommended for inclusion here by Mr. John Hayward."

3.

Contents:

I. On Poetry:
- The Social Function of Poetry (1945) (6.639)
- The Music of Poetry (1942) (6.310)
- What Is Minor Poetry? (1944) (6.566)
- What Is a Classic? (1944) (6.669)
- Poetry and Drama (1951) (7.589)
- The Three Voices of Poetry (1953) (7.817)
- The Frontiers of Criticism (1956) (8.121)

II. On Poets:
- Virgil and the Christian World (1951) (7.627)
- Sir John Davies (1926) (2.860)
- Milton I (1936) (5.371)
- Milton II (1947) (7.21)
- Johnson as Critic and Poet (1944) (8.185).
- Byron (1937) (5.430)
- Goethe as the Sage (1955) (8.62)
- Rudyard Kipling (1941) (6.210)
- Yeats (1940) (6.78)

4. Actually, two of the *Selected Essays* originated as lectures. "Charles Whibley" (4.384) was addressed to the English Association on 20 Feb 1931. "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (3.245) was delivered to the Shakespeare Association on 18 Mar 1927 (3.256, n.1).

5. See 5.531. The two lectures were delivered at Edinburgh University on 27-28 Oct 1937 and repeated at Bristol University on 2-3 Oct 1941, with additions and emendations.

6. See 5.546-48 and 7.589

7. See 5.546 and 7.603 ("Note to 'Poetry and Drama'").

8. The Rector of Hamburg University, Professor Dr. Albert Kolb (1906-90), presented the Hanseatic Goethe Prize to TSE on 5 May 1955 (8.80, n.1). The Burgomaster (mayor) of the Free and Hanseatic City of Hamburg was Kurt Sieveking (1897-1986), who served as First Mayor from 1953 to 1957.

The Spoken Word: Address for "Third Programme Entertainment"[1]

The Sound Broadcasting Society, by arrangement with the English Stage Company

London: 29 Sept 1957. Pp. [1-6]; "The Spoken Word" [4-6].

Sorry as I am not to be able to be present to participate this evening, my very absence gives me the opportunity of putting a question which is relevant to our purpose.

I am two hundred miles away, at the moment when you hear me: my voice was recorded before I left London.[2] When I have finished this brief speech, please ask yourselves, did the fact that we heard this man's voice, instead of reading his words in print, or instead of having them read out to us by someone else, make any difference to us?

If you feel that this message, delivered in this way by aid of the tape machine, was to any degree more convincing or memorable than if you had read it, or than if it had been read to you by someone else, then I shall have made a point about the value of the spoken word.

If the present designs of the Governors of the BBC are put into execution, I will make a prediction. Taking the threefold division of the programmes, into *Music*, *Drama* and *Talks* – the division according to which Dr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Michael Tippett, Sir Laurence Olivier and I spoke at our meeting with the Chairman and several of the Governors,[3] I hazard the following conjecture: –

Music and *Drama* will suffer in quality and in the duration of items. In *Music*, I expect that we shall hear less of the work of early or obscure composers; and we may expect in the long run fewer operas relayed from the Continent. More of the *Plays* will be shorter and popular in character. But as for *Talks*, I expect that we shall first observe that we have *fewer* of them.

The audience for talks is, I imagine, smaller than that for Music and Drama to begin with. I am not suggesting that good Music and good Drama are *appreciated* by a larger number of people than good talks of the more serious kind. (When I say "the more serious kind" I am not thinking only

of talks by philosophers such as Earl Russell, the late Professor Macmurray or Professor A. J. Ayer, but of items like those little pieces of the late Max Beerbohm, the records of which we ought to be allowed to hear once every year or two.)[4]

But if you are not so musical as you think, you can still pretend to yourself that you are listening to music when you are not; to a play you can listen by fits and starts; but with a talk, you are either giving close attention or you cannot pretend to be listening at all.

Talks I should not expect to be shortened: less than twenty minutes is too brief a span of time in which to give a serious talk, and over half an hour is too great a strain upon the attention. So there will be very few talks – that's all.

I have spoken before, and what I have said has been printed and published, in protest against the sharp distinction between the spoken and the written word.[5] The assertion that the Third Programme is the least important programme for talks on the ground that its appeal is only to those who are educated to the point of being able to imbibe through reading, and therefore have no need to listen, in itself implies this false distinction. If it were true, there would be no reason for anyone ever to attend a serious lecture.

But it is not true, and in fact, if it were not for a demand for the spoken word, the written word would in very many instances never get written. *The Listener* enjoys a great and deserved prestige among serious weekly papers. But if, as I expect, the number of serious talks is reduced, where is the material to come from, that is to fill *The Listener*? This is my second prediction: that *The Listener* will either fade away, or will be lowered from its present standards.

One reads *The Listener* primarily for these three reasons: because one has heard the talk and wishes to study its matter at leisure; or one has missed the talk and reads the text to supply the place of the audition; or one wants at some later date to be able to refer to the exact words of the speaker.

But just as I have never heard an interesting talk without wishing to read it afterwards, so I have never read a talk which interested me without wishing that I had heard it. To listen first to a man expounding his own ideas or imparting his own knowledge, and to read the same words afterwards, impresses matter on the mind as listening without reading, or reading without having listened, cannot do.

The false separation of the spoken from the written word is no more grievous in its consequences than the false discrimination between

entertainment and edification. For some people, a symphony orchestra may be more entertaining than a dance band. Most of us are capable of being entertained by both, but would be very sorry if we were only allowed to hear the band.

It is the assumption that the minority audience which finds entertainment in what also gives it mental and emotional nourishment – that is, the best music, the best poetry and drama, and the words of our most powerful thinkers – that this public, because it is a minority, is less important than the majority – that this assumption should be made in high quarters is what frightens me.

The assumption behind the attitude of the BBC is alarming, because when generally unquestioned and accepted, such an assumption tends to demoralise democracy, discourage excellence, and enervate the nation.

NOTES

1. The evening at the Royal Court Theatre was sponsored by the Sound Broadcasting Society. The printed program lists TSE as a vice president under the presidency of Ralph Vaughan Williams. In addition to TSE's recorded address, the program included the Allegri Quartet playing Maconchy's String Quartet No. 1 and Mozart's String Quartet in G major; Jill Balcon and C. Day Lewis reading poems by modern poets; and Peggy Ashcroft and John Gielgud reading sonnets and scenes from Shakespeare, Dryden, and a passage from *The Duchess of Malfi*. A detailed report of the event appeared in the *Times* of 30 Sept under the heading "Lament for the Third / Mourners at the Royal Court Theatre" (3).

2. TSE and his wife, Valerie, left London on 15 Sept for a holiday in Scarborough, on the Yorkshire coast, for the remainder of the month.

3. The meeting in Broadcasting House on 18 July, when TSE and the three others spoke to the governors in protest of their new policy regarding cuts to the Third Programme (8.182, nn.1, 2).

4. Bertrand Russell (the third Earl Russell), John Macmurray, and A. J. Ayer (1910-89) were frequent lecturers on the BBC Third Programme, as was Max Beerbohm, whose broadcasts from 1935 to 1955 were published in *The Listener* and collected after his death in 1956 as *Mainly on the Air* (1957), making him one of England's most popular broadcasters.

John Macmurray, whose work and life TSE knew well, did not die until 1976. The adjective "late" is not in TSE's typescript and may have been a printer's error.

5. TSE's "Speech to the BBC Governors" was published in *The London Magazine* of Sept 1957 (8.180).

Classic Inhumanism [III]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 2898 (13 Sept 1957) 547

Sir, – Your correspondent Mr. Christopher Logue has supported the accusations of your reviewer with all but two of the pieces of "evidence" which those who share his frame of mind are wont to produce against me.[1] The two missing quotations may be found on page 41 of my *Collected Poems* and page 70 (footnote) of my *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*. On the other hand he offers one piece of evidence which I have not seen used before. He quotes as evidence of my Fascist sympathies part of a sentence from my Commentary in *The Criterion* of February, 1928. His quotation reads as follows: "'the aims set forth in the statement of policy are wholly admirable' – Mr. Eliot's comment on *The British Lion*, a Fascist publication."[2]

Permit me to give this sentence in its full context. Three new periodicals had been sent to *The Criterion* for notice:

> The first is called *The British Lion*, and is the organ of the British Fascists. A very angry lion on the cover is demolishing the symbols of the present Russian government, and is supported by a couple of fasces. Our copy is accompanied by two pamphlets setting forth the aims of the British Fascists. The accusations made by *The British Lion* against British Communists may all be true, and the aims set forth in the statement of policy are wholly admirable. The *Lion* wishes to support "His Majesty the King, his heirs and successors, the present Constitution, the British Empire and the Christian Religion." These are cardinal points. We would only suggest that the British Lion might very well uphold these things without dressing itself up in an Italian collar. It is not our business to criticize fascism, as an Italian régime for Italians, a product of the Italian mind. But is *The British Lion* prepared to accept *le fascisme intégral*? What of the fascist ideas of political representation, which may be excellent, but which hardly square with "the present Constitution" which the *Lion* is sworn to defend? It seems unfortunate that a nationalist organization should have had to go abroad for its name and its symbol.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In this, the third letter entitled "Classic Inhumanism," TSE is responding to a letter in the issue of 6 Sept in which the English poet, playwright, and pacifist Christopher Logue (1926-2011) cites part of a sentence from TSE's writings to support the position that he is a fascist (533).

2. The "Commentary" from which Logue's snippet is taken briefly discusses three organizations that share socialist aims but are radically different in the means used to achieve their aims – Fascists, Christian Socialists, and Rotarians (3.333).

Preface to Oriya translations of *Selected Poems* by Ezra Pound

Kabita, trans. Gyanindra Verma. Cujtack, Orissa, India: Prafulla Chandra Das, 1958. Pp. 118; English preface in facsimile, [8-9].[1]

I felt highly honoured at being invited to contribute a preface to this Oriya translation of Ezra Pound's *Selected Poems*. I only ask myself: why should poems of Ezra Pound need to be introduced by another poet writing in the English language, and himself ignorant of Oriya language and literature? If any introduction be needed, it should be the work of some distinguished Oriya poet, well acquainted with Pound's poetry in English, who could best explain and interpret it to his countrymen.

The name of Ezra Pound ought to be as well-known in Orissa as my own; his poems deserved priority of publication over mine. He is my senior, and his name as a poet was known in England long before mine. It was owing to his efforts that poems of mine were first published and but for his encouragement I might at an early period have abandoned the writing of poetry altogether.

Pound has found his sources and his inspiration in languages living and dead, and in literatures East and West. Gifted with prodigious facility in learning languages, he has turned his eye upon one literature after another, from Spain and Portugal to Japan. Many literatures have enriched his verse; in turn his own poetry can enrich that of living poets in every language. Pound is in fact the greatest living master of versification, and the master who has the most to teach poets of other languages. It is in this conviction that I commend his poetry in English and in translation to all poetry lovers in Orissa.[2]

(Signed in facsimile)
T. S. ELIOT

3rd December, 1957

NOTES

1. Approached by the publisher Prafulla Chandra Das in a letter of 1 July 1957, TSE replied on 2 Aug that he was "very glad to know that you propose to publish poems by Ezra Pound in an India Oriya translation. I have been extremely busy and do not know when I should have time

to write a prefatory message for this edition; but, if you will let me know when the translation will be ready, I will see if I can [write] something for you later in the year. It will be a pleasure if I can find time to do so."

2. The translations include Cantos I, XLIX, LIII, "Cino," "The White Stag," "The Tomb at Akr Çaar," "Tenzone," "The Garret," "Salutation," "A Pact," "Dance Figure," "Ité," "Salvationists," "Meditatio," "Alba," "Coda," "Coitus," "The Encounter," "The Tea Shop," "The Lake Isle," "Epitaphs," "Song of the Bowmen of Shu," "The Coming of War: Actaeon," "Alba from 'Langue d'Oc,'" "The Beautiful Toilet," "The River Merchant's Wife," "Exile's Letter," "Taking Leave of a Friend," "A Ballad of the Mulberry Road," "Villanelle: The Psychological Hour," *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, Part I: IX, "Amitiés," and "Canto XXXVIII." The edition also includes the reproduction of a letter from Pound to Prafulla Chandra Das, dated 28 June 1957 (13), arranging for the publication of the edition.

Personal Choice: Selected Poems by Metaphysical Poets

TSE's "Personal Choice" was recorded on 30 Dec 1957 and broadcast from 10:45 to 11:00 pm on the BBC Home Service on 9 Jan 1958. In planning the program, TSE sent his list of five poems to D. G. Bridson of the BBC on 26 Nov: "The first three of these are dialogues and I should like to introduce the poetry audience to this rather charming form of minor verse which was practiced in that period. They would each need two voices. The first two want male voices, and the third would, as the title suggests, need a male and female voice. Can the B.B.C. run to two speakers? I would be willing to be one of the speakers myself if that would help." He also recommended John Laurie, who read for his previous poetry broadcast, "A Personal Anthology" (7.47). In the event, TSE evidently read one of the male voices with the Scots actor James McKechnie (1911-64); the female voice was read by the actress Olive Gregg (1925-2003), who was a member of the Women's Chorus in the Sept 1951 film version of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

How should one go about to make a selection of poems illustrating one's own taste, when the reading of the poems themselves, and the selector's comments upon his choice, are limited to thirteen minutes on the air? The poems chosen obviously cannot be "my favourite poems": one has too many favourite poems, and favourites for different moods and in different contexts. We started by limiting this reading to "the metaphysical poets" of the seventeenth century. Then it occurred to me to look, not for universal favourites, but rather for poems which the listener may never have read, or never have taken notice of before. I wanted to find a few poems such that the listener might say "hello! here's something I've overlooked. I must get hold of the book and read that to myself." Because my first impulse, when I hear for the first time a poem that pleases me, is to get hold of the poem and read it to myself. So, having limited the field of selection to the metaphysical poets, I re-read an essay of my own, written many years ago, which was inspired by the publication of Sir Herbert Grierson's admirable Oxford anthology of metaphysical poetry.[1] The concluding sentence of this essay reminded me (I quote) of "the faint, pleasing tinkle of Aurelian Townshend, whose 'Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Time' (I said) is one of the few regrettable omissions" from Sir Herbert's anthology. I looked up this "Dialogue" and found that its "faint tinkle" pleased me as much as it had 36 years ago. And I was delighted to find, the other day, that Miss Helen Gardner has included it in a recent anthology of the metaphysical poets.[2]

"A Dialogue betwixt Time and a Pilgrime"

PILGR. Aged man, that mowes these fields.
TIME. Pilgrime speak, what is thy will?
PILGR. Whose soile is this that such sweet Pasture yields?
Or who art thou whose Foot stands never still?
Or where am I? *TIME.* *In love.*
PILGR. His Lordship lies above.
TIME. Yes and below, and round about
Wherein all sorts of flow'rs are growing
Which as the early Spring puts out,
Time fals as fast a mowing.
PILGR. If thou art Time, these Flow'rs have Lives,
And then I fear,
Under some Lilly she I love
May now be growing there.
TIME. And in some Thistle or some spyre of grasse,
My syth thy stalk before hers come may passe.
PILGR. Wilt thou provide it may. TIME. No.
PILGR. Alleage the cause.
TIME. Because Time cannot alter but obey Fates laws.
CHORUS: Then happy those whom Fate, that is the stronger,
Together twists their threads, and yet draws hers the longer.

Were I a scholar, and especially if I were a scholar of the type of W.P. Ker,[3] I might try to give you a very condensed account of the ancestry in Greek and Latin verse, and the descent through other languages, of the brief eclogue in dialogue form as practised by English poets of the seventeenth century. Instead, I will merely give you two other examples of poetry in this form, both by poets much better known than is Aurelian Townshend. The first is a poem by Henry Vaughan:

"Death. A Dialogue"

Soul. 'Tis a sad Land, that in one day
Hath dull'd thee thus; when death shall freeze
Thy blood to ice, and thou must stay
Tenant for years, and centuries;
How wilt thou brook't? *Body*. I cannot tell;
But if all sense wings not with thee,

And something still be left the dead,
I'll wish my curtains off, to free
Me from so dark and sad a bed:

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud. *Soul*. 'Tis so:
but as thou saw'st that night
We travail'd in, our first attempts
Were dull and blind, but custom straight
Our fears and falls brought to contempt:

Then, when the ghastly twelve was past,
We breath'd still for a blushing East,
And bade the lazy sun make haste,
And on sure hopes, though long, did feast.

But when we saw the clouds to crack,
And in those crannies light appear'd,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleas'd ourselves with what we fear'd.

Just so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's bosom sleep,
Whilst I each minute groan to know
How near Redemption creeps.

Then shall wee meet to mix again, and met,
'Tis last good-night; our Sun shall never set.

Job, Chap.10. Ver.21, 22.

> *Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death;*
> *A Land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.*[4]

I don't seem to have taken any particular notice of this poem at the time when I was writing about the metaphysical poets. But my third example of the verse dialogue is by Andrew Marvell, and I find that I quoted *this*

poem in an essay on Marvell which I wrote in 1921, in the same year as my essay on "the metaphysical poets."[5] The two preceding dialogues were both between two male speakers; "Clorinda and Damon," as its name indicates, is a pastoral dialogue between a male and female speaker:

"Clorinda and Damon"

Clorinda. Damon, come drive thy flocks this way.
Damon. No: 'tis too late they went astray.
Clorinda. I have a grassy scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride;
The grass I am to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.
Damon. Grass withers, and the flowers too fade.
Clorinda. Seize the short joys then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?
Damon. That den?
Clorinda. Love's shrine.
Damon. But virtue's grave.
Clorinda. In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.
Damon. Not Heaven's eye.
Clorinda. Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.
Damon. Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?
Clorinda. What is't you mean?
Damon. The other day
Pan met me.
Clorinda. What did great Pan say?
Damon. Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.
Clorinda. Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.
Damon. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.
Clorinda. Who would not in Pan's praises meet?
Chorus. Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
For all the world is our Pan's quire.[6]

These three poems are enough, I think, to demonstrate the charm of this particular form. So, for the fourth of my five poems, I have gone to one of the greatest of the metaphysicals – a poet whom I should call without qualification a great English poet. George Herbert is represented in every anthology of English verse; but I have looked in vain, in the anthologies in my own possession, for his sonnet called "Prayer," until I met the anthology by Miss Gardner which I have already mentioned. To me it is one of Herbert's most beautiful poems, and one of the most beautiful sonnets in our language.

"Prayer (1)" [7]

Prayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
  Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
  The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;
Engine against th' Almightie, sinners towre,
  Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
  The six-daies world transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
  Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
  Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud,
  The land of spices; something understood.[8]

My last poem belongs in a different category from any of the others. Bishop Henry King is not a poet of the fame of Vaughan, or Marvell or Herbert, nor is he obscure like Aurelian Townshend. He was a good poet, but in this one poem, "The Exequy," he surpassed himself. It is a famous poem, and is in every anthology. I remember very well the way in which I first came across it. I was eleven or twelve years old, and once a week or so I had, like many children, to visit the dentist to have my teeth straightened. In this dentist's waiting room, in addition to out of date periodicals, was a complete set of Edgar Poe's Works; and while waiting for my appointments I read the whole of Poe's prose and verse writing. One story – and a highly romantic story too, is called "The Assignation." As the epigraph to this story I found the lines

Stay for me there! I shall not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.

followed by the attribution to Bishop King, "Exequy to his Dead Wife." These two lines so took me that I could not rest until I had found and read the poem entire. I get as keen a thrill today from this poem as did the boy who read it so many years ago. There are many love poems as great, or perhaps greater than this; but I know of no love poem as great as this on quite the same theme. It is, I repeat, a love poem; but the love is conjugal love at its highest – it is a love matured and enriched by the experience of married happiness and its loss. We have not time to give you the complete poem but in the circumstances this shortened version is perhaps equally effective:[9]

"The Exequy" [10]

Sleep on my *Love* in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow Vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.

Thus from the Sun my Bottom stears,
And my dates Compass downward bears:
Nor labour I to stemme the tide
Through which to *Thee* I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the *Vann* first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But heark! My Pulse like a soft Drum
Beats my approach, tells *Thee* I come:
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by *Thee*.[11]

T. S. ELIOT

December 1957.

NOTES

1. TSE's "The Metaphysical Poets," his review-essay of Herbert J. C. Grierson's edition of *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century: Donne to Butler* (*MLP*), appeared in the *TLS* of 20 Oct 1921 (2.375).

2. Helen Gardner's often-reprinted edition of *The Metaphysical Poets* was first published by Penguin Books in 1957. In his 29 Nov letter to Bridson, TSE remarked: "Aurelian Townshend's poems must be rather scarce and as his dialogue is very brief I am having it typed out from the Clarendon Press edition [*Aurelian Townshend's Poems and Masks*] edited by E. K. Chambers in 1912." The sentence preceding this note was inserted in TSE's hand after writing to Bridson again on 18 Dec: "Since writing to you last I have received from Helen Gardner her Penguin anthology of Metaphysical poets. In it I find Aurelian Townshend's dialogue and George Herbert's Prayer so I shall have to alter the text of my commentary accordingly."

Gardner's text of Townshend's dialogue (100), printed here, is a partially modernized printing of the poem in the Chambers edition, which she cites as her source (318). TSE also wrote to Gardner on 18 Dec to thank her and to say that "you have anticipated me, so you have forced me to alter my text. I shall in fact ask Bridson whether it is permissible to mention your Penguin book by name. I should like to advertise it if I could. . . . My discomfiture is, I think, a real tribute to your selection!"

3. W. P. Ker was the Oxford Professor of Poetry from 1920 until his sudden death in 1923. TSE had included Ker's essay "Byron: An Oxford Lecture" in the *Criterion* of Oct 1923, together with his obituary by Charles Whibley, who observed that Ker "possessed the faculty, which is beyond the reach of most scholars, of illustrating the prose and poetry of one land by the prose and poetry of another, tracing the growth of metres as they crossed the seas and the ages" (103). TSE wrote of Ker in "Experiment in Criticism" (1929): "It was W. P. Ker, who perhaps knew the whole history of European poetry better than any man of his time, who said that in literature there were no Dark Ages" (3.758).

4. From *Silex Scintillans* (1650). *The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist*, vol 1, ed. E. K. Chambers (London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1896), 23-24.

5. TSE's "Andrew Marvell" appeared in the *TLS* of 13 Mar 1921 (2.309). TSE's quotation there from "Clorinda and Damon" (1681) (ll. 13-16) follows hard upon his discussion of "Nymph and the Faun," about which, he writes, "Marvell takes a slight affair, the feeling of a girl for her pet, and gives it a connexion with that inexhaustible and terrible nebula of emotion which surrounds all our exact and practical passions and mingles with them. Again, Marvell does this in a poem which, because of its formal pastoral machinery, may appear a trifling object:

> Clorinda. Near this, a fountain's liquid bell / Tinkles with the concave shell.
> Damon. Might a soul bathe there and be clean, / Or slake its drought?

where we find that a metaphor has suddenly rapt us to the image of spiritual purgation." (2.316)

6. *The Poems of Andrew Marvell*, ed. G. A. Aitken (London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1892), 41-42.

7. Gardner, 122; from *The Temple* (1633). *The Works of George Herbert*, ed. F. E. Hutchinson (Oxford: Clarendon, 1941), 51.

8. In her later edition, Gardner inserts apostrophes for clarity in the first two lines: *read*: "Church's banquet, Angels' age, / God's". TSE quoted the last two lines of the sonnet in his 1926 Clark Lectures, describing how "the direct meaning of the images in a very remarkable way cancel each other out" (2.735). He quoted the poem in full in "The Devotional Poets of the Seventeenth Century" (1930), "particularly because it suggests very strongly the influence of Donne" (4.75-76), but without comparison, whereas in his final essay on Herbert in 1962 he quoted in full Donne's religious sonnet "Batter my heart" and Herbert's "Prayer" to emphasize the difference, "not that between the violence of Donne and the gentle imagery of Herbert, but rather a difference between the dominance of intellect over sensibility and the dominance of sensibility over intellect. . . . [I]n Donne thought seems in control of feeling, and in Herbert feeling seems in control of thought" (8.508).

9. In his letter of 26 Nov to Bridson, TSE asked "whether you want the Exequy complete or would prefer only the 34 consecutive lines which I should offer as an alternative?" When Bridson suggested on 6 Dec that "Prayer" could be dropped to accommodate "The Exequy," TSE replied on 14 Dec: "I should prefer to preserve George Herbert's sonnet and have the shortened form of The Exequy."

10. Original title: "An Exequy to his Matchlesse Never to be Forgotten Friend" (1657); shortened to "The Exequy" in Grierson (*MLP* 203). King wrote the poem for his deceased wife Anne Berkeley, whom he married in 1617 and who died in 1624, having given birth to six children.

11. Lines 81-114 of 120, Grierson text and spelling (*MLP* 203-06). TSE has previously marked, quoted, and commented on these thirty-four lines. In his copy of George Saintsbury's edition of *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*, vol 3 (1921), TSE has bracketed lines 81-100; lines 89-100 and 111-14 are quoted as one elided unit in "The Metaphysical Poets" (2.377); lines 111-12 are quoted in "Andrew Marvell" as an example of a conceit, adding: "If the drum were left out it would cease to be a conceit – but it would lose the valuable associations which the drum gives it" (2.456); lines 81-92 are quoted and discussed in "Mystic and Politician as Poet" (4.101).

The Disembodied Voice

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 2916 (17 Jan 1958) 31

Sir, – Although the debate on this subject appears to have been closed by your admirable leading article of January 10, this former *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer is impelled to put forward one more justification of anonymity, which none of your previous correspondents has advanced.[1] For several years after the 1914-18 War I was reviewing regularly for *The Athenaeum*, and at the same period I contributed a number of reviews and first articles to *The Times Literary Supplement*.[2] I am grateful to the first for the experience of writing criticism over my own name, and to the second for the experience of anonymity. The young reviewer needs access to at least one prominent journal in which his name will appear, and to at least one in which his work will be unsigned. The editor of a periodical in which articles and reviews are unsigned has greater responsibility and therefore greater authority: I remember how the occasional deletion of a phrase, by the editorial pencil, taught me to temper my prejudices and control my crotchets and whimsies.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Concluding a controversy over the *TLS* policy of anonymous reviewing that began in the issue of 13 Dec 1957, with F. W. Bateson and Hugh Trevor-Roper leading those protesting the practice, the *TLS* editor Alan Pryce-Jones wrote (anonymously) in "Anonymity Again" (10 Jan 1958): "But in a world where the exhibition of personality for its own sake has become a hallmark of the age, there is something to be said for the display . . . of corporate personality, for the merging of the individual name, famous or no, into a collegiate entity. May it not be that the preservation and the improvement of a college of opinion such as we try to build reflect an activity no more dishonourable than to pin a name and a reputation to every thought? . . . And so long as we feel assured that in the main our college makes its weekly contribution in the spirit of equity and objective truthfulness, we shall not be tempted to tear down its walls" (19). Under the heading "The Disembodied Voice," Pryce-Jones's leader was accompanied by opposing letters from Bateson, George Watson, and Bernard Wright.

2. In 1919, TSE was invited by John Middleton Murry to write for *The Athenaeum*. Over the next two years, he contributed more than thirty essays, beginning with "The New Elizabethans

and the Old" in Apr 1919 and culminating with "The Perfect Critic" in July 1920 (2.xv). In 1919, he was invited by Bruce Richmond to write for the *TLS*. His first review, "Ben Jonson," appeared in Nov 1919, and over the next two years, he contributed major essays on Andrew Marvell, John Dryden, and the metaphysical poets, all unsigned (2.xxi-xxii).

Message on Ezra Pound

To the Editor of *Books and Art*

Books and Art, 1 (Feb 1958) 59

It is appalling to think that a man who is perhaps the greatest poet of his generation, who has certainly had a great seminal influence upon other poets, who has done so much to shape the poetry of our age, and who has in the past done so much for other writers, should end his life as an inmate of St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington.[1] As for his economic theories, they may be very sound; but political thinking needs to be supported by a profound understanding of human nature. Yet whatever follies of political judgment Pound may have committed in the past, the question of what he might say or do after his release is irrelevant to the question of the justice of keeping him confined, especially if the term of his confinement has already exceeded the length of sentence upon others who have been tried and found guilty. I have no sympathy with Pound's racial prejudices, and among the people of my acquaintance who wish, as I do, that he might be released, I know no one who shares those views. I do not think that his views should be considered, in considering the question of his release. He is a poet of genius. He has been detained since 1944 and is now seventy-two. I should like to see him free to live out the rest of his life as he lived it before the late war.[2]

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

NOTES

1. Pound surrendered to the American military in May 1945, and after confinement at Pisa, was transferred in Nov to Washington, where he was charged with treason and confined in St. Elizabeths Hospital north of Washington. His friends and admirers, including TSE, worked tirelessly for his release, which finally occurred in Apr 1958. TSE visited Pound and Dorothy at St. Elizabeths in June 1957 and throughout the year consulted with lawyers and American writers such as Robert Frost and Archibald MacLeish about Pound's care. On 8 July 1957, TSE reported to Basil Bunting that Pound "seemed to me somewhat calmer than a year ago, and he has been moved to a more tolerable part of St. Elizabeths Hospital. I hope that we can get him out of there eventually." On the same day, he wrote to Frost concerning Pound's wartime broadcasts: "the issues with which Pound was there concerned are now dead, the errors which he then committed are now irrelevant." It is not as a politician that Pound will be remembered, but as a poet: "his name will remain one of the most illustrious in American literature."

2. For TSE's previous letters in defense of Pound and calls for his release, see 7.xxvi, xxix, 361.

Preface to *My Brother's Keeper*: *James Joyce's Early Years*, by Stanislaus Joyce. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Richard Ellmann

London: Faber and Faber, 1958. Pp. xii + 266; Preface, [vii]-ix.[1]

Curiosity about the private life of a public man may be of three kinds: the useful, the harmless, and the impertinent. It is useful, when the subject is a statesman, if the study of his private life contributes towards the understanding of his public actions; it is useful, when the subject is a man of letters, if the study throws light upon his published works. The line between curiosity which is legitimate and that which is merely harmless, and between that which is merely harmless and that which is vulgarly impertinent, can never be precisely drawn.

In the case of a writer, the usefulness of biographical information, for increasing our understanding and making possible a keener enjoyment or a more critical valuation, will vary according to the type of which the writer is a representative, and the way in which he has exploited his own experience in his books. It is difficult to believe that greater knowledge about the private life of Shakespeare could much modify our judgement or enhance our enjoyment of his plays; no theory about the origin or mode of composition of the Homeric poems could alter our appreciation of them as poetry. With a writer like Goethe, on the other hand, our interest in the man is inseparable from our interest in the work; and we are impelled to supplement and correct what he tells us in various ways about himself, with information from outside sources: the more we know about the man, the better, we think, we may come to understand his poetry and his prose.

In the case of James Joyce we have a series of books, two of which at least are so autobiographical in appearance that further study of the man and his background seems not only suggested by our own inquisitiveness, but almost expected of us by the author himself.[2] We want to know who are the originals of his characters, and what were the origins of his episodes, so that we may unravel the web of memory and invention and discover how far and in what ways the crude material has been transformed. Our interest extends, therefore, inevitably and justifiably, to Joyce's family, to his friends, and to

every detail of the topography and the life of Dublin, the Dublin of his childhood, adolescence and young manhood. What Joyce's brother Stanislaus has done for us is to make us acquainted with the family environment in which the two boys grew up, with details that no one else could have provided. We regret that he died leaving the story unfinished: we shall never have, from any other source, the account of the middle years in Trieste which Stanislaus could have given us.[3] But we are fortunate to have so full an account of boyhood and youth in Dublin, by the man who was observing and studying his brother, sedulously, admiringly and jealously, as no one else ever observed or studied him.

It would be a mistake, however, to classify this book as merely a unique piece of documentation on the early life of one of the great writers of the century. *My Brother's Keeper* is also a remarkable exposition of the relationship between a famous man and a brother of whose existence the world remained unaware.[4] Stanislaus himself, in this book, becomes as interesting to us as James. The brothers are so much alike and yet so different! James Joyce was devoted to his father, and to his father's memory: the attitude of Stanislaus was very different, as instanced by his report of the terrible scene at their mother's deathbed. Where James, in political and religious matters, was indifferent or merely mocking, Stanislaus manifests a sometimes appalling violence. I have read the book twice, and find myself fascinated and repelled by the personality of this positive, courageous, bitter man who was a prey to such mixed emotions of affection, admiration and antagonism – a struggle in the course of which, as Mr. Ellmann in his Introduction points out, he saw his famous brother, at certain moments, with a startling lucidity of vision. I had thought that the book might be entitled *Memories of a Son and Brother* – with a difference. With another difference, *My Brother's Keeper* has a quality of candour which reminds me of Gosse's *Father and Son*.[5] Possessed as he was by the subject of his memoir, Stanislaus Joyce, under the exasperation of this thorn in his flesh,[6] became himself a writer, and the author of this one book which is worthy to occupy a permanent place on the bookshelf beside the works of his brother.

NOTES

1. In the summer of 1954, James Joyce's younger brother Stanislaus visited London and showed TSE a partial draft of the memoir that was to become *My Brother's Keeper*. The following year, on 16 June (ironically, Bloomsday), Stanislaus suddenly died, and on 30 June, TSE wrote to Mrs. Joyce to inquire about the "draft of his reminiscences of early family life in Dublin with his

brother, Mr. James Joyce, who was also my friend." TSE suggested that the draft ought to be published and offered to assist in making "such editorial arrangements" as might be needed before "offering the book to the public." Mrs. Joyce responded positively, and on 17 Oct, TSE wrote, "I should of course be happy to provide a brief preface." On 11 July 1957, TSE sent Nelly Joyce a brief note: "I am very happy to know that you are satisfied with my preface to your husband's book, and I hope that nothing will prevent early publication." An advance copy of *My Brother's Keeper*, printed in the United States in Dec 1957 as a Christmas remembrance for friends of Viking Press, was published on 3 Feb 1958. The English edition, with TSE's preface, was published on 23 May by Faber & Faber.

2. The two books informed by autobiography are the bildungsroman, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) and *Ulysses* (1922).

3. Stanislaus (Stannie) Joyce (1884-1955) lived with James and Nora in Trieste between 1905 and 1908 or 1909. Between 1 Jan 1907 and 11 Feb 1909, he kept a diary, and in 1950, he published *Recollections of James Joyce*. Stanislaus gave Richard Ellmann exclusive access to the diaries, which, after the publication of Ellmann's massive biography *James Joyce* (1959), were published – *The Dublin Diary* (1962) and *The Complete Dublin Diary* (1971).

4. The title of the memoir, taken from the story of Cain and Abel, points to a fratricidal relationship in which the elder brother, a farmer, murders the younger, a shepherd. When God asks, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" Cain replies, "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" (Gen. 4:9). In the introduction, Ellmann cautions against a straightforward reading of the title: Stanislaus "sardonically presented himself as Cain because the evidence would show he was not" (x).

5. Edmund Gosse (1849-1928), *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments* (1907), is an autobiographical account of Gosse's conflict between the faith of his Victorian father and the doubts of his own post-Darwinian generation.

6. In a letter to the Church at Corinth, Paul writes: "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure" (II Corinthians 12:7).

Speech on receiving an honorary degree at the University of Rome

The degree ceremony was held on 26 Feb 1958, with TSE choosing to deliver his address not in Italian but in French, hastily translated by Henri Fluchère or one of his students. TSE and his wife Valerie were honored guests at a dinner party hosted by the Rector that evening; afterwards they stayed in Rome and environs until their return to London on 12 Mar. TSE wrote to the Rector on 13 Mar to thank him for sending photographs of the visit and to inform him that the film of the ceremony was shown on BBC television before their return.

Magnifico Rettore![1]

I have to-day been accorded a great honour. I have pondered often and long, during the months and weeks before my coming, trying to find the ideas and the words which would best express my gratitude to you, Monsieur le Recteur who have conferred this degree upon me, and to you, Messieurs les Professeurs de la Faculté of Letters and Philosophy, who have thought me worthy to receive it. I should wish to say, first of all, that to be made a Doctor *honoris causa* of the University of Rome means something more to me than the embellishment of another honorary degree from a great university. This is not only a great university, it is the university of the City which is the spiritual capital of the civilised world. It seemed to me at last that the best way in which I could express my appreciation of this honour, might be to try to convey something of my own personal debt to Rome, something of what the name "Rome" means in my personal history. For what could I say generally about the grandeur of Rome and its central importance in history for the whole Western World, that would be more than a feeble repetition of the testimony of illustrious pilgrims in every century from every part of Europe and the West? My only hope of originality, I felt, was to attempt to account in some small measure for the difference to my own life and career, which the word Rome may be taken to represent.

Even with this limitation, it is difficult to single out the debts which are wholly personal, from those which I share with others of my race and nation. As a man of letters, it is with my debt to the language and literature of ancient Rome that I am in the first place concerned. But this debt, in its widest sense, is one which I share with all other writers of the English language – indeed

with all whose native tongue is English: for without the modifications wrought upon English by Latin, what would our English language be, but a harsh northern speech of limited range? That, incidentally, is one reason why I attach capital importance to the study of Latin in our schools, in Britain and America and the other English-speaking lands: for without some knowledge of Latin, how little can we English-speaking peoples understand our own tongue?[2] and without an adequate understanding of it how can we exploit its resources to the full? and without the power to exploit its resources to the full, how can we hope to write poetry? But I have a more personal debt to acknowledge, and I wish to acknowledge it, even though my reminiscences of childhood and youth may seem to verge upon the trivial. To what extent, I sometimes wonder, are not only our tastes formed, but our aptitudes developed, by the relations of affection and trust, or of fear and dislike, upon which we find ourselves with our teachers. The fact that I liked and was liked by the Latin masters of the two schools which I attended as a boy,[3] and that there is none of my teachers at my university of Harvard whom I remember with warmer affection than Edward Kennard Rand, Professor of Latin, has I am sure made a great difference to my life.[4] I do not pretend that I ever became an accomplished Latinist, in spite of winning the Latin Prize at one school. I am now at an age at which men have to reconcile themselves to having forgotten most of what they once learned, and begin to realise the importance, in the formation of their minds, of a great many of those things which they have forgotten. The consequences of having pursued studies with zeal and enthusiasm survive one's memories of the books one studied.

I was greatly pleased, some fifteen years ago, when I had sent my latest poem to my beloved Professor of Latin shortly before his death,[5] to have him remark in his letter of acknowledgement that he could see that my versification in certain passages showed the effect of my having studied Lucretius with him, when I was nineteen or twenty. But he had stimulated my taste for Latin poetry to such a degree that I read rather more widely than the curriculum required: and that indeed, is evidence that one has studied under a great teacher, when the teacher arouses in the pupil a wide-ranging curiosity about the literature to which he is introducing him.

But of all the poetry I then read, in the Latin language, it was the *Aeneid* that gave me the greatest delight – and indeed, as a boy, I found Virgil far more congenial than Homer. And Virgil is the poet who represents Rome at its grandest, and who represents the pre-Christian world at its most humane and most civilized. So also is his Aeneas the most dedicated, the

most sacrificed, the most heroic (to my mind) of ancient heroes; the nearest to a Christian hero, just as Virgil is the nearest, among the pagans, to a Christian poet.[6]

Nor can I mention Virgil without reference to a later poet, an Italian who for me has achieved in his poetry the highest of which human language is capable. It is well known, that for me Dante is the greatest of all poets: this has been so, ever since, at the age of twenty-two, I attempted painfully to decipher the *Divine Comedy* in a little pocket edition on my first visit to Italy.[7] Does it seem strange that I should acknowledge among my masters two poets, one of whom wrote in a dead language which I have almost forgotten, the other writing in a living language which I have never learned to speak? But fortunately, poet can speak to poet even when scholarship is lacking; and though I now read my Virgil as I have throughout my mature life read my Dante, in an edition with a translation into English prose printed *en regard*, these are two among the very small company of poets to whose works I constantly return for refreshment.

To speak of the debt of European poets, or specifically of the debt of English poets, to Dante, could only be to utter commonplaces; so, at the risk of incurring the charge of egotism, I confine my tribute to my own personal debt. Among my poems there is one long passage in which I have endeavoured to produce a Dantesque *terza rima* in English – Dantesque in idiom and sentence structure as well as in metre.[8] There is no poem of mine of which I am prouder – and none which gave me more toil and trouble to achieve. But my more general debt to Dante has some peculiarities which distinguish it. I have said that Dante was the greatest of all poets "for me": the qualification "for me" being only a recognition of the impossibility of any exact relative valuation between great poets of different ages and different languages. Now in general, in reviewing my own poetic development, I can say that the very greatness of the greatest poets has prevented them from influencing me; the poets whose influence upon my work is most manifest are poets nearer my own stature. It is Jules Laforgue rather than Baudelaire or Racine, it is several minor Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists rather than Shakespeare. How does it come about that I should have been influenced so deeply by this one poet who is of such vastly greater stature than myself? And how did it happen that this influence was exerted so immediately that I can say, not that I studied Italian in order to read Dante, but that it was through reading Dante that I began to love and to learn a little of the Italian language? There was a time when, almost completely ignorant of

Italian, I yet memorised long passages from the *Divine Comedy*.[9] I do not know how this can happen; but a miracle of human genius such as the *Divine Comedy* can itself bring about lesser miracles.

I think of the poetry of Western Europe as intricately interrelated.[10] Each true poet, to be sure, whether of greater or lesser genius, brings into being some combination of words which is unique. Nevertheless, there is the spirit of the age, which sometimes accounts for strange affinities between the work of poets, writing in the same period, in different languages: critics have found such an affinity between my work and that of Eugenio Montale, and that of George Seferis in Greece.[11] And there is also the spirit of European tradition. The poetry of no age would be what it is but for the poetry of the ages which preceded it; and we are all, in the end, debtors to Homer. Thus also the poetry of each of our languages can be refreshed and reinvigorated from time to time by the influence of some poet who has spoken for his age in some other language. It is in this way, indeed, that I envisage European culture: not in the past, and never, I hope, in the future, a uniform culture, identical in every land and language, but one in which each people, preserving its own individuality, may constantly contribute to, and receive contributions from, its neighbours. And on this conclusion I shall revert to my beginning. I thought of my debt, as a poet, to Rome, and of this debt Virgil is the fitting symbol. And I could not speak of Virgil without proceeding to speak of the poet who has most magnificently celebrated Virgil. To Dante, to whom I feel that I owe more than to any other poet, my debt is finally inexpressible; but was it not right that I should seize this occasion, when I have been so honoured by the University of the Capital City of Christendom, to try once more to voice my feeling towards the man whom I regard above all other poets as the Master?[12]

NOTES

1. *Trans*: Magnificent Rector! On 15 Jan 1958, TSE wrote to Professor Mario Praz, on whose initiative the degree was awarded, to confirm the date of the ceremony and to seek advice about the opening salutation: "What I should like to do on opening my formal thanks, is to address the Rector in the correct form of Italian and then proceed to read the French translation of my words. So I should be grateful if you would let me know the exact wording appropriate to my opening invocation to the Rector. When lecturing in Germany, I have learned to address the Rector of a University as 'Eure Magnifizenz.'" The Rector of the University of Rome was the economist Giuseppe Ugo Papi (1893-1989), the principal of the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy was the philologist and linguist professor Angelo Monteverdi (1886-1967).

2. In a speech in Boston in 1933, TSE associated the attenuation of the monastic ideal in modern life with the neglect of Latin and Greek in school curricula. "[T]he modern world is

suffering from two disasters, which together are enough to undermine our civilization: the decay of the study of Latin and Greek in colleges and universities, and the dissolution of the monasteries" (4.813, n.6).

3. At Smith Academy, where he won the gold medal for Latin in 1904, TSE studied under Edward Fisher Jackson (b. 1862), a graduate of Washington University who taught Latin and history. TSE continued to take Latin at Milton Academy; his teacher is unidentified.

4. Edward Kennard Rand (1871-1945) was professor of Latin at Harvard from 1909 until his retirement in 1942, In his 1926 review of Rand's *Ovid and his Influence*, TSE stated that "Dr. Rand shows sound judgment and an appreciative enjoyment uncommon at the present time" (2.796). In "The Latin Tradition," his 1929 review of Rand's *Founders of the Middle Ages*, TSE describes him as "one of the finest classical scholars and humanists of our time" (3.592).

5. On two separate dates in 1943, TSE sent Professor Rand a copy of his pamphlet "Reunion by Destruction" (1943) and a copy of a current Faber book, W. F. Jackson Knight's *Roman Vergil*. He also sent, presumably that year ("some fifteen years ago"), a copy of his "latest poem," *Little Gidding*, possibly enclosed with one of the items above. The accompanying letter or note has not been found.

6. In "Virgil and the Christian World" (1951), TSE clarifies the distinctions in this paragraph, stating that "the explanation that I should now give is simply that I instinctively preferred the *world* of Virgil to the *world* of Homer – because it was a more civilized world of dignity, reason, and order"; in considering Virgil as a Christian prophet in the fourth *Eclogue*, TSE asserts that Virgil's "sensibility is more nearly Christian than that of any other Roman or Greek poet: not like that of an early Christian perhaps, but like that of Christianity from the time at which we can say that a Christian civilization had come into being"; he further states that Aeneas "suffers for himself, he acts only in obedience. He is, in fact, the prototype of a Christian hero. For he is, humbly, a man with a mission; and the mission is everything" (7.630, 633).

7. TSE had the three-volume, pocket-sized, 1909-10 Temple Classics edition of the *Divine Comedy* when he made his first visit to Italy in the summer of 1911.

8. In his "Talk on Dante" (1950), TSE describes his solution for producing a Dantesque *terza rima* in part II of *Little Gidding*: "The rhyming words [in English] call too much attention to themselves. Italian is the one language known to me in which exact rhyme can always achieve its effect . . . without the risk of obtruding itself. I therefore adopted, for my purpose, a simple alternation of unrhymed masculine and feminine terminations, as the nearest way of giving the light effect of the rhyme in Italian. In saying this, I am . . . merely explaining how I was directed in a particular situation" (7.485).

9. "Forty years ago I began to puzzle out the *Divine Comedy* . . . and when I thought I had grasped the meaning of a passage which especially delighted me, I committed it to memory; so that, for some years, I was able to recite a large part of one canto or another to myself, lying in bed or on a railway journey" (7.482).

10. This position was articulated in TSE's earliest essays, notably "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (2.105) and "The Function of Criticism" – "I think of . . . the literature of Europe, . . . not as a collection of the writings of individuals, but as 'organic wholes,' as systems in relation to which, and only in relation to which, individual works of literary art, and the works of individual artists, have their significance" (2.458).

11. The Italian poet Eugenio Montale (1896-1991) was introduced to TSE and English readers by G. B. Angioletti in his Italian Chronicle for the *Criterion* of June 1927, with high praise for

Montale's first volume, *Ossi di seppia* (Cuttle-fish Bones); this was followed by TSE's publication of Montale's poem "Arsenio" in the issue of June 1928 (342-45), in a translation by Mario Praz, who had introduced Montale to TSE's poems. The Greek poet George Seferis (1900-71) discovered TSE's poems in 1931 and began translating them into Greek in 1936. Both poets paid tribute in *T. S. Eliot: A Symposium* (1948), compiled by Tambimuttu and Richard March for TSE's sixtieth birthday. Montale in "Eliot and Ourselves" (accompanied by Praz's "T. S. Eliot and Eugenio Montale") and Seferis in "T. S. Eliot in Greece" recount their discovery of the poems, the personal impact, and their views of TSE's influence on European poetry.

12. TSE wrote to his American friend William R. Castle on 9 Apr: "The Romans were very hospitable and it gave me a certain feeling of grandeur to find myself for the first and I presume the last time taking an honorary degree all by myself. The medical students turned out in force to cheer me – but for the reason, as it proved, that they wished to make a demonstration against the Minister of Education who was expected to be present and who had recently introduced a new and unpopular examination in their faculty."

B.B.C. Programmes [II]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (25 Mar 1958) 9

Sir, – In raising a question in the House of Commons on March 19, Sir Leslie Plummer is reported in your columns as having stated that serious talks and drama had been cut *drastically* since the new programmes came into operation.[1] The reply given on behalf of the Postmaster-General included the following statement: "Unless and until the B.B.C. make some *drastic* change in the pattern of their broadcasting programmes the Postmaster-General is not called upon to intervene in any way. This has not happened so far." I have italicized two words to indicate that what is needed is a definition of the word "drastic." Presumably only the Postmaster-General can provide this definition.

There are, however, other questions which might suitably be put to the Chairman of the B.B.C. in this context. On February 19 you published a letter signed by several persons including myself, calling attention to the results of the recent change in policy, as shown by statistics compiled by the Sound Broadcasting Society.[2] On February 24 you published the Chairman's reply.[3] I had to leave England the next day to fulfil an engagement, and was abroad for a fortnight. So much time has now elapsed, that I forbear to analyse this reply in detail, and will limit myself to three questions. (1) Does the Chairman question the accuracy of the figures given in the report of the Sound Broadcasting Society? (2) Do "listener reports" indicate that Network Three is highly popular, and in particular that the audience for "further education" has been extended? (3) Is there any evidence to suggest that the changes which have been made are likely to effect economies, or to be more costly, or to leave the financial position unchanged?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. As reported in the *Times* of 20 Mar under the heading "Sound Programmes / M.P.'s Comments after Six Months," Sir Leslie Plummer (1901-63), a Labour MP strongly opposed to

commercial television, asked Kenneth Thompson, assistant postmaster-general, "whether the Postmaster-General was satisfied that the new sound broadcasting policy of the B.B.C., initiated last October, remained in conformity with the corporation's charter; and if he would make a statement" (6). When Thompson (1909-84) replied that he "would remind the House that successive Governments have endorsed the independence of the B.B.C. in making programmes," Sir Leslie responded: "Surely it has been accepted that the Postmaster-General has a responsibility for the overall policy of the B.B.C. The Postmaster-General ought to use his powers now, because serious talks and drama have been cut drastically since the new programmes came into operation. . . . Under the charter it is his responsibility to talk to the B.B.C. about this depreciation in the quality of programmes." To which Thompson replied, as above: "Unless and until the B.B.C. make some drastic change in the pattern of their broadcasting programmes, the Postmaster-General is not called upon to intervene in any way. That has not happened so far. If it did, I have no doubt the Postmaster-General would act at once."

2. See "B.B.C. Programmes [I]" (8.589)

3. The new Chairman of the B.B.C. Arthur fforde (1900-85), appointed in Dec 1957, replied under the heading "B.B.C. Programmes" in the issue of 24 Feb: "The B.B.C. does not claim perfection for these alterations . . . We must make it clear, however, that we do not accept the particular strictures made by the signatories of the letter, nor the report of the 'Sound Broadcasting Society' on which they appear to be based. . . . To be precise, we consider it inaccurate to say that the corporation has fallen short of its duties to the public. . . . Your correspondents are entitled to believe that it would be better if light and serious programmes were mixed up on the same network. But in advocating this arrangement they are not entitled to assert that our programmes are debased by the present arrangement and to give the impression that what they describe as 'trivial' predominates over what is good and worth while" (9).

B.B.C. Programmes [III]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (1 Apr 1958) 11

Sir, – In his letter published in your issue of March 29 Sir Arthur fforde provides answers to the three questions which I put to him. In order to limit my claim upon your space I shall not comment upon the second and third, but confine myself to his answer to my first question – an answer which I have failed to understand.[1] He tells us that his board, while not disputing the accuracy of the statistics of the Sound Broadcasting Society, denies their relevance, as it does not feel that "statistics, in themselves, can be a sufficient guide to a true judgment of the qualitative question."

I do not know how far this statement will be thought to be safeguarded by the qualifying "in themselves"; I presume that by "the qualitative question" is meant "the question of quality." Now, if this statement is upheld, of what value "in themselves" are the "listener reports" which have reassured the board about Network Three? And have the statistics of the Sound Broadcasting Society – for instance, those to the effect that the output of serious contemporary music has been reduced by 41 per cent. and the output of light music increased by 78 per cent. –no bearing on "the qualitative question"? Furthermore, if the board wishes to convince us that it has formed a true judgment of "the qualitative question," let it produce a list of public men and representatives of the arts in favour of the changes as numerous and as eminent as those named at the end of the pamphlet *Unsound Broadcasting* who supported the protest of the society.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTE

1. In his letter to the *Times* of 29 Mar, BBC chairman Arthur fforde wrote in reply to TSE's questions of 25 Mar (8.255): "The first is, whether the B.B.C. questions the accuracy of the figures given in a recent report of the Sound Broadcasting Society. My answer to this point is that while we do not question the arithmetic, we do not accept the statistical basis adopted. The board does

not feel that statistics, in themselves, can be a sufficient guide to a true judgment of the qualitative question, whether programmes offered to audiences of differing types at differing times over a seven-day week are, or are not, holding a proper balance between information, education, and entertainment" (7).

The Silver Bough

To the Editor of *The Sunday Times*[1]

The Sunday Times (6 Apr 1958) 4

Sir, – Ever since I published a poem called "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" – some forty years ago – I have been waiting for someone to question the presence of nightingales at the obsequies of Agamemnon. Mr. Robert Graves, in his letter last week, has ended my suspense, by pointing out that Agamenmon was murdered in a bath-house in mid-January, where and when no nightingales could have been singing.

I should like to explain that the wood I had in mind was the grove of the Furies at Colonus; I called it "bloody" because of the blood of Agamemnon in Argos.[2] As for the "liquid siftings," I suspect that they were suggested by the rain dripping on the coffin of Fanny Robin in "Far from the Madding Crowd."[3] It was a simple matter to bring the dead Agamemnon into the open air, and to transfer the nightingales from one place to another. So they might as well continue to sing in January, though I confess to ignorance of the date of Agamemnon's death. But even had I known, it would have made no difference.

T. S. ELIOT.

London, W.C. 2.

NOTES

1. TSE's letter was provoked by an aside about "Sweeney among the Nightingales" in a letter by Robert Graves published the previous week (30 Mar) in the *Sunday Times* (4). Graves's letter was a response to Patric Dickinson's review of *The Greek Myths* (1955) in the issue of 16 Mar (7): "Mr. Patric Dickinson does not like to see myths explained in historical terms: he prefers their characters to remain as unaccountable and irresponsible as his own childish heart. Not a helpful point of view, when he is given my highly explanatory 'Greek Myths' to review. . . . I agree of course, that every page betrays the sorry truth that only one man wrote it, not a learned university committee: but even so he can hardly blame me if Chaucer used a late-medieval addition to the Homeric cycle, in which a B had been misread as a C, and Briseis, Achilles' captive, became transformed into the post-canonical Chriseyde." Graves continues with the comment on "Sweeney": "Nor can I be made responsible for Mr. T. S. Eliot's ignorance about nightingales,

which he makes sing on the 13th day of Gamelion (around mid-January), when Agamemnon was murdered – by the way, in the palace bath-house, not a bloody wood. . . ."

2. According to Valerie Eliot, TSE had in mind Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus* (*Poems1* 545).

3. In Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), Fanny Robin is an abandoned servant girl who dies in childbirth.

Introduction to *The Art of Poetry*, by Paul Valéry

London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1958. Pp. xxiv + 345; Introduction, vii-xxiv.[1]

Among the several motives which may impel a poet to write about poetry, we must not overlook those arising from necessity or obligation. A young poet may find himself writing essays on poets and poetry, simply because a young poet, if he has any talent for journalism at all, can earn more money by writing about other poets' poetry, than he can by selling his own. If he hopes that success in later years will free him from this kind of distraction, his hope is vain: he will merely, if successful, exchange one form of constraint for another. There is a banquet: he has to respond to the toast of "Poetry," or to propose the health of some distinguished foreign visitor. There is a centenary to be commemorated, a tablet to be unveiled, or the birthday of some venerable poet to be honored: it is necessary that a middle-aged poet should be present to drop the grain of incense, or fix, for the moment, a reputation. There is a young, unknown, and very promising poet to be assisted: the sale of his book will be promoted, or at least the reviewers will be more attentive, if some respected senior artisan will preface it. World conferences and congresses, European and local conferences and congresses, follow each other in endless succession: the public thirst for words about poetry, and for words from poets about almost anything – in contrast to its thirst for poetry itself – seems insatiable. In short, the compulsions and solicitations to a poet to write about poetry, and to talk about poetry, instead of writing poetry, begin early in life and continue to the end.

The life of Paul Valéry forms no exception to this rule. On the contrary: far from having purchased exemption by eminence, Valéry provides the most conspicuous confirmation of my words. He has said somewhere, that he never wrote prose except under some outside pressure or stimulus.[2] This is surely an exaggeration: yet no poet has ever been more the victim of such molestations of fortune – to which, indeed, we owe some of his most remarkable prose, and without which we should have been deprived of much of what we know of a singularly fascinating mind. His situation in life was such that he arrived at the importunities of fame without altogether escaping the coercion of want. In his later years, he was saved from the possibility of financial embarrassment by being found a professorship at the Collège de France.

There he earned his livelihood, long after the poetry which provides the solid foundation for his fame had been written, by lecturing to the public – on the Art of Poetry.[3] His inaugural lecture, I have no doubt, drew a large and fashionable audience; but, because of the subtlety of the argument, and the indistinctness of his enunciation, it may have been difficult for the audience to follow. The irony of such a life as Valéry's is only fully apparent in retrospect.

The occasional character of most of Valéry's critical writing, of his *poétique*, must not however be allowed to suggest that there is anything perfunctory about it. He obviously enjoyed writing about poetry, still more about the process of writing poetry, and most of all about the process by which his own poetry got written. If the best of his poems are among the masterpieces, the best of his critical essays are among the most remarkable curiosities of French literature.

The writer whose critical essays have mostly been responses to particular situations is exposed, once the essays have been collected and published together, to a misunderstanding against which the prospective reader should be warned. In reading a volume of collected essays we are all, especially when approaching them for the first time, prone to expect a unity to which such work does not pretend. The essays contained in the present volume are some of them divided by many years from each other; and the French texts were published in collections assembled chronologically rather than by subject matter. The student of the poétique of Valéry may start in the expectation of complete coherence; and when he does not find it, he may be tempted to complain of inconsistencies and to deride repetitions. Here and there, among Valéry's writings, you will find the same passage repeated almost verbatim, without apology or explanation. I do not myself object to this: I prefer to read critical essays in their original form, not reshaped at a later date into an artificial unity. Indeed, I regard repetitions and contradictions in a man's writing as valuable clues to the development of his thought. When I have, myself, occasion to write on some subject which I have treated in different circumstances in the past, I prefer to remain in ignorance of my opinion of twenty or thirty years ago, until I have committed to paper my opinion of today. Then, and not till then, I wish to refresh my memory. For if I find a contradiction, it is evidence that I have changed my mind; if there is a repetition, it is the best possible evidence that I am of the same mind as ever. An unconscious repetition may be evidence of one's firmest convictions, or of one's most abiding interests.

I have thought it desirable to insist upon the occasional character of many of Valéry's essays; but I do not want to suggest that the choice of subject was always dictated by the occasion, or that the results, even when the subject was imposed, are ever negligible. In the main, the subjects are obviously of his own choosing; and the occasion was only the necessary stimulus to provoke a train of thought.[4] Even when the subject may have been indifferent, or the occasion unwelcome, Valéry was skillful enough to turn it to his own account, to direct it towards one of his dominant topics of meditation.

The direction which Valéry's meditations on poetry tended to take was no doubt suggested to him by an essay of Edgar Poe's; but what was for Poe merely the theme of one literary exercise among many, a tour de force perhaps, became for Valéry almost an obsessive preoccupation.[5] Valéry's *art poétique* is inspired by different motives, and directed to different ends, from those of any of the treatises, essays, or scattered dicta of other poets, with the single exception of Poe, from Horace to the present day. Apart from practical precepts which have been the fruit of experience, much of the best writing of poets about poetry has been written in defense of some new style or of some new attitude towards the material of poetry. Amongst such writings are the essays of Dryden, the prefaces of Wordsworth, and (in part) Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. Beside forensic and polemic criticism, there is the judicial: Samuel Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, appears in the role of a judge, who has not himself chosen the persons to be tried in his court.[6] Other poets have been moved to write criticism in revision of current opinion or traditional judgment, or to bring to light the work of some poet unjustly ignored, or to restore the reputation of some depreciated poet. Often, a poet is most effective as critic, when he writes about those poets whose work has influenced his own, or with whom he feels some affinity. And on the other hand, a poet may write with unusual understanding of some poet whom he admires and likes because that poet's work is utterly different from anything that he himself does or wants to do. In our time, Mr. Ezra Pound combined several of these functions of the poet as critic: the training of young writers, the education of the public taste with regard to forgotten undervalued, or unknown poets of the past in several languages, and the advertisement of those contemporary and younger writers whose work met with his approval.

Valéry's *poétique* fits nowhere in the foregoing classification. His appreciations of earlier poetry – for instance, the charming "Concerning *Adonis*" in this volume – are all too few;[7] his appreciations of living poets, in his

occasional prefaces, are most interesting when he wanders from his subject. He is not didactic, and so has little in common with Horace or Boileau or Pound. There are valuable hints to poets; but his motive is never primarily to guide the young, or to advance the claims of a new school of poetry, or to interpret and revalue poetry of the past. There are valuable hints to readers; but Valéry is not primarily interested in teaching his readers anything. He is perpetually engaged in solving an insoluble puzzle – the puzzle of how poetry gets written; and the material upon which he works is his own poetry. In the end, the question is simply: how did I write *La Jeune Parque* (or *Le Cimetière marin*)?[8] The questions with which he is concerned are questions which no poet of an earlier generation would have raised; they are questions that belong to the present self-conscious century. This gives to Valéry's thought a singular documentary value.

There are, of course, incidental observations which can be taken to heart by the young poet; there are observations which can help the reader towards understanding the nature of poetry. There are also, if I am not mistaken, observations dangerous for the young poet, and observations confusing for the reader. Before attempting to define Valéry's central interest, it seems proper to give a few instances of these incidental remarks of both kinds.

The insistence, in Valéry's poetics, upon the small part played, in the elaboration of a poem, by what he calls *le rêve* – what is ordinarily called the "inspiration" – and upon the subsequent process of deliberate, conscious, arduous labor, is a most wholesome reminder to the young poet. It is corrective of that romantic attitude which, in employing the word "inspiration," inclines consciously or unconsciously to regard the poet's role, in the composition of a poem, as mediumistic and irresponsible. Whenever we come across a poem (this has often happened to me in the course of reading manuscripts) which appears to have some original merit, but which has been turned out into the world in an unfinished state, or which perhaps is only a kind of note of something which might provide the material of a good poem, we suspect that the author has depended too confidently upon his "inspiration"; in other words, that he has shirked the labor of smelting what may have been payable ore.[9] On the other hand, as any advice, literally and unintelligently applied, can lead to disastrous consequences, it is as well to point out that while the poet should regard no toil as too arduous and no application of time as too long, for bringing a poem as near perfection as his abilities will take it, he should also have enough power of self-criticism to know where to stop. As with the painting in Balzac's *Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu*, there

may be a point beyond which every alteration the author makes will be for the worse.[10] A short poem, or a passage of a long poem, may appear in its final form at once; or it may have to go through the transformations of a dozen drafts. And my own experience is, that when the result is successful, nobody except the author himself will be able to distinguish between those passages which have undergone no alteration, and those which have been rewritten again and again. I think I understand what Valéry means when he says that a poem is never finished: at least, his words to this effect have a meaning for me.[11] To me they mean that a poem is "finished," or that I will never touch it again, when I am sure that I have exhausted my own resources, that the poem is as good as *I* can make *that* poem. It may be a bad poem: but nothing that I can do will make it better. Yet I cannot help thinking that, even if it is a good poem, I could have made a better poem of it – the same poem, but better – if I were a better poet.

A corollary, perhaps, of Valéry's emphasis upon the fundamental "brain-work" (is not the phrase Dante Rossetti's?) is his insistence upon the value for the poet of the exercise of difficult and complicated rhyming stanza forms.[12] No poet was ever more conscious of the benefit of working in strict forms, the advantage to be gained by imposing upon oneself limitations to overcome. Such exercises are, of course, of no use to the man who has nothing to say, except possibly that of helping him to appreciate the work of those poets who have used these forms well; but what they can teach the genuine poet, is the way in which form and content must come to terms. It is only by practicing the sonnet, the sestina, or the villanelle, that we learn what sort of content can *not* be expressed in each of these forms; and it is only the poet who has developed this sense of fitness who is qualified to attempt "free verse." No one should write "free verse" – or, at least, offer it for publication – until he has discovered for himself that free verse allows him no more freedom than any other verse.[13]

Another important contribution by Valéry to the education of the poet is his emphasis upon *structure*. Although a poem can be made out of a succession of felicitous verses, it must nevertheless be built. This law, like others, could be made too absolute, and lead us into absurdities as deplorable as those of some eighteenth-century critics. It need not oblige us to deny all merit to FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát*: for that poem does make a total impression which is not merely the sum of the impressions of the several quatrains; but it does, I think, justify us in affirming that *The Deserted Village* approximates to a perfection that we miss in the *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard*.[14]

Valéry's analogy, in the matter of structure, is Architecture. Elsewhere, as we shall see presently, he compares Poetry to the Dance; and he always maintained that assimilation of Poetry to Music which was a Symbolist tenet. Between these analogies there is no contradiction, unless we are misled by the famous phrase of Walter Pater.[15] For Music itself may be conceived as striving towards an unattainable timelessness; and if the other arts may be thought of as yearning for duration, so Music may be thought of as yearning for the stillness of painting or sculpture. I speak as one with no technical training in music, but I find that I enjoy, and "understand," a piece of music better for knowing it well, simply because I have at any moment during its performance a memory of the part that has preceded and a memory of the part that is still to come. Ideally, I should like to be able to hold the whole of a great symphony in my mind at once. The same is true, surely, of a great tragedy: the better we know it, the more fully we hold in mind, during the action, what has preceded and what is to come, the more intense is our experience. It is only in a detective thriller, or in some kinds of comedy and farce, that the *unexpected* is a contribution to, and even a necessary element of, our enjoyment.

I have considered Valéry's insistence upon hard work, upon study of prosodic and stanzaic form, and upon structure. There is, however, one direction in which Valéry's theory and practice take him, which seems to me not without its dangers. This direction is indicated, is even imposed, by the sharp distinction which he draws between poetry and prose. He supports this division by a very neat and persuasive analogy, *viz.*:

Poetry : Prose :: Dancing : Walking (or Running).

Prose, Valéry maintains, is *instrumental*: its purpose is to convey a meaning, to impart information, to convince of a truth, to direct action; once its message has been apprehended, we dismiss the means by which it has been communicated.[16] So with walking or running: our purpose is to get to a destination. The only value of our movement has been to achieve some end that we have set ourselves. But the purpose of the dance is the dance itself. Similarly with poetry: the poem is for its own sake – we enjoy a poem as we enjoy dancing; and as for the words, instead of looking *through* them, so to speak, we are looking *at* them. This is, as I have just remarked, persuasive; or rather, it illuminates like the flash of an empty cigarette lighter in the dark: if there is no fuel in the lighter, the momentary flash leaves a sense of darkness more impenetrable than before. It would be a quibble, to point out that

dancing is sometimes purposive (the purpose of a war dance, I believe, is to rouse the dormant pugnacity of the dancers); for even if dancing is always pure delight in rhythmical movement, the analogy may be misleading. I think that much poetry will be found to have the instrumental value that Valéry reserves to prose, and that much prose gives us the kind of delight that Valéry holds to be solely within the province of poetry. And if it is maintained that prose which gives that kind of delight *is* poetry, then I can only say that the distinction between poetry and prose has been completely obliterated, for it would seem that prose can be read as poetry, or poetry as prose, according to the whim of the reader.

I have never yet come across a final, comprehensive, and satisfactory account of the difference between poetry and prose. We can distinguish between prose and verse, and between verse and poetry; but the moment the intermediate term *verse* is suppressed, I do not believe that any distinction between prose and poetry is meaningful.

It is not, however, this attempt to discover some essential difference between prose and poetry that seems to me dangerous, but a tendency, which is very much favored by this account of prose and poetry, to approve a difference of vocabulary and idiom between poetry and prose. The words set free by Valéry from the restrictions of prose may tend to form a separate language. But the farther the idiom, vocabulary, and syntax of poetry depart from those of prose, the more artificial the language of poetry will become. When the written language remains fixed, while the spoken language, the vulgar speech, is undergoing changes, it must ultimately be replaced by a new written language, founded on current speech. Now the language of prose is ordinarily nearer to that of speech than is the language of poetry; so that if poetry arrogates the right to idiom, vocabulary, and syntax different from that of prose, it may eventually become so artificial as no longer to be able to convey living feeling and living thought. Speech on every level, from that of the least educated to that of the most cultivated, changes from generation to generation; and the *norm* for a poet's language is the way his contemporaries talk. In assimilating poetry to music, Valéry has, it seems to me, failed to insist upon its relation to speech. The poet can improve, indeed it is his duty to try to improve, the language that he speaks and hears. The characters in a play can, and usually should, have a much greater mastery of language than their originals in life would have. But neither the poem nor the play can afford to ignore the necessity of persuading us that this is the language we should ourselves speak, if we spoke as well as we should like to

speak. It is perhaps significant that Valéry should attach so much importance as he does to the achievement of Mallarmé, and nowhere (so far as I am aware) acknowledge any indebtedness to the discoveries of Laforgue and Corbière.[17]

Those observations of Valéry, which should be taken to heart by poets, can also be pondered with profit by readers – not for direct understanding of poetry, but as a help to understanding the kind of preparation that the poet needs, and the nature of the labor that the poet undertakes. And especially pertinent for the reader of poetry – and for the critic of poetry – is his repeated insistence that poetry must first of all be *enjoyed*, if it is to be of any use at all; that it must be enjoyed as poetry, and not for any other reason; and that most of the rest of what is written, talked, and taught is philology, history, biography, sociology, psychology. He defends the privacy, even the anonymity, of the poet, and the independence of the poem when it has been written and dismissed by the poet. At this stage, the poet's interpretation of his poem is not required: what matters is what the poem means – in the sense in which a poem may be said to have "meaning." What the poet meant it to mean or what he thinks it means now that it is written, are questions not worth the asking.

So far, however, I have not approached the essential problem, which is that of the characteristics distinguishing Valéry's *art poétique* from that of anyone else. His purpose is not to teach the writing of poetry or to improve the understanding of it; his purpose is not primarily to facilitate the understanding of his own poetry – though it will very soon strike the attention of the perceptive reader, that much of what he predicates of "poetry" is applicable only to his own poetry. The best approach, I believe, is through a little essay, of very early date, included in this volume, entitled "On Literary Technique." The date is 1889, but this early credo gives a clue to his later development. What it announces is no less than a new style for poets, as well as a new style for poetry. The satanist, the dandy, the *poète maudit* have had their day: eleven years before the end of the nineteenth century Valéry invents the role which is to make him representative of the twentieth:

> . . . a totally new and modern conception of the poet. He is no longer the disheveled madman who writes a whole poem in the course of one feverish night; he is a cool scientist, almost an algebraist, in the service of a subtle dreamer. A hundred lines at the most will make up his longest poems . . . He will take care not to hurl on to paper everything whispered

> to him in fortunate moments by the Muse of Free Association. On the contrary, everything he has imagined, felt, dreamed, and planned will be passed through a sieve, weighed, filtered, subjected to *form*, and condensed as much as possible so as to gain in power what it loses in length: a sonnet, for example, will be a true quintessence, a nutrient, a concentrated and distilled juice, reduced to fourteen lines, carefully *composed* with a view to a final and overwhelming effect.[18]

We must remember that Valéry was a very young man when he wrote these enthusiastic words; but in making this allowance, we are all the more struck by the fact that this is essentially the point of view to which he was to adhere throughout his life. The association of the "dreamer" and the "algebraist," for example, was to remain unbroken. The loyalty to Poe ("a hundred lines at the most") was to endure to the end. But what is most impressive about the passage I have just quoted is that it discloses, behind Valéry's Idea of Poetry, another and perhaps the controlling Idea – Valéry's Idea of the Poet. It is from the conception of the poet that he proceeds to the conception of poetry, and not the other way about. Now this idea of the Poet was a prophetic one, prophetic not only of the mature Valéry, but of the ideals and the idols of the coming age. Looked at in this way, the "cool scientist" is an alternative, rather than the antithesis to the "disheveled madman": a different mask for the same actor. Poe, to be sure, combined both roles: but it is only as the "cool scientist" that Valéry sees him, "mathematician, philosopher, and great writer."[19] True, Valéry wrote this credo during the period of des Esseintes and Dorian Gray.[20] The mature Valéry would not have extolled, as he did in this same manifesto of 1889, "the morbid search for the rarest pleasures"; nor would he have overworked the qualification "too" ("we love the art of this age . . . too vibrant, too tense, too *musical*," etc.).[21] What is significant is not such phrases as these, but the introduction of such a substantive as "nutrient" (*osmazôme*) and such a verb as "distill" (*cohober*). In the year 1889, the young Valéry has already cast himself in the role which he was to play with such distinguished success during the years from 1917 (the publication of *La Jeune Parque*) to his death in 1945.

Valéry in fact invented, and was to impose upon his age, not so much a new conception of poetry as a new conception of the poet. The tower of ivory has been fitted up as a laboratory – a solitary laboratory, for Valéry never went so far as to advocate "teamwork" in the writing of poetry. The poet is comparable to the mathematical physicist, or else to the biologist or

chemist. He is to carry out the role of scientist as studiously as Sherlock Holmes did: this is the aspect of himself to which he calls the public's attention. Our picture of the poet is to be very like that of the austere, bespectacled man in a white coat, whose portrait appears in advertisements, weighing out or testing the drugs of which is compounded some medicine with an impressive name.

What I have said above is what I may call the primary aspect of Valéry's poetics. The secondary aspect is its relation to his own poetry. Everything that he says about the writing of poetry must be read, of course, with constant reference to the poetry that he wrote. No one, I think, will find these essays fully intelligible until he has read Valéry's most important poems. To some extent, I see his essays on poetry as a kind of defense and vindication of his own poems – a justification of their being the kind of poems they are, of their being as brief as they are, and of their being as few as they are. And to some extent the essays seem to me a kind of substitute for the poems he did not write. In one respect especially I find these essays very different from Poe's "Philosophy of Composition," different and more genuine. I have never been able to believe that Poe's famous essay is an account of how *The Raven* was written: if *The Raven* was written with so much calculation, then it ought, as I have said elsewhere, to be better written than it is.[22] But what for Poe was an ingenious exercise, was deadly earnest for Valéry, and from very early years. Therefore, one is ready to believe that Valéry's critical intelligence was active from the start, and that he had thought very deeply on how to write poetry before he composed either *La Jeune Parque* or *Le Cimetière marin*: and this, for me, gives to his notes on the writing of these poems a value greater than any that I can attach to Poe's. Certainly, one feels that Valéry's theory and practice are faithful to each other: how far his practice was the application of the theory, and how far his theory is simply a correct account of his practice, is an unanswerable question. It is this unity of the two which gives his essays a perennial fascination.

Valéry's account of the genesis, maturation, and completion of a poem cannot fail to arouse responses both of assent and of dissent from other poets. There are moments when I feel that an experience of Valéry's has some correspondence with one of my own: when he has recorded some process which I recognize and of which he makes me for the first time fully conscious. It is not in the nature of things that there should be a point-for-point correspondence between the mental processes of any two poets. Not only do

poems come into being in as many ways as there are poets; for the same poet, I believe, the process may vary from poem to poem. Every poem has its own embryological pattern: and only the poem of a Valéry is attended, throughout its gestation, by an illustrious medical specialist. Sometimes, I think, Valéry allowed himself to be carried away too far by his metaphors of the clinic and the laboratory, as in the following general statement about his labors preparatory to writing a poem:

> With every question, before making any deep examination of the content, I take a look at the language; I generally proceed like a surgeon who sterilizes his hands and prepares the area to be operated on. This is what I call *cleaning up the verbal situation*. You must excuse this expression equating the words and forms of speech with the hands and instruments of a surgeon.[23]

This passage I find very obscure; but it may be the fact that I cannot identify, under the disguise of this metaphor, any experience of my own, that makes me suspect that "cleaning up the verbal situation" is, in plain English, eyewash.

The questions I have left to the end are: Why are Valéry's essays worth reading, and with what expectation should we read them? These questions would be easier to answer if the essays could be fitted into any existing category, the usefulness of which is admitted. We do not turn to Valéry's *art poétique* in the hope of learning how to write poetry or how to read it. We do not even turn to it primarily for the light it throws on Valéry's poetry: certainly we can say as truly that if the prose throws light on the poems, the poems also illuminate the prose. I think that we read these essays, and I think people will continue to read them, because we find Valéry to be a singularly interesting, enigmatic, and disturbing author, a poet who has realized in his life and work one conception of the role of the poet so amply as to have acquired also a kind of mythological status. We read the essays because, as Valéry himself says, "there is no theory that is not a fragment, carefully prepared, of some autobiography."[24] We could almost say that Valéry's essays form a part of his poetical works. We read them for their own sake, for the delight in following the subtleties of thought which moves like a trained dancer, and which has every resource of language at its command; for the pleasure of sudden illuminations even when they turn out to be *feux follets*;[25] for the excitement of an activity which always seems on the point of catching

the inapprehensible, as the mind continues indefatigably to weave its fine logodaedal web.

There is, in the mind and work of Valéry, a curious paradox. He presents himself to the reader, not only as a tireless explorer of the labyrinths of philosophic speculation, but also, under the aegis of Leonardo da Vinci, as a man of scientific temper, fascinated by the problems of method; a ranging and restless mind; a dilettante of science but a specialist in a science of his own invention – the science of poetry. Yet, when we peruse the list of titles of his essays, we find a remarkably limited subject matter, with no evidence of omnivorous reading, or of the varied interests of a Coleridge or a Goethe. He returns perpetually to the same insoluble problems. It would almost seem that the one object of his curiosity was – himself. He reminds us of Narcissus gazing into the pool, and partakes of the attraction and the mystery of Narcissus, the aloofness and frigidity of that spiritual celibate.[26]

The one complaint which I am tempted to lodge against Valéry's poetics, is that it provides us with no criterion of *seriousness*. He is deeply concerned with the problem of process, of how the poem is made, but not with the question of how it is related to the rest of life in such a way as to give the reader the shock of feeling that the poem has been to him, not merely an experience, but a serious experience. And by "experience" I mean here, not an isolable event, having its value solely in itself and not in relation to anything else, but something that has entered into and been fused with a multitude of other experiences in the formation of the person that the reader is developing into. I put it in this way, to avoid giving the misleading impression that I place the *seriousness* simply in the value of the materials out of which the poem is made. That would be to define one thing in terms of another kind of reality. The material of a poem is only *that* material after the poem has been made. How far the seriousness is in the subject treated, how far in the treatment to which the poet subjects it, how far in the intention of the poet, and how far it is in the poet below the level of conscious intention, we shall never agree upon with any poem that has ever been written. But in mentioning something of which I notice the absence in Valéry's poetics, I am not questioning the seriousness of his own finest poems. If some of Valéry's poems were not very serious poems indeed – if two of them at least, were not likely to last as long as the French language – there could have been no interest for him in studying the process of their composition, and no delight for us in studying the result of his study.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This is vol 7 of *The Collected Works of Paul Valéry*, ed. Jackson Mathews, trans. Denise Folliot. On 27 Sept 1954, TSE assured Valéry's son François that he was "committed to writing an introduction to one of the volumes of the Bollingen translations of your father's complete works. My volume will be a collection of essays on the art of poetry." A year later, on 22 Sept, he told Ivor Bulmer-Thomas that he had written the introduction and had asked the Bollingen Trust to send his fee as a contribution to the Historic Churches Preservation Trust. On 20 Mar 1958, he complained to Kurt Woolfe: "It is now three years . . . since I wrote an introduction to a volume of Valéry's essays to be published in English translation by the Bollingen under the title of *The Art of Poetry*. From time to time I have heard rumours that the publication of this book was imminent and according to my last rumour it was to be published in the month of March. I should be very grateful for a word from you to let me know whether this rumour has any foundation." The American Bollingen edition finally appeared on 16 June 1958, the English edition on 11 Nov.

2. Valéry first made the statement in a letter of 28 July 1933 to Jean Latour, eventually published in Valéry's *Lettres à quelques-uns* (Paris: Gallimard, 1952), 207: "je n'ai écrit en prose que sur demande ou commande – sujet imposé et parfois conditions fort bizarres" *Trans*: I have only written in prose on request or as a commission – on a set subject and sometimes under weird conditions. TSE could have discovered the letter earlier, rewritten in Sept 1933 for use as the preface to Latour's *Examen de Valéry* (1935), one of the first books on Valéry.

3. Valéry held the Chaire de Poétique at the Collège de France from 1937 until his death in 1945. Most of his public lectures on the "Art of Poetry" are included in this collection.

4. In "From Poe to Valéry," TSE states that, with Valéry, there "is a change of attitude toward the subject matter . . . it is important as *means*; the *end* is the poem. The subject exists for the poem, not the poem for the subject" (7.300).

5. TSE suggests that Valéry's obsession with the "*theory* of poetry" was largely shaped by Poe's "The Philosophy of Composition." He quotes Valéry as saying to Mallarmé, "I prize the theories of Poe, so profound and so insidiously learned" (7.299).

6. Johnson's *Lives* is a collection of biocritical prefaces for selections from 52 poets, all but three of whom were chosen by London booksellers (8.215-16, nn.5, 9).

7. The first essay in *The Art of Poetry* is a response to the "Adonis" of Jean de La Fontaine, remembered primarily for his *Fables choisies*.

8. *The Art of Poetry* includes essays on both *La Jeune Parque* (1917) and *Le Cimetière marin* (1920). Valéry's reflections on these poems illustrate TSE's description in "From Poe to Valéry" of the French poet's "method and occupation [as] observing himself write." To Valéry, "the act of composition is more interesting than the poem which results from it" (7.302). TSE considered *La Jeune Parque* (The Young Fate) and *Le Cimetière marin* (The Graveyard by the Sea) as "triumphs" of Valéry's *poétique* (7.690, 705).

9. Valéry's essay on "Adonis" deals with the importance of dreams in La Fontaine's *Fables*.

10. Balzac's short story *Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu* (*The Unknown Masterpiece*, 1831) is the tale of painters who destroy their work in an attempt to "finish" it.

11. In the essay on *Le Cimetière marin*, Valéry associates poetry with the "life of the mind – which is a power of transformation always in action. . . . a work is never complete" (140). Similarly, in "A Poet's Notebook," he declares: "A work is never necessarily *finished*, for he who made it is never complete" (177).

12. In his preface to *Anabasis*, TSE says that Mr. Perse's "arrangement of imagery requires just as much 'fundamental brain-work' as the arrangement of an argument . . . the reader of a poem should take at least as much trouble as a barrister reading an important decision on a complicated case" (4.133). TSE borrowed the phrase from D. G. Rossetti, who, in 1881, wrote to Hall Caine: "Conception, my boy, *fundamental brain-work*– that is what makes the difference in all art" (4.136, n.13).

13. In 1917, TSE wrote that "*Vers libre* does not exist." "[T]here is no freedom in art. . . . the so-called *vers libre* which is good is anything but 'free'" (1.511, 512).

14. TSE began referring to these works early in his career. FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* is listed in the syllabus for his 1916 Extension course on Modern English Literature (1.479). Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* (1770) and Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard" (1751) are quoted in a 1919 review, "The Romantic Generation" (2.78; 81, n.7).

15. Pater's famous maxim – "*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music*" – appears in the third edition of *The Renaissance* (1888).

16. Valéry's distinction between poetry and prose and, following Malherbe, his parallel of poetry with dancing and walking with prose are mentioned in several essays, including "Poetry and Abstract Thought" (70) and "Remarks on Poetry" (206-09).

17. In tracing the metaphysical element in modern poetry, TSE often pairs Laforgue and Corbière, as in Clark Lecture VIII, "The Nineteenth Century" (2.743) and Turnbull Lecture III, "Laforgue and Corbière in our Time" (4.742). In tracing the movement that culminates in *la poésie pure*, he pairs Mallarmé and Valéry (7.299-300).

18. *Art of Poetry*, 315, 317

19. Valéry's description of Poe in *The Art of Poetry*, 319

20. Joris-Karl Huysmans's *À rebours* (1884), featuring Jean des Esseintes, and Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1890) are signature novels in late nineteenth-century Aestheticism.

21. *Art of Poetry*, 323

22. In "From Poe to Valéry," TSE expresses similar skepticism regarding Poe's account of the composition of "The Raven" (7.295).

23. *Art of Poetry*, 53-54. TSE quotes part of this extract in "UNESCO and its Aims" (7.19).

24. *Art of Poetry*, 58

25. *Trans*: will-o'-the-wisp

26. In Greek mythology, Narcissus is a beautiful youth who looks into a pool and falls in love with his own image. The myth of Narcissus recurs frequently in Valéry's poetry and prose, particularly in the poems "Narcisse parle" (1891), "Fragments du Narcisse" (1926), and *Cantate du Narcisse* (1939). In his "Speech for Les Grandes Conférences catholiques" (1949), TSE discusses writers "who could not stop until they had followed their chosen route to the bitter end. I am thinking . . . of James Joyce and Paul Valéry. The case of Valéry is especially instructive: it is the history of Narcissus. For Valéry, the outer world was vain . . . the spiritual world was vain; and through these disillusions Valéry also had the clarity and the courage to see that art for art's sake was vain. There was nothing left but to regard attentively one's own mind in the process of thinking" (7.449).

Address to the Lands Tribunal: London Library Rating Appeal

Following a decision by the Central London Valuation Panel to make the London Library pay rates on an assessment of £11,000, the Library appealed for a hearing before the Lands Tribunal on the grounds that the Library held an exemption granted in 1877 under the Scientific Societies Act of 1843. The counselor for the Library, Geoffrey Lawrence, Q.C., stated the case for continued exemption, submitting that the Library still complied with two particular conditions of the 1843 Act: that it is a society instituted for the purposes of literature exclusively, and that it is supported wholly or in part by voluntary subscriptions. As President of the Library, TSE was required to appear and give evidence before the Tribunal on 1 July, the legal and argumentative points having been outlined for him by the Library's solicitor, R W. M. Keeling: "I suggest that his Proof should be directed to an evaluation of the place occupied by the Library in the Literary life of the Country. In particular, he should . . . consider what influence the Library has on the Community as a whole. Our opponents will say that we direct our activities towards the enjoyment of our members. What wider influences does the Library exert? He will of course bear in mind that our opponents do not have to show that the Library is not devoted to the purposes of literature, but that it is not exclusively so devoted." TSE's testimony was reported and summarized in the *Times* of 2 July under the heading "Debt to London Library / Mr. T. S. Eliot Tells How He Was Helped" (7).

I think that what I have to say can best be put forward as answers to three questions. First: what function does the London Library perform? Second: Could this function be performed by any other type of library? Third: is this function of value to the whole community? These seem to me the three fundamental questions.

Perhaps I can best approach the first question by an illustration from my own experience. When I was a young man forty years ago I was working in a bank in the City. My hours were 9.15 to 5.30 (or later when necessary) for five days a week, and on Saturday mornings 9 to 12: at one period my work required the whole of Saturday once in every four weeks. I supplemented my income and indulged my interests by writing reviews and literary articles, for such papers as the *Athenaeum* and the *Times Literary Supplement*. A conscientious literary reviewer needs to consult important works of literary scholarship. There was the British Museum: but I hardly need point out that on a Saturday afternoon in the British Museum Library one

cannot expect to do much more than verify a few references. To the London Library, on the other hand, I was able to go on Saturday afternoon at leisure, examine books in the stacks, and emerge with a number of volumes with which I could work at home in the evenings and on Sundays. Without the London Library, in fact, many of my early essays could not have been written at all.

I am not alleging that my own literary criticism is a matter of great importance: but I do suggest that any case must have been paralleled in the past, and that it is likely to be paralleled in the future, by those of many other writers to whom the Library has been indispensable.

I shall enlarge upon the subject of the Library's membership presently. I want to point out first that there is no other Library from which as a writer I could have obtained the same advantages.

I have already pointed out the necessity for a library different in kind from the British Museum or the other National Libraries. The great university libraries are available only to authorised readers living in the vicinity. There remain, first, the circulating libraries which must concentrate on books of immediate popular interest and do not pretend to offer opportunities for scholarly work. There are also the local, municipal and borough libraries accessible to those who are resident in that municipality or borough. These public libraries are obliged to cater for the demands of all the citizens who wish to make use of them, and therefore, with their limited resources – for the resources of all libraries are limited – must acquire many books for which members of the London Library would be unlikely to ask, and dispense with many books which members of the London Library would consider indispensable. The London Library collection has been built up, by donation of books from members as well as by judicious purchase, during a period of more than a hundred years; it possesses the books which a serious student of literature needs, up to the point at which his requirements can be satisfied only in an all-comprehensive library like the British Museum or a specialised library possessing rare editions. And such a choice collection can only be built up, where there is a select public to demand it.

I should like at this point to emphasise the fact that though the London Library serves an élite, this is not an élite of wealth. I am sure that a very high proportion of the new membership consists of people who are obliged to make some sacrifice, to go without something else, in order to pay their subscription. Most of us do not live in abodes spacious enough to accommodate a large private library, even could we afford to buy without limit.

I call attention to the fact that, in consequence of the inevitable increase in running expenses and the consequent inevitable increase of the subscription rate, we founded a few years ago the Carlyle Trust for the purpose of paying part or the whole of the subscriptions of members or of would-be members who need and deserve the use of the Library but who cannot afford to pay the full subscription, or sometimes any subscription at all.

I will now ask whether the services performed by the London Library are of value to the whole community. Those who profit by the use of the Library, who depend upon it, and whose need justifies it, are not only authors. (Still less would it be relevant to ask whether there is in existence any literary masterpiece, which would have remained unwritten but for the London Library). The life of literature, the health of a nation's culture, depends not only upon a few men of genius, but upon the maintenance of high standards by writers of less fame and eminence. It depends, not only upon writers, but upon readers, on the maintenance in existence of a considerable number of serious readers. What we have to consider, therefore, is not whether the services of the Library are confined to a certain cultural élite – but whether this élite itself is of importance to society. If you believe that serious writers and scholars are of value to society, you should agree that serious readers of the best literature and the most thorough scholarship are of value to society, constituting the milieu in which literature and scholarship can flourish. And if so, society should encourage, rather than obstruct, such work as that which the London Library performs.

I have read that a phrase which I coined, in my inaugural address in 1953 as President of this Library, has been quoted in forensic as an admission that the Library is not [a] public institution, not a "charity," but, I suppose, something in the nature of a club. What I said was: "the London Library is the private library of each of its members."[1] If this phrase is considered in the context of my whole speech it will appear incapable of the interpretation given it. Every serious writer or reader needs privacy. He needs to be able to take books home and retain them for some time. The London Library is the private library of each of its members in the sense that it contains so many of the books which he needs but cannot afford to own and has not the space to keep. My phrase does no more than indicate the fitness of the collection to the membership, and the fitness of members to the collection. If the London Library had to go out of existence, that would be a disaster the effects of which would be immediately felt. If on the other hand it had to be absorbed into a public library the effect of the disaster would be more

gradual: the library which took it over, in having to supply many books of kinds for which our present membership has no desire, would be less and less able to supply new books of the kinds which have made it an essential instrument for such people as constitute our present membership. I believe that the sort of people who belong to the London Library are so important to society that their mental needs should continue to be provided for as they have been for the last hundred years.[2]

NOTES

1. See TSE's *An Address to Members of the London Library* (7.756), delivered on 22 July 1952 and published in Sept 1952.

2. On 29 Jul 1958, TSE, Chairman Rupert Hart-Davis, and other officers of the London Library attended the Lands Tribunal to hear its president, Sir William FitzGerald, Q.C., read the decision, as reported in the *Times* of 30 July under the heading "London Library Loses Rating Appeal / 'Not Exclusively Devoted to Literature'": "In it he referred to the London Library as an institution that added lustre to the city of London and that could be classed as one of the world's great libraries. It was with regret that he felt forced to reject the appeal. . . . In a word, the library is instituted for the purpose of literature but it is not devoted to literature exclusively within the meaning of that term in the Act" (5).

Memorial Tribute for Lady Margaret Rhondda

To the Editor of *Time and Tide*

Time and Tide, 39 (26 July 1958) 911

Sir, – I hope and believe that the death of Viscountess Rhondda will not bring to an end so valuable a periodical as *Time and Tide*, but her death does seem to mark the end of an epoch.[1] That phrase at least indicates something of the place she seemed to me to occupy. I have been a reader of *Time and Tide* for more years than I can remember; I had been impressed by the integrity and independence of mind of its Proprietor and Editor long before I had met Viscountess Rhondda herself.[2]

Many who knew her will have spoken of her kindness, of her hospitality (which I remember both in Surrey and in London), of the wide scope of her interests, and of her passionate sense of public responsibility. I should like to recall one instance of her fairness and tolerance. There was no paper in which I felt more assurance that any serious letter of mine was likely to be accepted than *Time and Tide*. There was one occasion on which I felt impelled to protest against an undertaking which no one had publicly questioned. I do not think that Viscountess Rhondda agreed with me; the man whom this enterprise was designed to commemorate had been her friend; nevertheless she printed my letter and told me privately that she respected my motives in writing it.[3] Among other excellences Viscountess Rhondda had the great and rare virtue of magnanimity.

I am, etc.,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Lady Margaret Rhondda founded *Time and Tide* in 1920 and edited it from 1926 until her death on 28 July 1958. When the periodical announced in an appeal that financial stress threatened its future, TSE joined numerous other readers with a letter of support, writing on 4 Apr 1958: "I enclose herewith a small token offering [£5-5-0], regretting that at the present I do not feel justified in making a covenanted subscription. I hope however that I shall have the opportunity to make a more considerable donation. I should consider the termination of *Time and Tide* to be a national disaster." Lady Rhondda replied on 18 Apr: "I cannot thank you enough both for your check and for the marvelous letter you allowed us to print in Time & Tide. That is the kind of thing that really makes a big difference." In the event, she printed only the last sentence of TSE's

three-sentence letter in the issue of 12 Apr: "I should consider the termination of *Time and Tide* to be a national disaster" (464).

2. TSE's first contribution was in support of George Bernard Shaw's article against Irish censorship in the issue of 23 Nov 1928 (3.515). In Jan-Feb 1935, he contributed commentary and letters to the periodical's "Notes on the Way" series (5.154, 159-82, 205-08, 213). More recently, he published letters related to Norman Nicholson's "Notes on the Way," the relation of privilege and responsibility, and Charles Maurras (7.623, 660, 775).

3. TSE refers to his letter protesting an appeal for the nation to contribute to a fund of £250,000 as a memorial to George Bernard Shaw in the issue of 15 Dec 1951 (7.651).

Letter on Idris Davies[1]

The Anglo-Welsh Review, 9 (1958) 21

Idris Davies was very modest about his work, unsure as to which were really his best poems. The *Selected Poems*, of course, I selected out of a good many. . . . [M]y own impression of his poems remains the same: that they are the best poetic document I know about a particular epoch in a particular place, and I think that they really have a claim to permanence. Whether a volume of his complete poetical works is worth while I rather doubt. He was a fluent writer, and I think that what he has to say is very well worth saying indeed and is best said by a limited number of poems.

The poems were never very successful financially, but very few poets' works are. The fact that we published two volumes and finally the volume of *Selected Poems* indicated rather our belief in the value and permanence of his work.[2] There is a great integrity, I think, about his work, and his subject-matter is something that he knew from A to Z. If all poets knew their proper material as he did, there would be less futile verses in the world.

NOTES

1. On 23 Mar 1958, the Reverend Islwyn Jenkins (1912-92), cultural historian of the Rhymney Valley, wrote to ask TSE as a publisher of the Welsh poet Idris Davies (1905-53) for a letter about his acquaintance with Davies and opinion of the work. TSE replied in a letter of 22 Apr, from which Jenkins included the following extract in his essay, "Idris Davies: Poet of Rhymney." The extract was preceded by TSE's brief account of acquaintance: "I am not even sure that we ever met. If so, it was in the early days when, for some reason which I cannot remember, my firm did not want to take him on and I sent him to Dents. But as you know much better than I, during the later years of our acquaintance he was a very sick man and, I have no doubt, bearing a difficult mode of living with great fortitude. My acquaintance with him, therefore, is really contained in our correspondence about his poems." Jenkins used the second sentence of the extract as an epigraph for his essay and introduced the extract as follows: "The last word concerning [Davies's] poetic achievement must be that of Mr. T. S. Eliot, from whom he received much encouragement, and who accepted most of the published poems." TSE closed the letter: "I shall, of course, be interested to hear in due course, of your progress in the work you have undertaken."

2. Davies's first volume, *Gwalia Deserta* [*Wasteland of Wales*] was published by J. M. Dent in 1938. Prior to the Faber publication of Davies's *Selected Poems* (1953), the firm published *The Angry Summer: A Poem of 1926* (1943) and *Tonypandy and Other Poems* (1945).

Bishop G. K. A. Bell

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (14 Oct 1958) 13

I hope that it is not too late for a reader who has been abroad and has just returned to England,[1] to add a personal postscript to your obituary notice of Bishop Bell, and to Sir Charles Tennyson's tribute to his services to the arts.[2]

On a summer afternoon in 1934, walking in the garden of his Palace, Dr. Bell proposed to me that I should write the play for the next Canterbury Festival. I accepted the invitation and wrote *Murder in the Cathedral*. To Dr. Bell's initiative (and subsequently to Mr. Ashley Dukes's enterprise in bringing the play to London) I owe my admission to the theatre.[3]

I am only one among other artists and poets who have benefited from the patronage of Bishop Bell, and who have reason to remember him with gratitude and affection.[4]

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

NOTES

1. TSE was in Paris the previous week to lecture on the occasion of his induction into the Académie septentrionale on 4 Oct and to spend a few days in the city with his wife Valerie after celebrating his seventieth birthday on 26 Sept. His lecture, untitled and unpublished in English, was translated by Henri Fluchère and published in French as "Rudyard Kipling" in the *Mercure de France* of Jan 1959 (8.293).

2. The full obituary for Bishop Bell appeared in the *Times* of 4 Oct (8), the day after his death, and the memorial tribute by Sir Charles Tennyson (1879-1977), grandson of poet Alfred Lord Tennyson, in the issue of 7 Oct. Sir Charles praised the bishop's work "to further the Church's use of the fine arts and crafts" and the legacy of his "permanent mark in the diocese through improved standards of mural decoration, monumental and architectural sculpture, church plate, and woodwork" (13). On 18 Jan 1959, TSE participated in a memorial broadcast for Bishop Bell as part of the BBC series, "The Way of Life" (8.314).

3. The bishop's widow, Henrietta Bell, recalled the invitation and its aftermath in the *Times* of 7 Jan 1965: "In due course arrived a copy of *Murder in the Cathedral* with the following inscription: "To George Bell, Bishop of Chichester, who must assume some responsibility for this outrage. – T. S. Eliot" (12).

In Nov 1935, Ashley Dukes transferred the play from the Chapter House at Canterbury to his Mercury Theatre in London for a run of 225 nights. Following Dukes's death on 4 May 1958

and his obituary in the *Times* of 5 May (13), TSE paid brief tribute in the issue of 7 May: "I should like to add a note to your excellent obituary notice of Ashley Dukes. It was Dukes who, after seeing a performance of *Murder in the Cathedral* at the Canterbury Festival for which it was written, saw that the play had further possibilities, and brought the whole production to London. Owing to his enterprise a play designed for a special occasion and for a very brief run came to the notice of the general public" (18).

4. A copy of Bishop Bell's *Christian Unity: The Anglican Position* (1948) is in TSE's library.

Message to the Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad[1]

Iroldalmi Újág (1 Nov 1958) 2

ÜDVÖZLÉSEK

T. S. Eliot

Rendkívül örülök, hogy üzenetet küldhetek a Magyar írók közgyűlésére, üzenetet a Magyar írókhoz, akik hazájukban maradtak s akik külföldre menekültek. Az író, aki számára különösképpen szükséges a kifejezés szabadsága, ha egy elnyomó és idegen rendszer uralma alá kerül, megérdemli a jobb helyzetben lévű írók rokonszenvét. De mi, a nyugati világ írói mély rokonszenvet érzünk azok az írók iránt, akik idegen országban kísérlik meg, hogy kifejezzék magukat anyanyelvükön. Ez a helyzet bizonyára a legnehezebb az író számára, sokkal nehezebb, mint a zenész, vagy képzőművész számára, hiszen szellemi alkotóerejét kell életben tartania, szülőhazájának táptalaja nélkül. Örülök, hogy Önöknek legalább újságjuk van, melyben kifejezhetik magukat, kapcsolatot tarthatnak honfitársaikkal és egymással.[2]

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

I am very happy to send a message for the annual general meeting of the Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad, a message both to the writers who remain in Hungary and to those who have taken refuge in other countries. The plight of the literary artist (who of all men needs freedom of expression) under a repressive and alien regime is one with which all writers more happily placed should sympathise. But we who are writers in the western world must also sympathise very deeply with those literary artists who endeavour to express themselves in their own tongue while living in a foreign country. It is surely more difficult for the writer, than for the musician or the practitioner of one of the plastic arts, to keep alive his genius and his spirit when deprived from the nourishment of his native country: I am happy at least that you have periodicals in which to express yourselves and to communicate with each other and with others of your community who are from home.[2]

NOTES

1. In *Iroldalmi Újág* of 15 Oct 1958 (6-7), Laszló Szabó, who had earlier requested TSE's telegram protesting the trial of Tibor Déry for refusing to denounce the Hungarian revolution (8.584, n.1), published an essay in celebration of TSE's seventieth birthday, "Az Öreg Sas: T. S. Eliot Hetven Éves" [The Old Eagle: T. S. Eliot Is Seventy], and included a translation of "Journey of the Magi" ("Mágusok Utazása") by Szabó Lörine. Laszló Szabó wrote of TSE: *Trans*: "When at the frightful warning of the Hungarian writers in emigration, public opinion started to protest in favor of the highly regarded Tibor Déry, facing his trial, this person of restraint and wit sent the very first telegram to the Hungarian government." In advising TSE of Szabó's forthcoming article, Pál Ignotus (Paul Veigelsberg, 1901-78), chairman of the Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad, invited TSE to address the association at its annual meeting in Paris, writing on 9 Oct: "As Hungarian intellectuals . . . have been much impressed by your noble gestures on behalf of the writers persecuted in Hungary, your participation at that Meeting would be a great encouragement and source of inspiration for them." Unable to attend, on 14 Oct TSE thanked the association for its birthday wishes and sent the following message, which was read out at the annual meeting on 23 Oct. TSE's message was the first of twelve under the heading "ÜDVÖZLÉSEK" [SALUTATION], including those of Arthur Koestler, J. B. Priestley, and Adlai Stevenson. For TSE's earlier co-authored letters in support of the Hungarian writers, see 8.584, 586.

2. On 2 Sept 1959, on learning that the Hungarian government had recently rejected all appeals for clemency, TSE wrote to Ignotus that he had received the pamphlet *For Tibor Déry*, which included the co-signed letter of 27 Nov 1957 to Prime Minister Kádár. Doubtful that the letter had made any impression, he nonetheless agreed to write further appeals "if there is the slightest possibility of my letter exerting any influence, but I am very much at a loss to know what tone to adapt at this stage, as it seems to me that all the resources of conciliation have been exhausted, nor is it clear to me to whom on this occasion a letter should be addressed." On 2 Apr 1960, Ignotus announced in a letter to the association that Déry and his fellow writers had finally been released; he followed it with a personal letter to TSE on 19 Apr: "On this occasion I should like to express to you the gratitude we all feel for your magnanimous interventions and kind interest in their fates. I know that your word has done much to bring about these results."

Very Rev. F. P. Harton

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (7 Nov 1958) 15

In supplementing your obituary notice of the late Dean of Wells, Mr. John Betjeman – through whom I became acquainted with Dr. Harton many years ago when he was vicar of Baulking – has written admirably of the Dean's personality and the impression he made on all who came in contact with him.[1] I should like, however, to give a little more emphasis to the particular combination of scholarship with a deep understanding of ascetic theology and of the spiritual life which is found in his writings. We owe him a debt of gratitude for *The Elements of the Spiritual Life* and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not live to complete the study of the work of Richard of Saint Victor with which he was occupied at the time of his death.[2]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The obituary for the Anglican priest F. P. (Frederic Percy; known as Francis) Harton (1889-1958) appeared in the *Times* of 4 Nov (15), the day after his death, and incorporated Betjeman's eulogy. Harton was vicar of Baulking from 1936 to 1951 and served as Dean of Wells from 1951 until his death. Betjeman described him as "a man of few words and those well chosen. In private life and in the pulpit he commanded attention because he spoke as one with authority. His spiritual advice was much in demand. . . . He had a great love of Wells Cathedral and took much trouble over the care of the fabric . . . It was due to his influence that the impressive carving of the Crucifixion was put up in the north transept to catch the eyes of the crowds who come in summer to watch the knights jousting when the clock strikes. . . . He was a much loved parish priest in the little Berkshire village of Baulking, where he is to be buried. He was a staunch Catholic but did not believe in putting country people off with too much ritual." Betjeman, who lived in nearby Uffington from 1934 to 1945, knew Harton well and attended the Baulking Church. He edited with John Piper *Murray's Berkshire Architectural Guide* (1949) and inscribed a copy to Harton and his wife Sibyl: "To the Master, Incumbent, & Sibyl, from John Betjeman. XIV.IX. MCMXLIX."

2. When Harton's *The Elements of the Spiritual Life: A Study in Ascetical Theology* appeared in 1932, TSE bought a copy for himself and had the book reviewed by Evelyn Underhill in the *Criterion* of July 1933 (282-84). On 16 July 1932, he called the book to the attention of Bruce Richmond of the *TLS*: "I have only glanced at the book, but it seems to me very good, and I am told by people far more competent than myself that it is an important work." See *L6* 365-66, 372. TSE's copy, formerly in his library, is now at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

In his third Clark lecture (1926) TSE stated that the "most interesting example of a twelfth-century mystic that I know . . . is Richard of St. Victor. . . . His works occupy the greater part of one volume in Migne's *Patrologia*. . . But the most important . . . is the *De Gratia Contemplationis*, called the *Benjamin Major*. This is a treatise on the operations and stages of the mind in proceeding toward the beatific vision" (2.652).

Independent Television

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (11 Nov 1958) 11

Sir, – In their letters published in your columns on November 3 and 5 respectively, Mr. Christopher Mayhew and Mr. John FitzGerald are agreed on one point, namely, that "commercialization has had the predicted result of driving serious programmes out of normal viewing hours."[1] This impels me to ask whether commercial television may not also have affected, indirectly, sound broadcasting, in which the B.B.C. still holds a monopoly.

According to your issue of October 2, the annual report of the B.B.C. complains that some critics have suggested that the B.B.C. was "turning its back on all that it had previously stood for in sound broadcasting, to devote itself exclusively to disseminating popular entertainment." It goes on to say that "the corporation was surprised and perturbed to find that such views could be seriously held in the face of our published declarations of policy and aim."[2] Apart from the fact that it is not by declarations of policy and aim that we must judge the B.B.C., but by its programmes, such declarations of policy and aim as I have seen do not throw much light upon the matter. When I asked whether the Board of the B.B.C. questioned the accuracy of statistics compiled by the Sound Broadcasting Society (which affirmed that the total amount of serious contemporary music in the last quarter of 1957 had been reduced by 41 per cent, and that the output of light music had increased by 78 per cent.)[3] I was merely told by the chairman, in your correspondence columns of March 29, that the Board "does not feel that statistics, in themselves, can be a sufficient guide to the qualitative question."[4]

I am your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

Faber and Faber Ltd.,
24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. The quotation is from the letter of Labour MP Christopher Mayhew (1915-97), under the heading "Independent Television" in the issue of 3 Nov (11); writing in reply under the same

heading on 5 Nov, John FitzGerald quoted Mayhew's statement and remarked, "How right he is" (11).

2. The quotations from the *Annual Report of the British Broadcasting Corporation, 1957-58* were included in an article titled "22m. Use Radio Each Day / Television Figure Still Exceeded" in the issue of 2 Oct (5). "It was estimated that on average 22 million people used their wireless sets every day," the *Times* representative stated, "compared with the 20 million who used television sets. Nevertheless, states the report, the size of audiences for individual sound radio programmes has continued to decline steadily as the number of people with access to television has increased."

3. TSE refers to his letter in the *Times* of 25 Mar (9) in which he asked in the first of three questions, "Does the Chairman question the accuracy of the figures given in the report of the Sound Broadcasting Society?" (8.255). As vice president of the Sound Broadcasting Society, TSE had earlier protested the proposed BBC policy of reducing the hours of the Third Programme before the board of governors and was instrumental in producing the society's report, *Unsound Broadcasting: The Case against the BBC's New Policy* (8.180).

4. For the BBC chairman's response on 29 Mar to TSE's letter of 25 Mar and TSE's reply on 1 Apr, see 8.257.

Books of the Year Chosen by Eminent Contemporaries [II][1]

The Sunday Times (28 Dec 1958) 6

From T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

I must remind your readers that it would he obviously unsuitable for me to include any book with the imprint of the publishing house of which I am director: and that I pass over works (for example, of philosophy and theology) designed for a limited public. Under these restrictions I have chosen three books out of those I have read among this year's publications.

Critical studies of the work of novelists are apt to be meaningless for readers who have not read the authors in question, and superfluous for those who have. Erich Heller's study of Thomas Mann is an exception.[2] I have not read Mann's novels, but I feel sure that those who have done so will understand Mann much better after reading *The Ironic German* (Secker & Warburg); and as for myself, I not only have learned a good deal about Mann, but (as with everything that Professor Heller writes) have profited by contact with the mind of Professor Heller.

The writing of Erich Kahler, to judge by *The Tower and the Abyss* (Cape), has this in common with that of Professor Heller, that whether one agrees with the author or not, what he writes must provoke fresh thinking on the part of any reader capable of that exertion.[3] There have been many books written on "the predicament of our age," some of which I have read, but none of which has impressed me more deeply. The author is concerned with a common danger which he discerns the world over, one which transcends political and ideological differences between East and West, a danger the portents of which are to be observed in America as well as in Russia, a danger the nature of which is indicated by his contrast between "community" and "collective." In the former he finds the proper condition of Man, in the latter Man's transformation into something like the social insects. Few books in this field of thought since Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses* have stirred and disturbed my mind so deeply.[4]

A book of a different category from either of the two mentioned above, is *The Chequer'd Shade: Reflections on Obscurity in Poetry*, by John Press (Oxford).[5] The author not only has read and digested all the contemporary

poetry against which the reproach of obscurity has been brought, but is thoroughly well equipped to draw parallels and contrasts with the obscurities of English poets of the past. He quotes felicitously, has great critical acumen, and his style is agreeable; and on its own plane of discourse the book seems to me to say the last word on the subject of obscurity in poetry. I say "on its own plane of discourse" having in mind the different approach to the study of contemporary poetry to be found in two chapters of Erich Kahler's book.[6]

NOTES

1. Following the first installment of contributors to "Books of the Year" in the 21 Dec issue, TSE was the second contributor in this second installment, which also included Richard Church, Nancy Mitford, Osbert Sitwell, C. P. Snow, and Evelyn Waugh. TSE previously contributed to this annual feature of the *Sunday Times* in Dec 1950 (7.576) and Dec 1954 (8.34).

2. In Sept 1958, Erich Heller (1911-90), then a professor at the University of South Wales in Swansea, sent TSE an inscribed copy of *Thomas Mann: The Ironic German* (1958). On 18 Nov, TSE responded: "I was much touched and pleased by receiving your inscribed copy of *The Ironic German* as a birthday present. I was extremely occupied at that time and finally decided not to write and thank you for the book until I had read most of it. I can now tell you that, if I am again invited by *The Sunday Times* at Christmastide to mention three books published during the past year which I can recommend, I shall include *The Ironic German*. . . . It obviously throws a great deal of light on the books of Thomas Mann . . . As I have never read any work of his, except *Death in Venice*, I can speak for those who have not read Thomas Mann and say that it is absorbingly interesting."

3. Erich Kahler (1885-1970), a Czech Jew who arrived in the United States in 1938, was a philosopher of history who wrote more than twenty books reflecting on the fate of the individual in a totalitarian age. In the preface for a reprint of *The Tower and the Abyss; or, The Transformation of Man* (1958), Joseph Frank says that Kahler "belonged to that great wave of German emigration provoked by Nazi barbarism that did so much to enrich American cultural life" (*The Tower and the Abyss*, Transaction Publishers, 1989), n.p.

4. José Ortega y Gasset's *Revolt of the Masses* (*La rebelión de las masas*) was published in 1930. TSE had it reviewed in the *Criterion* of Oct 1932 (144-46) by F. McEachern, who described it as "nothing less than a philosophical and historical diagnosis of the sickness of contemporary civilization. The argument which it presents is that liberal individualism and scientific research . . . have placed the population of the western world in a position of wealth and security hitherto unknown, with results, in the psychological realm, of a most disastrous kind" (144). TSE, who valued Ortega's editorship of the *Revista de Occidente*, attempted without success on several occasions to coax an essay from Ortega for the *Criterion*.

5. Exploring the varieties and complexity of the creative "moment" in this first book, *The Fire and the Fountain* (1955), the poet and critic John Press (1920-2007) attempts in *The Chequer'd Shade: Reflections on Obscurity in Poetry* (1958) to bring the reader to a closer understanding of the obscure in modern poetry.

6. Whereas Press attempts to effect conciliation between difficult poets and their readers, Kahler values discontinuity as documentation of modern history. In modern poetry, there is "an overwhelming, often enrapturing feeling of the simultaneity, the whirling co-existence of this disparate and fragmentary multitude that populates our life and our consciousness: *all-embracement of discontinuity*. In some poets such feeling led to a contraction, a spiritual transcendence of time" (110). In support of this appreciation of modern poetry, Kahler quotes several modern poets, including TSE. "The focal experience of T. S. Eliot's concern has come to be the 'dreamcrossed twilight between birth and dying'; . . . 'the intersection of the timeless with time'" (132). Kahler's analyses of modern poetry appear in chapters four and five – "The Split from Within: I" and "The Split from Within: II."

Rudyard Kipling

Address to the Académie septentrionale

Mercure de France, 1145 (Jan 1959) 5-15

Messieurs,

En me choisissant pour faire partie de l'Académie Septentrionale, vous m'avez fait un grand honneur, honneur d'une espèce particulièrement chère à mon cœur.[1] L'idée d'une Culture Européenne, culture à laquelle chaque nation de l'Occident devrait payer sa contribution, est une idée que j'ai toujours caressée. Ainsi en est-il de l'idéal de l'homme de lettres dont les œuvres deviennent l'héritage, non seulement de ses compatriotes et des peuples qui parlent sa langue, mais du public cultivé de chaque pays d'Europe : se trouver dans les rangs des écrivains de cet ordre, voilà l'idéal le plus élevé auquel poète, romancier ou philosophe puisse aspirer. Être invité, par conséquent, à représenter l'Angleterre à l'Académie Septentrionale est un honneur que je suis bien qualifié pour apprécier, méritais-je ou non de le recevoir. Et lorsque j'ai appris que j'avais été choisi pour occuper la place que Rudyard Kipling avait occupée, et qu'il m'écherrait de prononcer son éloge[2] dans cette assemblée, j'ai ressenti de l'orgueil, et, d'une certaine façon, j'ai eu le sentiment de quelque chose d'inévitable.

J'aimerais expliquer pourquoi le nom de Rudyard Kipling a éveillé en moi ce sentiment de la fatalité et du devoir. Lorsque j'ai fait un choix des poèmes de Kipling publié en 1941 avec une longue présentation, le moment était bien choisi pour rappeler au public anglais l'importance de Kipling et faire revivre une réputation qui s'était amenuisée sous l'influence des critiques libéraux, pour ne pas dire radicaux. L'étonnement fut cependant considérable dans le monde des lettres de voir un poète dont les vers étaient considérés comme le pôle opposé de ceux de Kipling se faire le champion de Kipling non seulement comme prosateur, mais comme versificateur, et même poète. Alors que ma poésie était d'abord apparue trop obscure et abstruse pour mériter la faveur populaire, celle de Kipling était depuis longtemps tenue pour trop simple, trop primitive, trop populaire, en vérité, trop proche des mauvais vers de la chanson de music-hall pour mériter autre chose que le mépris du critique difficile.[3] On me soupçonna sinon d'insincérité, du moins de prendre

un malin plaisir au paradoxe. Cependant les vers, aussi bien que les contes de Kipling, avaient déjà fait sur ma jeunesse une profonde impression.

C'était, bien sûr, le Kipling de la première heure, celui des *Ballades de la Chambrée* et des *Simples Contes des Collines*.[4] Son influence est demeurée en moi, et s'est révélée à moi, comme il advient avec des influences de jeunesse, par d'étranges signes irrationnels. Le premier de mes poèmes à devenir célèbre s'appelle *La Chanson d'Amour de J. Alfred Prufrock*. Dans le poème lui-même, on trouve l'influence de Laforgue, et aussi de Dostoiewski. Kipling ne se fait sentir que dans le titre : je suis sûr, en effet, qu'il ne se serait pas appelé *La Chanson d'Amour* si n'avait pas existé le titre d'un poème de Kipling qui s'était obstinément implanté dans ma tête : *La Chanson d'Amour de Har Dyal*. Bien des années plus tard, j'écrivis un poème intitulé *Les Hommes Creux*. Là encore Kipling est dans le titre, et dans le titre seulement, car c'est un écho du titre de l'un de ses poèmes, *Les Hommes Brisés*.

Quinze ans plus tard (voici maintenant dix-neuf ans), j'ai été élu Fellow honoraire de Magdalene College à Cambridge, et mon prédécesseur dans cet honneur avait été Rudyard Kipling. Finalement, comme je viens de le dire, j'ai fait ce choix de poèmes pour lequel j'ai écrit une introduction. Et me voici à Paris, en train de succéder à Rudyard Kipling à une place d'honneur fort distinguée, et de célébrer ses mérites. Kipling m'a accompagné, d'une façon ou d'une autre, toute ma vie, et pourtant, je ne l'ai jamais rencontré, et je n'ai pas de raison de supposer qu'il ait jamais connu mon existence.[5]

Il y a peut-être une autre raison à la déférence et à la sympathie que je ressens envers Kipling, raison que donne une similitude, ou plutôt une analogie, entre ses antécédents et les miens. Kipling a passé sa première enfance aux Indes ; il est allé à l'école en Angleterre ; mais il est retourné aux Indes à l'âge de dix-sept ans. Pendant deux ans il a vécu en Amérique, où sa maison, Naulahka, se trouve encore.[6] Plus tard, il s'est fixé en Angleterre, bien qu'il ait passé ses hivers sous le climat plus doux de l'Amérique du Sud. C'était un citoyen de l'Empire Britannique, longtemps avant de se naturaliser, pour ainsi parler, dans un coin particulier d'un comté particulier de l'Angleterre. La topographie de l'histoire de sa vie est en vérité très différente de la mienne, et l'hérédité est également différente. Kipling était à moitié anglais et à moitié écossais des Hautes-terres, tandis que mon hérédité est complètement anglaise. Mais chez Kipling comme chez moi, je découvre quelque chose du métèque.[7] Le point de vue du métèque, à la fois dans les critiques qu'il adresse à son pays d'adoption, et dans son affection pour lui, reste différent de celui

de l'indigène. Cela est évident dans quelques-uns des poèmes écrits après que Kipling se soit installé dans le Sussex. Par exemple, *Le rappel* :

> Sous leurs pieds dans l'herbe engagés
> S'attache et court notre charme prompt.
> Ils reviendront comme étrangers ;
> Comme des fils, ils resteront.[8]

(Je cite partout la traduction des *Poèmes Choisis* par M. Jules Castier.)[9] Ici, Kipling a dans l'esprit le couple américain de l'histoire que ce poème accompagne, couple qui s'installe en Angleterre pour devenir gentilshommes campagnards dans le village d'où la famille de la femme était partie pour l'Amérique. Pareillement, dans la *Chanson de Sir Richard*, le récitant du poème est un Chevalier normand, compagnon de Guillaume-le-Conquérant, qui s'est fixé en Angleterre :

> Ah, j'ai suivi mon Duc dès avant d'être amant,
> Pour prendre en Angleterr' fief, et rançon, et prix ;
> Mais voilà que le jeu se retourne, à présent :
> L'Angleterre, à présent, c'est elle qui m'a pris ![10]

Et il est clair que Sir Richard aussi n'est autre que Kipling lui-même.

Je crois que cette conscience qu'a Kipling d'être un peu étranger est présente à la fois dans les critiques, parfois sévères qu'il adresse à l'Angleterre, et dans son dévouement pour l'Angleterre. Peut-être cela pourrait même avoir quelque chose à faire avec la fascination et la répugnance que son œuvre peut exercer. Je ne souhaite pas m'étendre sur cette caractéristique ici, je passerai plutôt à ces quatre aspects de Kipling dont je pense qu'il nous faut tenir compte si nous voulons le comprendre. Ce sont le Kipling journaliste, le Kipling artiste littéraire, le Kipling moraliste, et, enfin, le Kipling chercheur religieux et prophète.

C'est comme journaliste, en tant que membre de la salle de rédaction d'un journal de langue anglaise aux Indes, que Kipling fit ses débuts. Ses premiers contes et ses premiers poèmes furent écrits pour un journal, et c'est dans les contes sur l'Inde et, surtout, relatifs à des Anglais aux Indes, que l'aspect journalistique de Kipling est le plus évident. Son premier métier est, peut-être, à l'origine de quelques-uns des vices de son style (il serait plus exact, aussi bien que plus gentil, de dire les faiblesses) qui irritent tant de lecteurs de ses contes de la vie hindoue et de la vie aux Indes : cette habileté d'un jeune homme qui prétend se faire passer pour un homme du monde. D'autre part,

l'entraînement de journaliste est sans doute à l'origine de quelques-unes des vertus du style de Kipling aussi bien. Peut-être faut-il lui attribuer le fait qu'il soit devenu un auteur de contes plutôt que de romans, car *Kim*, livre écrit plus tard, qui est, je crois, sa plus grande œuvre, n'a pas la structure d'un roman : l'intrigue n'y est rien que le prétexte pour brosser un incomparable tableau de l'Inde et créer quatre ou cinq personnages inoubliables. Et le travail que Kipling devait faire pour son journal a bien pu aiguiser son pouvoir d'observation et son génie pour traduire en mots non seulement les images visuelles, mais les sons, les odeurs et les valeurs tactiles de l'Inde.

À mesure que nous remarquons moins dans l'œuvre postérieure de Kipling ses qualités de journaliste, nous remarquons davantage celles de l'artiste. Feu André Chevrillon, dont l'ouvrage sur Kipling reste capital, et dont il faut traiter avec respect les opinions en ce sujet, dit de *Kim*, livre publié cinq ans après son retour en Angleterre, et dix ans après sa dernière visite aux Indes :

> L'art en est supérieur, mais c'est un art réfléchi, concerté. Quel contraste avec les puissances de rêve et de désir, les fougues d'imagination, l'impétuosité rectiligne de la *Lumière qui s'éteint* ![11]

Cette affirmation est sans doute vraie, mais, si elle est destinée à donner l'impression que les premières œuvres de Kipling sont les meilleures, je ne puis y concourir. Je ne vois pas de déclin, mais plutôt un progrès dans les œuvres que Kipling écrivit plus tard dans le Sussex. Là où se trouve moins de violence, et peut-être moins de force, il y a un gain en profondeur aussi bien qu'un progrès en habileté artistique.

Mais peut-être ai-je tort de dire progrès en habileté artistique. Peut-être est-ce simplement le fait que ces dons artistiques qui avaient toujours été consommés, et qui pouvaient être employés à une si grande diversité de sujets que plus d'une œuvre, conte ou poème, considérée en soi peut produire l'effet d'un magnifique tour de force, peut-être n'est-ce pas l'habileté artistique qui se développe, mais simplement le sujet qui change. Il me suffit de comparer *À la Fin du Passage* ou *La Marque de la Bête* avec *La plus belle Histoire du Monde* ; ou encore *L'Enfant de la Brousse* avec *Eux* et la *Maison du Désir* (je compare des histoires qui traitent toutes du surnaturel) pour voir que l'abandon de l'effet immédiat, spectaculaire et frappant est plus que justifié par le gain en profondeur.[12] Les contes de la dernière période sont ceux qui révèlent le plus de richesses à une seconde ou une troisième lecture.

C'est le moraliste chez Kipling qui persiste à travers toute son œuvre et donne de l'unité à son immense variété. Le moraliste du début est plus simplement un stoïque, l'homme qui fait sa tâche assignée : *Les Fils de Marthe* :

> Eux, ils ne prêchent point que leur Dieu les réveille
> Avant que les boulons se soient trop desserrés.
> Eux, ils n'enseignent point que Sa Pitié conseille
> De quitter leur travail aux instants désirés.
> Ainsi qu'aux chemins clairs, aux foules parsemées,
> Ils veillent au désert, et par les fonds obscurs,
> En garde, et vigilants le long de leurs journées,
> Pour que les jours d'autrui soient nombreux et plus sûrs.[13]

Le succès a perdu son prestige : c'est l'homme qui a fait son devoir sans être remarqué ni récompensé, qui est offert à notre admiration, et même l'homme dont la vie est un échec total et qui est tombé au plus bas (et l'on pourrait réunir toute une galerie de ces déchets humains parmi les personnages de Kipling) vaut mieux que celui qui s'est contenté de s'enrichir égoïstement. Le moraliste est toujours présent, même dans ces contes comme ceux du *Livre de la Jungle* qui paraissent n'être superficiellement que de simples fantaisies pour amuser la jeunesse. Il se peut même que ce soit le moraliste chez Kipling qui ait paru déplaisant à ces intellectuels qui, dans ma jeunesse, l'ont déconsidéré. Il savait bien que la morale est rébarbative et qu'il faut la faire passer insidieusement ou, comme on dit dans le jargon contemporain, subliminairement. Dans le remarquable poème intitulé *Les Fabulistes* que j'ai ailleurs cité in extenso,[14] il rend la chose très explicite :

> Quand la Folie sans frein jour après jour travaille
> À confondre à jamais tout ce qui fit notre heur,
> Quand le Nonchaloir veut que Liberté défaille,
> Et que la Peur panique au tombeau met l'Honneur,
> Même à l'heure certaine où la chute survient,
> À moins qu'homme ne plaise, il n'est ouï en rien.[15]

Kipling, comme je l'ai déjà suggéré, fut toujours fasciné par le surnaturel. À l'intérêt qu'il portait s'ajoutait un intérêt pour les machines et la technique ainsi qu'un don prophétique pour le progrès technique qui fait de lui l'égal de H. G. Wells dans la science-fiction. Comparer les deux hommes, c'est

énoncer la simplicité et même la naïveté de Wells et la grande complexité de Kipling. Kipling était, comme son œuvre l'atteste, un homme d'une profonde sensibilité religieuse. Mais même son sentiment religieux est complexe ou ambivalent. Dans sa morale, il y a une forte dose de Puritanisme, et dans ce qu'il écrit au sujet de l'Inde, il apparaît clairement que l'Inde qu'il connaissait le mieux – Le Panjab de son enfance auquel il est retourné – c'est l'Inde musulmane, et non pas l'Inde hindoue. C'est le type musulman – et l'Islam a bien des choses en commun avec le protestantisme, et pas seulement son iconoclastie – que Kipling trouve le plus sympathique : même si dans *Kim* il est aussi généreux et bien disposé envers l'agent secret bengali, Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, et envers le lama thibétain qu'il l'est envers Mahbub Ali, le maquignon pathan. Pourtant, et spécialement dans *Kim*, il montre une tolérance envers les dieux de toutes les religions et envers le non-dieu du Bouddhisme qui est plus caractéristique de la mentalité hindoue que de celle de l'Islam ; et, dans le Christianisme lui-même, il montre plus de respect pour les catholiques que pour les protestants. Et j'ajoute que, contrairement au protestantisme et à l'islamisme, Kipling se découvre une inclination marquée pour le rituel. Je ne sais pas s'il était lui-même franc-maçon, mais il avait manifestement un goût très vif pour la franc-maçonnerie ; et dans son œuvre ultérieure, son intérêt semble s'être détourné de l'Empire Britannique pour aller vers la Ville Eternelle, comme dans *La Chanson Anglo-romaine* :

> Le père de mon père encor' n'y mit les yeux,
> Et moi, ne m'adviendra probablement, en somme,
> De contempler non plus ce plus sacré des lieux,
> Le cœur même de Rome ![16]

Ce n'est pas la mythologie de Rome, ce n'est certainement pas l'antique République, mais l'Empire à l'époque de sa plus grande expansion lorsque la Bretagne jusqu'au Mur d'Hadrien était une province des confins ; c'est l'Empire Romain en tant que prototype de l'Empire qui répand la civilisation, la justice et l'ordre ; et, parmi les religions, ce sont les religions à mystères, et en premier lieu, le culte de Mithra, tel que le connaissaient les légionnaires romains, qui s'empare de son imagination. Comme il arrive quelquefois aux Protestants qui ont perdu leur foi, ou chez qui la foi chrétienne n'est plus qu'un vestige, Kipling garde du Protestantisme comme une espèce de moralité stoïque ; et il lui faut assouvir ce besoin qu'il a du rituel,

de la forme et de la cérémonie qui n'est jamais tout à fait apaisée chez les sensitifs et les imaginatifs, en dehors de la Foi chrétienne.

Je ne saurais éluder de dire quelque chose des vues politiques de Kipling dans la mesure où on les trouve dans ses œuvres publiées. Je n'ai pas à m'occuper des opinions qu'il exprime par d'autres moyens, mais seulement de ce qu'il dit dans ses poèmes et dans quelques-unes de ses histoires. Il ne faut pas oublier que Kipling n'était pas un homme de parti ; il n'avait pas de part au jeu politique qui comporte toujours un côté sordide. Et il n'avait pas non plus – et voici qui est important – un esprit doué pour la pensée abstraite : sa pensée lui venait en images. Il n'était pas philosophe et il n'avait pas de philosophie politique en dehors du code simple et vigoureux qui constituait sa morale. Sa seule philosophie politique est celle qu'on trouve dans *Les dieux des en-têtes de cahiers* :

> À l'époq' du Carbonifèr', bombanc' promise, grâce au sol :
> En dépouillant un Pierr' tout seul au grand profit, d' la mass' des Paul.
> Avions d' l'argent à pleines mains n'trouvions rien pour notre argent . . .
> Les Dieux des Cahiers nous ont dit : « Si tu n'travaill's, la mort te prend. »[17]

Mais il était quelque chose de plus rare qu'un philosophe – un prophète. Je veux dire par là que son esprit était intuitif, presque jusqu'au don de seconde vue, plutôt que ratiocinateur. Son génie, si je le comprends bien, gisait dans son pouvoir d'observation, de description et dans le don d'intuition.[18]

Du pouvoir descriptif de Kipling, je ne peux guère ici parler, car on ne peut le montrer qu'avec des exemples, et la diversité des objets que Kipling a regardés et décrits – hommes et femmes, paysages, animaux et machines, choses de la nature et de l'art – est infinie. L'acuité de son observation et son pouvoir de description sont si grands qu'ils peuvent donner à quelques lecteurs l'impression qu'il n'a vu que la surface des choses et que sa sensibilité manquait de profondeur. Mais c'est là une vue elle-même superficielle. Kipling ne s'intéressait pas, certes, à l'analyse raffinée des passions et des mobiles humains. Il préférait se confiner à quelques touches significatives et c'est en action qu'il voyait les êtres humains. Prenons garde, cela n'était pas dû à quelque lacune, mais au fait qu'il était un intuitif et non pas un intellectuel – raison de plus, peut-être, pour expliquer qu'il ait été mésestimé[19] par les intellectuels d'une génération plus jeune. L'homme qui possède une

vue prophétique est toujours condamné à se trouver dans la position désavantagée de Cassandre, car comment les gens ordinaires qui raisonnent peuvent-ils être sûrs qu'un prophète est réellement un prophète ?[20] Et si la prophétie est du genre sinistre, on peut toujours trouver des raisons plausibles pour croire à l'erreur agréable plutôt qu'à la dure vérité . . .

Les deux grandes guerres, Kipling les avait prévues. C'était dans l'attente de la guerre de 1914 qu'il écrivit son ode si noble à la France. Je me permets de citer quelques vers de la première strophe :

> Brisée à tous les coups de la fortune adverse,
> Soulevée au-dessus de tous les durs effrois.
> Par cette saine ardeur que vivre nous déverse, –
> Ce bouclier parfait que garde le Gaulois . . .
> La première à poursuivre une vérité neuve
> Et l'ultime à laisser la Vérité qui meurt, –
> France, que doit aimer d'un amour sans épreuve
> Toute âme qui s'éprend d'une autre âme, sa sœur ![21]

Déjà en 1932, année bien plus fatidique que la plupart ne s'en sont rendu compte, il prévoyait 1939 et il écrivit son avertissement *Le Cône des Tempêtes* :

> C'est encor pleine nuit, – et nul astre qui point
> Ne nous saurait leurrer. L'aurore est encore loin.
> C'est la tempête, ici, depuis longtemps prévue,
> Lente à se déclarer, mais sûre en sa tenue.[22]

1932 ! Kipling mourut en 1936, trois ans avant la tempête. Il avait connu une vaste célébrité quand il était encore très jeune. Il vécut assez vieux pour se voir jugé d'après ses œuvres de jeunesse, frappées d'immaturité et pour voir son œuvre ultérieure et, à mon avis, encore plus belle, à la fois prose et vers, ignorée des intellectuels, quoique toujours lue par un large public. Il avait perdu son fils unique dans la première grande guerre, il avait reçu de grands honneurs et en avait refusé d'aussi grands.[23] Il aimait la France et il pensait à la France et à l'Angleterre comme aux bastions les plus solides de la culture, dressés contre les influences qui se dirigeaient vers la détérioration, le totalitarisme et la discipline du chaos. Dans ses dernières années, il regardait l'avenir du monde avec de plus en plus d'appréhension. Il fut inhumé dans l'Abbaye de Westminster. Ceux qui portaient le drap funèbre étaient le Premier Ministre, un Amiral, un Général et le Maître d'un collège.[24] Il fut, je crois, à tout prendre, le plus grand homme de lettres de l'Angleterre de

son temps – un homme de lettres certainement unique dans son espèce, et, par conséquent, difficile à comparer avec tout autre.

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT

In electing me to membership of the Académie Septentrionale, you have paid me a great honour, and an honour of a kind peculiarly dear to my heart.[1] The idea of European Culture, as of a culture to which each nation of the West should make its contribution, is one which I have always cherished. So also is the ideal of the man of letters whose works become the heritage, not only of his own countrymen, and of those peoples who speak his own tongue, but of the cultivated public of every country of Europe: to be among the ranks of such writers is the highest to which any poet, novelist or philosopher can aspire. To be invited, therefore, to represent Britain in the Académie Septentrionale is an honour which, whether I merit it or not, is one which I am well qualified to appreciate. And when I learned that I had been chosen to fill the place which had been occupied by Rudyard Kipling, and that it would be for me to pronounce in this assembly his *éloge*,[2] I felt pride and also a sense of inevitability.

I should like to explain why the name of Rudyard Kipling aroused in me this sense of destiny and duty. When I made a selection from Kipling's poems, which was published, with a long introduction by myself, in 1941, the moment was well chosen to remind the public of Kipling's importance, and to revive a reputation which had been diminished under the influence of liberal, not to say, radical critics. It aroused considerable astonishment however, in the world of letters, that Kipling should be championed not only as a prose writer but as a writer of verse, and even as a poet, by a poet whose verse was considered to be at the opposite pole from that of Kipling. Where my poems had at first appeared too obscure and recondite to win popular approval, Kipling's had long been considered too simple, too crude, too popular, indeed too near the doggerel of the music-hall song, to deserve anything but disdain from the fastidious critic.[3] I was suspected, if not of insincerity, at least of a mischievous delight in paradox. Yet the verse, as well as the stories of Kipling, had already made a deep impression upon me in boyhood. That, of course, was the early Kipling, the Kipling of *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*.[4] His influence remained with me, and made itself evident to me, as happens with such early influences, by strange irrational tokens. The earliest of my poems to achieve fame is called "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." In the poem itself there is the

influence of Laforgue, and there is the influence of Dostoevski; Kipling made himself felt only in the title: for I am sure it would not have been called "Love Song" but for a title of a poem of Kipling which had stuck obstinately in my head: "The Love Song of Har Dyal." Many years later, I wrote a poem called "The Hollow Men": here again Kipling is in the title and in the title only – for it is the echo of the title of one of his poems, "The Broken Men." Fifteen years later than this, and nineteen years ago, I was elected to an Honorary Fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge; and my predecessor in this honour had been Rudyard Kipling. And finally, as I have said, I made that selection of his verse for which I wrote an introduction. Now I am here in Paris, succeeding Rudyard Kipling in another distinguished seat of honour, and celebrating his excellence. Kipling has been with me, in one way or another, all my life: yet I never met Kipling, and I have no reason to suppose that he was ever aware of my existence.[5]

There is perhaps another reason for my regard for Kipling, a reason given by a similarity, or rather analogy, between his background and mine. Kipling passed his early childhood in India; he was brought back to England for his schooling; but returned to India at the age of seventeen. For two years of his life he lived in America, where his house, Naulahka, still stands and is dwelt in, I believe, by an old schoolmate of my own.[6] In late years he settled in England, though he passed his winters in the more benign climate of South Africa. He was a Citizen of the British Empire, long before he naturalised himself, so to speak, in a particular place in a particular county of England. The topography of his life history is indeed very different from mine, and the heredity also differs – for Kipling was half English and half Highland Scottish, whereas mine is wholly English: but in Kipling, as in myself, I discern something of the *métèque*.[7] The point of view of the *métèque*, both in his criticism of his adopted country and in his affection for it, remains different from that of the native. This is evident in some of the poems written after Kipling settled in Sussex. For example, "Le rappel":

> Sous leurs pieds dans l'herbe engagés
> S'attache et court notre charme prompt.
> Ils reviendront comme étrangers;
> Comme des fils, ils resteront.[8]

(Je cite partout la traduction des *Poèmes choisis* par M. Jules Castier).[9] Here, Kipling has in mind the American couple of the story which this poem accompanies, the couple who settle down in England to become country

squires in the village from which the wife's family had gone to America. Similarly, in "La Chanson de Sir Richard," the speaker in the poem is a Norman knight, a follower of William the Conqueror, who has settled in England:

> Ah, j'ai suivi mon Duc dès avant d'être amant,
> Pour prendre en Angleterr' fief, et rançon, et prix;
> Mais voilà que le jeu se retourne, à présent:
> L'Angleterre, à présent, c'est elle qui m'a pris![10]

And Sir Richard also, is obviously Kipling himself.

I believe that this foreignness of Kipling is present both in his censure – which is sometimes severe – of England, and in his devotion to England: it may also have something to do both with the fascination and the repugnance which his work can exert. I do not wish to dilate upon this characteristic here: I will pass on to affirm four aspects of Kipling all of which I think we must take into account if we are to understand it. These are the aspect of Kipling as journalist, the aspect of Kipling as literary artist, the aspect of Kipling as moralist, and finally the aspect of Kipling as religious seeker and as prophet.

It was as a journalist, as a member of the staff of an English language newspaper in India, that the young Kipling began. His earliest stories and poems were contributions to a newspaper; and it is in the stories of India, especially of the English in India, that the journalistic aspect is most evident. His early occupation is perhaps the origin of some of the vices of style – it is more accurate, as well as kinder, to say foibles – which irritate many readers of his short stories of Indian life, and of life in India: the knowing manner of a young man pretending to be a man of the world. On the other hand, the journalistic training is probably at the origin of some of Kipling's virtues of style as well; it may be responsible for his becoming a writer of short stories rather than a writer of novels – for *Kim*, a later book which is, I believe, his greatest single work, has not the structure of a novel: its plot is merely the excuse for an incomparable picture of India and for the creation of four or five unforgettable Indian characters. And Kipling's work on his newspaper may have sharpened those powers of observation, and his genius for conveying in words not only visual images but the sounds, the smells and the tactile values of India.

As we become less aware, in Kipling's later work, of the journalist, we become more aware of the artist. The late André Chevrillon, whose book

on Kipling remains a standard work, and whose opinions on the subject must be treated with respect, says of *Kim*, a book published five years after Kipling's return to England, and ten years after his last visit to India:

> L'art en est supérieur, mais c'est un art réfléchi, concerté. Quel contraste avec les puissances de rêve et de désir, les fougues d'imagination, l'impétuosité rectiligne de la *Lumière qui s'éteint*![11]

This assertion may be true, but if it is intended to convey the impression that Kipling's early work is the best, I cannot agree. I see no decline, but rather a progression, in the work of Kipling's later years in Sussex. Where there is less violence, even perhaps of force, there is gain in profundity, as well as an increase of artistic skill.

But perhaps I am wrong in saying "increase" of artistic skill. Perhaps it is merely that artistic gifts which were always consummate, and which could be turned to such diversity of subject matter that many a single work, a short story or a poem, if considered by itself can give the effect of a magnificent *tour de force*, – perhaps it is not the artistry that develops, but merely the subject matter which changes. I need only compare "At the End of the Passage" or "The Mark of the Beast" with "The Finest Story in the World"; or "The Brushwood Boy" with "They" and "The Wish House" – I am comparing stories all of which deal with the preternatural – to see that the surrender of the immediate showy, striking effect is more than justified by the gain in depth.[12] The later tales are those that have the most to render on a second or third reading.

It is the moralist in Kipling that persists throughout his work and gives unity to its immense variety. The early moralist is more simply a stoic, the man who does his allotted task: "Les Fils de Marthe":

> Eux, ils ne prêchent point que leur Dieu les réveille
> Avant que les boulons se soient trop desserrés.
> Eux, ils n'enseignent point que Sa Pitié conseille
> De quitter leur travail aux instants désirés.
> Ainsi qu'aux chemins clairs, aux foules parsemées,
> Ils veillent au désert et par les fonds obscurs,
> En garde, et vigilants le long de leurs journées,
> Pour que les jours d'autrui soient nombreux et plus sûrs.[13]

Worldly success is belittled: it is the man who has done his duty unnoticed and unrewarded who is held up for admiration; and even the man who is

an utter failure in life, who has fallen to the lowest (and a gallery of such human wreckage can be assembled from among Kipling's characters) is better than the man who has merely feathered his own nest successfully. The moralist is always present, even in those tales, such as *The Jungle Book*, which are, superficially, merely fantasies to amuse the young. It may even be the moralist in Kipling that is displeasing to those intellectuals who have belittled him in my time. He was well aware that the moral is unwelcome, and must be conveyed insidiously or, in present-day jargon, subliminally. In that remarkable poem "Les Fabulistes," which I have elsewhere quoted in full,[14] he makes this explicit:

> Quand la Folie sans frein jour après jour travaille
> À confondre à jamais tout ce qui fit notre heur,
> Quand le Nonchaloir veut que Liberté défaille,
> Et que la Peur panique au tombeau met l'Honneur,
> Même à l'heure certaine où la chute survient,
> À moins qu'homme ne plaise, il n'est ouï en rien.[15]

Kipling, as I have already suggested, was always fascinated by the supernatural. With this interest he combined an interest in machinery and in technique, and a gift for prophesying technical advances which makes him the peer of H. G. Wells in science fiction. To compare the two men is to elicit the simplicity, even naivety, of Wells, and the great complexity of Kipling. Kipling was, as his work attests, a man of profound religious sensibility. But even his religious feeling is complex or ambivalent. In his morality there is a strong strain of Puritanism. And in what he writes about India it seems clear that the India that he knew best – the Punjab of his infancy to which he returned – is Moslem India, not Hindu India. It is the Moslem type – and Islam has much in common with Protestantism, not only in its iconoclasm – which Kipling finds the more sympathetic: even though in *Kim* he is as generous and kindly disposed towards the Bengali secret agent, Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, and towards the Tibetan lama, as he is towards Mahoub Ali the Pathan horse-trader. Yet – in *Kim* especially – he displays a tolerance of the gods of all religions, and of the non-god of Buddhism, which is more characteristic of the Hindu mentality than of Islam; and, in Christianity itself he shows a greater respect for the Catholic than the Protestant. And again, in contrast to Protestantism and to Islam, Kipling displays a marked craving for ritual. I do not know whether he himself was a Free Mason, but he obviously had a keen relish for Freemasonry; and in

his later work, when his interest seems to turn from the British Empire to the Eternal pity, as in "Chanson Anglo-romaine":

> Le père de mon père encor' n'y mit les yeux,
> Et moi, ne m'adviendra probablement, en somme,
> De contempler non plus ce plus sacré des lieux,
> Le cœur même de Rome![16]

It is not the mythology of Rome that attracted Kipling; it is certainly not the pristine republic, but the Empire at the time of its greatest expanse, when Britain up to Hadrian's Wall was an outlying province; it is the Roman Empire as the prototype of Empire that spreads civilisation, justice and order; and among religions, it is the mystery religions, conspicuously Mithraism as known to the Roman legionaries, that capture his imagination. As sometimes happens to Protestants who have lost their Faith, or in whom the Christian Faith has become vestigial, Kipling retains from Protestantism a kind of stoical morality; and has to indulge that need for ritual, for form and ceremony, which is never quite quenched in the sensitive and imaginative, outside of the Christian Faith altogether.

I cannot pass without saying something of Kipling's political views, so far as they are to be found in his published works. With his opinions as expressed in other ways I am not concerned: only with what he says in his poems and in some of his stories. For it must be remembered that Kipling was not a party man; he was not involved in the game of politics, which must always have a sordid side to it. Nor had he – and this is important – a mind gifted for abstract thought: his thought came to him in images. He was not a philosopher, and he had no political philosophy beyond his strong and simple code of ethics. His is only the political philosophy of *Les dieux des en-têtes de cahiers*:

> À l'époq' du Carbonifèr', bombanc' promise, grâce au sol:
> En dépouillant un Pierr' tout seul au grand profit, d' la mass' des Paul.
> Avions d' l'argent à pleines mains n'trouvions rien pour notre argent . . .
> Les Dieux des Cahiers nous ont dit: "Si tu n'travaill's, la mort te prend."[17]

But he was something rarer than a philosopher, he was a prophet. By this I mean that his mind was intuitive, almost to the point of second sight, rather than ratiocinative. His genius, if I understand it at all rightly, lay in his powers of observation, in his powers of description, and in his gift of

intuition. Of his power of observation I should like to recount an anecdote not generally known. When he paid his first visit to Magdalene College, Cambridge, after having been made an Honorary Fellow, he wanted to see one of the treasures, the cypher manuscript of the famous journal of the seventeenth century diarist Samuel Pepys. The College, knowing that Kipling was a man who asked questions, and whose questions were apt to be unexpected and unanswerable, had assembled all the available scholars learned about Pepys and his time. Kipling asked the one question for which no one was prepared: he asked: what was the formula for the ink that Pepys had used? For he observed that it was dissimilar to that of any manuscript of the period that he had examined. The matter was looked into, and it was later found that Pepys had used an ink of his own invention, the composition of which was different from that of any other.[18]

Of Kipling's powers of description I can here give no account, for they can only be shown by illustration; and the multifarity of the objects that Kipling looked at and described – men and women, landscapes, animals, and machines, things of nature and artifacts, is endless. His keenness of observation and power of description are so great that they may give some readers the impression that he saw the surface of things only, and that his sensibility was without depth: but this is itself a superficial view. Kipling was not, certainly, concerned with elaborate analysis of human passions and motives; he preferred to confine himself to a few telling strokes; and it was in action that he saw human beings. But this, again, is not due to any deficiency: but to the fact of his being an intuitive and not an intellectual – another reason perhaps, to account for his being underrated (méconnu?)[19] by intellectuals of a younger generation. The man who has prophetic insight is always liable to find himself in the unhappy position of Cassandra; for how are ordinary reasoning people to be sure that a prophet is a prophet?[20] And if the prophesy is a gloomy one, we can always find plausible reasons for believing the pleasant falsehood rather than the grim truth. Kipling foresaw two wars. It was in expectation of the war of 1914 that, in 1913, he wrote his noble ode to France. I cannot forbear quoting from the first strophe:

Brisée à tous les coups de la fortune adverse,
Soulevée au-dessus de tous les durs effrois.
Par cette saine ardeur que vivre nous déverse, –
Ce bouclier parfait que garde le Gaulois . . .
La première à poursuivre une vérité neuve

Et l'ultime à laisser la Vérité qui meurt, –
France, que doit aimer d'un amour sans épreuve
Toute âme qui s'éprend d'une autre âme, sa sœur![21]

As early as 1932 – a year more fateful than most of us realised – he foresaw 1939, and wrote his warning, "Le Cône des Temptes":

C'est encor pleine nuit, – et nul astre qui point
Ne nous saurait leurrer. L'aurore est encore loin.
C'est la tempête, ici, depuis longtemps prévue,
Lente à se déclarer, mais sûre en sa tenue.[22]

1932! Kipling died in 1936, three years before the tempest. He had known vast celebrity when still very young; he lived to see himself judged by his early and immature work, and to see his later and to my mind, still finer work in both prose and verse ignored by the intellectuals, though widely read; he had lost his only son in the first Great War; he had had great honours and had refused great honours.[23] He loved France and he thought of France and Britain as the chief bastions of culture against the influences making for deterioration, totalitarianism and the discipline of chaos. In his last years he regarded the future of the world with more and more misgiving. He was buried in Westminster Abbey: his pall-bearers included the Prime Minister, an Admiral, a General, and the Master of a college.[24] He was, I think, take him all in all, the greatest Englishman of letters of his time – a man of letters, certainly unique in his kind, and therefore, perhaps, not to be compared with any other.

NOTES

1. On 25 Jan 1957, TSE received an invitation from his friend Georges Duhamel (1884-1966) to become a member of the Académie septentrionale in Paris, an honor he accepted on 20 Feb, writing "with warmest good wishes to Madame Duhamel and yourself, and most happy memories of our meetings." Confirming his agreement in principle to address the Académie on its requested subject at his induction sometime in 1958, he wrote to its Chancelier perpétuel, the Reverend Bruno Froissart, on 5 Mar: "As for the subject matter, an address in praise of Rudyard Kipling would, of course, be very congenial to me." On 10 Aug 1958, TSE sent his typescript to Henri Fluchère for translation into French, stating that the sooner it could be done, "the better, as I find from experience that it is well for me to spend as much time as possible in absorbing a French translation, and so to speak re-thinking my pages in French." TSE gave the address on 4 Oct 1958, hosted on the occasion by Rev. Froissart and the novelist Maurice Garçon. On 30 Oct, TSE wrote to Rev. Froissart that of the possibilities suggested for publication, he thought it "more suitable for a periodical such as the *Mercure de France* than for the contribution to a substantial book,

as it is indeed only an attempt to sum up very briefly some of the salient characteristics of my famous predecessor, Mr. Kipling." A prefatory note states that the *Mercure de France* has made Kipling's work available to French readers by publishing nearly all of his work. TSE's previously unpublished English text follows the French translation.

On his return to London, TSE presented a version of the speech to the Kipling Society, which published it in Mar 1959 in the *Kipling Journal* (8.317). In a letter to William Castle on 10 Dec 1958, he explained that one of the after effects of the trip was the aggravation of his emphysema. "In consequence of having to dine in a very cold house with some Carmelite monks, one of whom is the Head of this organization, I caught a bad chill and spent the rest of my time in Paris in bed."

2. *éloge*: eulogy, panegyric

3. The reviewers of TSE's 1941 introduction to Kipling's poetry (6.210) included a number of critics who dismissed Kipling as third rate. One of the most eminent, George Orwell, writing for *Horizon* (Feb 1942), asserted: "One can, perhaps, place Kipling . . . if one describes him simply as a good bad poet" (122); he also attacked TSE's assertion that Kipling was a writer of "*great* verse" (6.231): "Apparently Kipling was a versifier who occasionally wrote poems, in which case it was a pity that Mr. Eliot did not specify these poems by name. The trouble is that whenever an aesthetic judgment on Kipling's work seems to be called for, Mr. Eliot is too much on the defensive to be able to speak plainly. What he does not say, and what I think one ought to start by saying in any discussion of Kipling, is that most of Kipling's verse is so horribly vulgar that it gives one the same sensation as one gets from watching a third-rate music-hall performer recite *The Pigtail of Wu Fang Fu* with the purple limelight on his face" (121).

4. TSE's lifelong engagement with Kipling began before he entered Harvard in 1906. In an undergraduate essay, "The Defects of Kipling" (1.8, 15), he demonstrates extensive knowledge of the stories collected in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888) and the poems in *Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892).

5. It is unlikely that Kipling, who lived in Sussex from 1897 until his death in 1936, would have been unaware of TSE's published praise of his work, including a review in 1919 of *The Years Between* (2.33), a 1926 "Commentary" in the *Criterion* referring to him as "the greatest master of the short story in English" (2.831), and comments on *Captains Courageous* in a 1928 review of J. B. Connolly's *Fishermen of the Banks* (3.497).

6. From 1893 to 1896, Kipling and his wife lived in a house north of Brattleboro, Vermont, which he designed and named after the Naulakha Pavilion in Pakistan, a landmark featured in his 1892 novel, *The Naulahka: A Story of East and West*. The house was privately owned until 1992, when it was purchased by the Landmark Trust and a year later designated as a National Historic Landmark.

7. *métèque*: resident foreigner. In a letter to Mary Hutchinson in 1919, TSE said "remember that I am a metic – a foreigner" (*L1* 379).

8. "The Recall"

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons. (4-8)

9. In preparing his English text for translation by Fluchère, TSE indicates to the translator (and to his French audience) that throughout the address he quotes Kipling's poems from Jules Castier's French translation of TSE's Faber edition of *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (1941): *Poèmes choisis et préfacés par T. S. Eliot* (Paris: Robert Laffont, 1949).

10. "Sir Richard's Song"

I followed my Duke ere I was a lover,
  To take from England fief and fee;
But now this game is the other way over –
  But now England hath taken me! (1-4)

11. André Chevrillon, *Rudyard Kipling* (Paris: Plon, 1936), iv. *Trans*: The art is superior in it [*Kim*], but it is a carefully thought-out and studied art. What a contrast with the forces of dream and desire, the ardors of the imagination, the genuine impetuosity of *The Light that Failed*!

12. TSE contrasts the early stories – "At the End of the Passage" (1890) and "The Mark of the Beast" (1890) – with the slightly later "The Finest Story in the World" (1891), and "The Brushwood Boy" (1895) with two later stories – "They" (1904) and "The Wish House" (1924).

13. "The Sons of Martha"

They do not preach that their God will rouse them
  a little before the nuts work loose.
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to drop their
  job when they dam'-well choose.
As in the thronged and the lighted ways,
  so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days
  that their brethren's days may be long in the land. (stanza 6)

14. TSE quoted "The Fabulists 1914-1918" in the introduction rather than in the text of his *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, explaining that "when [Kipling] writes verse that is not poetry it is not because he has tried to write poetry and failed. He had another purpose, and one to which he adhered with integrity. It is expressed in a poem (from *A Diversity of Creatures*) which I have thought would come with more effect at the end of this section of my essay, than in the body of the book:" (20-21).

15. "The Fabulists"

When desperate Folly daily laboureth
  To work confusion upon all we have,
When diligent Sloth demandeth Freedom's death,
  And banded Fear commandeth Honour's grave –
Even in that certain hour before the fall,
Unless men please they are not heard at all. (7-12)

16. "A British-Roman Song"

My father's father saw it not,
  And I, belike, shall never come

To look on that so-holy spot –
The very Rome – (1-4)

17. "The Gods of the Copybook Headings"

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul;
But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money could buy,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: "*If you don't work you die*." (25-28)

18. On 19 Mar 1958, TSE included this anecdote in a letter to W. S. Morrison. The section reporting this anecdote, from "Of his power of observation" to "was different from that of any other," is omitted in the French translation.

19. *méconnu*: unrecognized, unappreciated. Fluchère translates this as *mésestimé* (misjudged, underestimated).

20. In Greek mythology, Cassandra was given the power of prophecy by Apollo. When she refused his advances, he ordained that no one would believe her predictions.

21. "France"

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul . . .
First to follow Truth and last to leave old Truths behind –
France, beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind! (1-7)

22. "The Storm Cone"

This is the midnight – let no star
Delude us – dawn is very far.
This is the tempest long foretold –
Slow to make head but sure to hold. (1-4)

23. In 1907, when he was forty-one, Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature (the first awarded to an English writer), an honor followed in quick succession by other offers of honors, many of which he declined. In Sept 1915, his son John was killed on the Western Front in the Battle of Loos.

24. Kipling's ashes were buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, on 23 Jan 1936, next to the graves of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy. The pallbearers included Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin.

Mr. Edwin Muir: Triumph of the Human Spirit

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (7 Jan 1959) 14

Your obituary of Edwin Muir does justice both to the man and to his work, and requires neither supplement nor correction. Nevertheless I hope that a personal tribute from an admirer will not be amiss. Muir's literary criticism had always seemed to me of the best of our time; after I came to know him I realized that it owed its excellence not only to his power of intellect and acuteness of sensibility but to those moral qualities which make us remember him, as you say justly, as "in some ways almost a saintly man."[1]

It was more recently that I came to regard his poetry as ranking with the best poetry of our time. As a poet he began late; as a poet he was recognized late; but some of his finest work – perhaps his very finest work – was written when he was already over 60. His two most recent volumes of verse, *The Labyrinth* and *One Foot in Eden*, are, I think, those which contain more of his best work than any other;[2] and the still more recent and as yet unpublished poems which I have seen show no falling off in quality. For this late development we are reminded of the later poetry of Yeats;[3] and Muir had to struggle with bad health also: but in the one case as in the other (and Muir is by no means unworthy to be mentioned together with Yeats) we recognize a triumph of the human spirit.

NOTES

1. The *Times* obituary for the Scottish poet, critic, novelist, and translator Edwin Muir (1887-1959) appeared under the heading "Poetic Serenity" in the issue of 5 Jan and concluded: "His family and friends will remember him as a good and in some ways almost a saintly man. Others will remember him after them, for now he is among the English poets" (10). In addition to the thirteen reviews he wrote for the *Criterion*, Muir published seven volumes of literary and social criticism, including *Transition: Essays on Contemporary Literature* (1926), in which he wrote that there is "probably no writer of our time who has said more things about the art of literature which are at once new and incontrovertible than Mr. T. S. Eliot." His last and most important critical volume, *Essays on Literature and Society* (1949), contains studies of numerous English and European writers and essays on "The Political View of Literature" and "The Decline of the Novel."

2. Muir wrote in *An Autobiography* (London: Hogarth Press, 1954), "I began to write poetry at thirty-five instead of twenty-five or twenty" (193); he published his *First Poems* in 1925. "I know

now what Eliot means when he says that Dante is the best model for a contemporary poet," he reminisced. "But I did not know then, nor did I even like Eliot's poetry: it took me several years to recognize its great virtues" (205). In the 1930s, TSE published two of Muir's poems in the *Criterion* ("After the Fall" in Apr 1931, "Hölderin's Journey" in Jan 1937) and printed reviews of his early volumes before Faber published *The Labyrinth* in 1949, *Collected Poems, 1921-1951* in 1952, and *One Foot in Eden* in 1956. TSE also selected, edited, and wrote the preface for the Faber edition of Muir's *Selected Poems*, which appeared in July 1965 after TSE's death in Jan (8.564).

3. When TSE paid a seventieth birthday tribute to Yeats in his "Commentary" for the *Criterion* of July 1935, he wrote that he could think of "no poet, not even among the very greatest, who has shown a longer period of development than Yeats. . . . Development to this extent is not merely genius, it is character; and it sets a standard which his juniors should seek to emulate, without hoping to equal" (5.260).

Memorial Tribute for Bishop G. K. A. Bell

On 12 Dec 1958 the Rev. Canon J. A. Fisher, Religious Broadcasting Assistant at the BBC, invited TSE to contribute to a program, titled "Modern Apostle and Prophet of Unity: Tribute to the late Bishop G. K. A. Bell," part of the BBC's "The Way of Life" series. TSE submitted his script on 19 Dec and recorded it with Fisher on 30 Dec for broadcast on the Home Service, 18 Jan 1959. TSE's memorial tribute follows and expands his personal postscript to the obituary for Bishop Bell in the *Times* of 14 Oct 1958 (8.282). He informed Canon Fisher that he could not "accept a fee for paying tribute to a dead friend" and arranged for its transfer to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation.

In my memories of Bishop Bell, four meetings stand out. The first memory is of a weekend, which must have been in 1930 or 1931, when I was a guest in the Palace in Chichester. Mr. Martin Browne had been appointed by the Bishop his Adviser on Religious Drama for the diocese, and Mr. and Mrs. Browne dined with us: out of that meeting came the invitation in 1933 to write the Church Pageant which became *The Rock*. I remember also that Dr. Bell travelled up to London with me on the following Monday; not having consorted much with bishops in those days, I found it strange to be journeying with a bishop in a third-class railway carriage. On that journey, the Bishop spoke to me about Dr. J. H. Oldham and his work for the Church and the World: and so that weekend brought about my acquaintance with two men, Mr. Browne and Dr. Oldham, with whom I was later to be closely associated in different activities.[1] The second of those four meetings which are clearest in my memory was also to have important consequences for me: it was on a summer afternoon in 1934 walking in the garden of the Palace that Bishop Bell proposed that I should write a play for the Canterbury Festival, the Festival which he had initiated when Dean of Canterbury and in which he retained a warm interest. The result was *Murder in the Cathedral*. A third meeting was in Stockholm in 1942: the Bishop arrived on the day on which I was to leave. We all know now, what I did not know then, why Dr. Bell had come to Sweden: it was no fault of his that the conversations he had there led to nothing.[2] And the fourth meeting was at a conference which he had assembled in Chichester, I think also during the War, to discuss the place of the Arts in the life of the Church: among others present, I remember Mr. Henry Moore, Sir Edward Maufe, and Miss Dorothy Sayers.[3]

These four meetings, chosen by my memory from among others, illustrate the varied interests and activities of the Bishop, outside of the regular duties of a diocesan which he carried out so faithfully: his interest in the service which Art could perform for the Church, and no less in the inspiration and employment which the Church could give the artist; his interest in the Oecumenical Movement, of which there is ample documentary evidence; his interest in foreign affairs and his sense of the international responsibility of the Church and of churchmen. He and another of my friends, Duncan-Jones, the late Dean of Chichester, were men of very different type, but in two respects in which they were both outstanding, they had much in common.[4] The Dean made the Cathedral the musical centre of the diocese; the Bishop, by his patronage and encouragement of drama and of the plastic arts, made his diocese an exemplar for all England. And both Bishop and Dean, during the 1930s, were tirelessly outspoken in their protests against the religious and racial persecution taking place in Germany.

My first impulse, in speaking of the impression which George Bell has left upon me, is to say that he was a "lovable man." On reflection, I find that in applying this adjective, I am making it a compendium of all the qualities for which I loved and admired him. These include a dauntless integrity: no ambition could ever have deflected him from whatever course he felt to be right, no fear of the consequences to himself could ever have prevented him from speaking the truth as he saw it. With this went modesty and simplicity of manner, the outward signs, I believe, of inward humility. A friendly man, and a man of genuine piety – in short, a good man and an honest man.

NOTES

1. After Martin Browne directed *The Rock* and *Murder in the Cathedral*, TSE chose him to be the director and producer of all of his plays through *The Elder Statesman* (1958), as chronicled by Browne in his *The Making of T. S. Eliot's Plays* (1969). The Christian ecumenist and theologian J. H. (Joe) Oldham was then secretary of the International Missionary Council and a leader of the Christian Council of Life and Work. In 1937, he organized the Oxford World Conference on Church, Community and State, at which TSE gave a plenary address, "The Church as an Ecumenical Society" (5.497), and, in 1938, he convened "The Moot," a group of intellectuals, including TSE, who met several times a year to discuss philosophical, theological, and cultural matters until its demise in 1947. Under Oldham's editorship, TSE contributed numerous articles to and edited several issues of the *Christian News-Letter*.

2. Bishop Bell arrived in Sweden in May 1942, just in time to meet briefly with TSE who was completing a five-week lecture tour. When TSE returned to London on 24 May, he found a letter

from J. H. Oldham inviting him to write about the Swedish Church; TSE assumed that Bell was in Sweden for that purpose: "I do not feel that it is my business to say anything about the Swedish Church, especially as the Bishop of Chichester will, we hope, be writing something, and that is much more his business than mine. . . . I think it would be much better to leave that subject altogether to Dr. Bell." TSE later learned that, in the event, the bishop there met with and received information from Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a German theologian and anti-Nazi dissident, about a German resistance plan led by General Ludwig Beck and Carl Goerdeler to overthrow Hitler. Upon return to England, Bell reported the plan to Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden, who showed no interest in working with the resistance group; Bell remained unforgiving of the government's failure to act on the information, given the failed plot of 20 July 1944 to assassinate Hitler and the execution of Bonhoeffer on 9 Apr 1945 in the Flossenbürg prison camp.

3. In the 1920s, more than a decade before returning to Chichester for Bell's wartime conference on the arts, the sculptor Henry Moore (1898-1986) visited the cathedral as a student. As described in *Writings and Conversations*, ed. Alan Wilkinson (University of California Press, 2002), he was deeply impressed by two of its twelfth-century reliefs, *The Raising of Lazarus* and *Christ Arriving at the House of Mary and Martha*: "I stood before them for a long time. They were just what I wanted to emulate in sculpture: the strength of directly carved form, of hard stone, rather than modelled flowing soft form. . . . In the Chichester sculpture there is deep human feeling. I think the sense of suffering and tragedy is given through the heads" (111).

Sir Edward Maufe (1883-1974), architect and designer of memorials and churches, was best known for his design of the Cathedral at Guilford.

Dorothy Sayers, detective novelist, Christian apologist, playwright, and translator of the *Divine Comedy*, had also been invited to write a play for the Canterbury Festival. Her *The Zeal of the House*, a dramatization of the architect William Sens's rebuilding of the Canterbury Cathedral choir after destruction by fire in 1174, was produced at the festival of June 1937.

On the invitation of Bishop Bell, TSE expressed his own vision of the arts in cathedrals: in "If I Were a Dean," a 1931 essay in the *Chichester Diocesan Gazette* (4.296), and in a 1952 lecture to Friends of Chichester Cathedral in *The Value and Use of Cathedrals in England To-day* (7.731).

4. See TSE's memorial tribute to Arthur Duncan-Jones, dean of Chichester Cathedral from 1929 to his death in 1955 (8.145).

The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling

The Kipling Journal, 26 (Mar 1959) 9-12

When I received the invitation to propose the toast at the annual luncheon of the Kipling Society, I felt no hesitation in accepting.[1] It came to me like a decree of Destiny: a feeling which I think Kipling himself would have understood. I am often enough invited to speak, but the feeling to which I refer comes to me very seldom. It is a very different emotion from that of the mere inescapability of a task accepted only because one can find no plausible reason for declining. Nor, I hasten to add, does it mean that I considered myself either an authority on the subject, or in the least gifted as an after-dinner speaker. It is simply that I have come to have a feeling, almost a superstition, that it is a kind of obligation laid upon me to testify for Rudyard Kipling whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Rudyard Kipling, whom I never knew and never saw, and who probably never heard of me, has touched my life at sundry times and in divers manners. In 1939, I was elected to an Honorary Fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge, of which the previous incumbent had been Kipling. In 1941, I was invited to prepare a selection of Kipling's verse and to provide a long introduction.[2] Two weeks ago I was in Paris, being introduced into a society called the Académie Septentrionale, where I had to pronounce the *éloge* of my predecessor – Rudyard Kipling.[3] And here I am today to perform a similar function.

All this might be dismissed as coincidence, or as a series in which one event led to another. But Kipling has accompanied me ever since boyhood, when I discovered the early verse – *Barrack-Room Ballads* – and the early stories – *Plain Tales from the Hills*. There are boyhood enthusiasms which one outgrows; there are writers who impress one deeply at some time before or during adolescence and whose work one never re-reads in later life. But Kipling is different. Traces of Kipling appear in my own mature verse where no diligent scholarly sleuth has yet observed them, but which I am myself prepared to disclose. I once wrote a poem called "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock": I am convinced that it would never have been called "Love Song" but for a title of Kipling's that stuck obstinately in my head: "The Love Song of Har Dyal." Many years later I wrote a poem called "The Hollow Men": I

could never have thought of this title but for Kipling's poem "The Broken Men." One of the broken men has turned up recently in my work, and may be seen at this time on the stage of the Cambridge Theatre.[4] And I leave you to guess why a Persian cat I once possessed was dignified by the name of Mirza Murad Ali Beg.[5]

So much to explain to you my feeling of destiny. When I made the selection from Kipling's verse which I have already mentioned, in 1941, the moment was well chosen to remind the public of Kipling's importance, and to revive a reputation which had diminished under the influence of liberal, not to say radical critics. But it aroused considerable astonishment in the world of letters, that Kipling should be championed not only as a prose writer but as a writer of verse, by a poet whose verse was generally considered to be at the opposite pole from Kipling's. Whereas my poems had appeared too obscure and recondite to win popular approval, Kipling's had long been considered too simple, too crude, too popular, indeed too near the doggerel of the music hall song, to deserve from the fastidious critic anything but disdain. I was suspected, if not of insincerity, at least of a mischievous delight in paradox. Yet I think that the facts which I have just recounted should convince the present audience that this was not true.

There is perhaps a reason of a different order than any I have so far implied, for my regard for Kipling's work, a reason given by a similarity, or rather an analogy, between his background and mine. Kipling passed his early childhood in India; he was brought back to England for his schooling; he returned to India at the age of seventeen. Two years of his life were spent in America. Later, he settled in Sussex, but came to pass his winters in the more benign climate of South Africa. He had been a citizen of the British Empire, long before he naturalised himself, so to speak, in a particular part of a particular county of England. The topography of my own life history is very different from his, but our feeling about England springs from causes not wholly dissimilar. The word *metic* is perfectly good English, though to many people the French *métèque* may be more familiar. It does not apply perhaps in the strictest sense to either of us, since we come both from wholly British stock; but I think that Kipling's attitude to things English, like mine, was in some ways different from that of any native-born Briton. I feel this in some of the poems written after Kipling settled in Sussex. For example, "The Recall":

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.

They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.

He is referring to the American couple of the story which this poem accompanies, who settle in England in the village from which the wife's family had gone to America: but I feel that he is writing out of his own experience. Similarly, in "Sir Richard's Song" the speaker is a Norman knight, a follower of William the Conqueror, who has settled in England:

I followed my Duke ere I was a lover,
To take from England fief and fee;
But now this game is the other way over –
But now England hath taken me!

Sir Richard, too, I think, is Kipling himself.

What is one to say, in a few minutes, about the amazing man of genius, every single piece of writing of whom, taken in isolation, can look like a brilliant *tour de force*; but whose work has nevertheless an undeniable unity? There are at least half a dozen aspects of Kipling upon which one would like to dilate: the journalist, the literary artist, the observer of men, of landscapes and countries and of machines also, the moralist, the curious seeker into the abnormal and paranormal, and the seer. To do justice to Kipling, to draw the portrait of the man in his writings, one would have to consider him under all of these aspects, and then show the unity behind them. I can touch today only upon two aspects which seem to me of special importance: those of the moralist and the seer.

The moralist in Kipling appears constantly throughout his work: it is one of the elements which contribute to make unity of it. Often, it approximates to a kind of stoicism, in the popular use of that word: the man held up for admiration is the man who has done his allotted task, without the expectation of reward or concern with recognition. Thus the "Sons of Martha":

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

In an essay written many years ago, which remains one of the best studies of Kipling that we have, Colonel Bonamy Dobrée pointed out how constantly worldly success is disparaged; and that even the man who is an utter failure in life (and a gallery of such human wreckage can be assembled from among Kipling's characters) may be a nobler figure than the man who has successfully feathered his own nest.[6] The moralist is always present, even in those tales of *The Jungle Book* which are taken by many readers to be merely fantasies to amuse the very young. It may be the moralist in Kipling that is displeasing to those intellectuals who have belittled him in my time. He was well aware that the moral is unwelcome, and must be insinuated, or conveyed (as we say nowadays) subliminally. This is explicit in "The Fabulists":

When all the world would keep a matter hid,
  Since Truth is seldom friend to any crowd,
Men write in fable as old Aesop did,
  Jesting at that which none will name aloud.
And this they needs must do, or it will fall
  Unless they please they are not heard at all.

It is only by keeping in mind Kipling the moralist and Kipling the seer that we can, I think, consider his politics. With his opinions, except as found in his published works, I am not concerned – only with his poems and his stories. Kipling was not a party man. Nor had he – and this is important – a mind gifted for abstract thought: he thought in images. He was not a philosopher, and his political philosophy is all in his firm and simple code of behaviour. What he has to say about politics may he summed up in "The Gods of the Copybook Headings":

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul;
But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money could buy,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: *If you don't work you die*.

But Kipling was something rarer than a philosopher, he was a prophet. (Remember how long ago he wrote "The Man Who Was," and "The Truce of the Bear.")[7] His mind was intuitive, rather than ratiocinative. His genius, if I understand it at all, lay in his powers of observation, description and intuition. That there is something a little *uncanny* in it all, even in his power of observation, is illustrated by an anecdote which I was told in Cambridge,

and which may not be widely known. When he paid his first visit to Magdalene College, on being made an Honorary Fellow, he expressed a wish to view the Pepys Library and the manuscript of Pepys' diary. The College, knowing that Kipling was a man who asked questions, and whose questions were apt to be unexpected and unanswerable, had assembled all the available scholars learnèd about Pepys and his time. Kipling asked the one question for which they were unprepared: what was the formula for the ink that Pepys used? He observed that it was dissimilar to that of any manuscript of the period that he had seen. The matter was looked into later, and it was found that Pepys had used an ink made by a formula of his own invention. And we all know the story of the Roman Legion which he placed at Hadrian's Wall.[8]

I suggest that the fact that Kipling was an intuitive and not an intellectual, may go to account for his being underrated by intellectuals who are not intuitives. He had a gift of prophecy, and he must have appreciated the frustration of Cassandra. He foresaw two wars. That of 1914 is foreshadowed in his Ode to France written in 1913. And in 1932 he foresaw, in "The Storm Cone," the storm that was to burst seven years later, three years after his death. In his last years he regarded the future of the world with more and more misgiving. He seems to me the greatest English man of letters of his generation. Before lifting my glass I should like to quote in full, as a reminder of the man, the short poem which concludes his volume of verse – a poem of which I should like to have been the author:

If I have given you delight
  By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in that night
  Which shall be yours anon:

And for the little, little span
  The dead are borne in mind,
Seek not to question other than
  The books I leave behind.[9]

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling.

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

Annual Luncheon,
21 October, 1958.

NOTES

1. On 16 Sept 1958, TSE mentioned to Orlo Williams that he was working on the lecture on Kipling he was to give at his induction into the Académie Septentrionale in Paris, adding that he had "to address the Kipling Society on the same subject at their luncheon on Trafalgar Day, October 21st." This lecture is an abridged and slightly revised version of the Paris address (8.293).

2. See 6.210

3. For notes to parallel passages in TSE's Paris speech, see 8.310-11, n.10 ("Sir Richard's Song"); n.13 ("The Sons of Martha"); n.14 ("The Fabulists"); n.21 ("France"); n.22 ("The Storm Cone").

4. TSE refers to Lord Claverton, the protagonist of his play, *The Elder Statesman*, which opened at London's Cambridge Theatre on 25 Sept 1958 and ran for ninety-two performances.

5. Mirza Murad Ali Beg, the pseudonym of Englishman Godolphin Mitford (1844-84), was known in London theosophical circles for his eccentric views and behavior. In "To Be Filed for Reference," Kipling lampoons him as the author of the book by which all others are to be judged. Kipling's character, writer of the *Book of McIntosh Jellaludin*, declares, "What Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book is to all other books on native life, will my work be to Mirza Murad Ali Beg's!" (Kipling, *Indian Tales* [New York: John W. Lovell, 1889], 285). TSE was taken with this parodic character and used his name in reviews, speeches, letters, and Faber book reports (1949). In the conclusion to his 1919 review of Kipling's *The Years Between*, TSE writes: "What Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book is to all other books of native life so is Mr. Kipling's to all other books of Anglo-Indian life" (2.37). TSE repeated this comment with variations in a 1941 letter to Hayward and a 1945 letter to Anne Ridler. In addition, he named his Persian cat, memorialized in "Lines for Cuscuscaraway and Mirza Murad Ali Beg," for this character.

6. TSE refers to Dobrée's defense of Kipling's characterization in an essay, "Rudyard Kipling," published in the *Criterion* of Dec 1927 (499-515).

7. "The Man Who Was" is the title of a story from 1907, and "The Truce of the Bear" is a poem from 1898.

8. Kipling's "A Centurion of the Thirtieth" (1906) is the story of Parnesius, a Centurion in a Roman Legion in the later days of Roman Britain, who is destined to spend much of his career on Hadrian's Wall.

9. This short poem, entitled "The Appeal," was first published in a collection of Kipling's verse in 1939, three years after his death. In most subsequent editions of his poetry, including TSE's 1941 *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, "The Appeal" to the reader appears as the last poem.

Foreword to *Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Studies*, by J. Middleton Murry[1]

London: Constable, 1959. Pp. xiii + 162; Foreword, vii-xii.

I am not in every respect the person best qualified to introduce this book. The three essays here posthumously published are studies of three writers of prose fiction.[2] With the exception of one article and two prefaces, and a very few pieces of literary journalism which remain uncollected, I have never attempted criticism of prose fiction:[3] it follows that I have no special competence to criticise criticism of prose fiction. It is, therefore, of Middleton Murry as a literary critic in general that I shall speak; and I shall try to indicate the kind of literary criticism that he practised, and to indicate his eminence – I might say solitary eminence – in this kind of criticism in my generation.

There are several kinds of literary critic: I think that the most important distinction is between the writer whose criticism is a by-product of his creative activity, and the writer whose criticism is itself his creative act. I myself belong to the first of these two classes: my best criticism has to do with the writing of poetry, with poets who have influenced me, or from whose work I have learned something about the art of poetry, and with other writers, for example theologians or philosophers, who through their style have affected my sensibility and consequently have affected the content of my verse. However great the differences, my critical activity has been of the same nature as that of Ezra Pound; and it is in relation to my own poetry that my criticism must be viewed.[4] Nor is this class, of writers whose literary criticism is a by-product of their creative activity, limited to poets writing about the art of poetry and novelists writing about the art of fiction. The literary criticism to be found in the writings of Wyndham Lewis is also a by-product of another activity: or, rather, is incidental to a polemic pursued in the course of philosophical and social studies. Middleton Murry, on the other hand, was a literary critic first and foremost. He had published poems, a verse play and several novels; and had achieved no great success in any of these forms.[5] His originality – and he had indeed an original mind – went into his criticism, a kind of criticism which, in exploring the mind and soul of

some creative writer, explored his own mind and soul also. His compositions in verse and in prose fiction may I think be ignored, except for the curious light they throw here and there upon the author; and his other writings, those concerned directly with theological, social or political matter, should be considered as by-products of a mind of which the primary activity was literary criticism.[6]

I first met Murry by appointment at some meeting-place whence he was to conduct me to his home in Hampstead for dinner and for a discussion of his projects for *The Athenaeum*, a defunct weekly which was to be revived, as a review of arts and letters, under his editorship.[7] I had heard of him in the circle of Lady Ottoline Morrell, where I had already on one occasion met Katherine Mansfield; but until he wrote to propose this meeting we had held no communication with each other. I do not know what he may have been told about me; what is important is that he had never seen any prose that I had written. He had read (no doubt having had it brought to his attention at Garsington) my first small book of verse, *Prufrock and Other Observations*, and it was entirely because of the impression this little book had made upon him that he invited me to become his assistant editor.[8] With this invitation in view he had asked me to meet him. After our meeting, I sent him some copies of *The Egoist*, in the editing of which I had assisted Miss Harriet Weaver, so that he might judge of my abilities as a prose writer and journalist.[9] It speaks of the man, however, that he had made up his mind that he wanted me with him in his editorial venture, without having seen any literary criticism of mine, and wholly on the strength of his approval of *Prufrock*. After a good deal of hesitation I declined; and I think that I was wise to do so, and to remain for some years more at my desk in the City.[10] I did, however, become one of Murry's regular contributors, reviewing some book at length as often as three weeks out of four, during a considerable time. In this way we met often, and became friends – though I was never one of that inner group of which the storm centre was D. H. Lawrence.[11] And in spite of extreme differences in certain areas of opinion (to which some of my effusions in *The Criterion* bear witness) we always remained friends, though meeting in later years very rarely indeed. Our last meeting, in December 1956, was a particularly happy one.[12]

Some of Murry's best literary essays had already appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* under the editorship of Bruce Richmond. It should be recorded here that it was in this periodical (then at its zenith) that a review by Murry of *La Jeune Parque* first told English readers of the importance of

an unknown poet named Paul Valéry – a service which Valéry always remembered with gratitude.[13] But Murry himself proved from the start of the new *Athenaeum* to be a first-rate editor: and it seems to me that the period when we had both *The Times Literary Supplement* under Richmond and *The Athenaeum* under Murry (we had also for a time *Art & Letters* and *The Calendar*) was the high summer of literary journalism in London in my lifetime.[14] To be a good editor requires a certain humility and tolerance as well as a positive personality: for the editor himself must give his paper its coherence and its purpose, while allowing the greatest possible freedom, within the limits of sanity and good taste, to his chosen contributors. And it is more difficult still to be a good editor when a man has, as Murry had, the vocation to be a literary critic himself.

A similar combination of contrasted qualities made Murry the kind of critic that he was. He could immerse himself in the work of one or another author the study of whose writings responded to his own need, and in so doing reveal his own mind. In a pamphlet which is the best introduction to Murry's literary criticism that we could wish to have, Mr. Philip Mairet says: "The subjects he selected and his treatment of them were determined by the subjective aims which moved him to become a critic – at least in his best work."[15] He proceeds to quote (from *Discoveries*, 1924) the following statement by Murry himself:

> After all, I believe that criticism is a personal affair and that the less we critics try to disguise this from ourselves the better. On what attracts and excites and fascinates us and in pursuit of our own completion, in obedience, if you like, to our own secret rhythm which we also must have if our work is to be vital at all – on that alone we shall have something to say worth hearing.[16]

"In pursuit of our own completion" – how well that indicates the motive of the literary critic by vocation! That Murry had the "subjective aims" of which Mr. Mairet speaks, that he obeyed his own "secret rhythm" in his own words, is as much as to say that Murry's literary criticism has a unity which is conferred by Murry himself. But we must not infer that his interests were narrow or his capacity for appreciation limited to those authors whose work fascinated him most. Readers unfamiliar with the scope of his criticism may associate Murry as a critic with his studies of Dostoievsky or of Keats, and, among contemporaries, with D. H. Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield,[17] and may think of his mind as parasitic upon the minds of certain authors whose

work he would have liked to emulate. Such a judgment, apart from its misunderstanding of the critical mind in general, would ignore the diversity of subject matter which Murry could appreciate and of authors whose merits he could recognise. I have mentioned his praise of Paul Valéry at a time when the genius of Valéry was not widely appreciated even in France. I remember the appearance in *The Athenaeum* of a very perceptive review by Murry of *Ulysses* at the time of publication of that book.[18] I remember also that Ezra Pound (over a pseudonym) wrote a number of articles for *The Athenaeum* at Murry's invitation.[19] Murry's knowledge and understanding of French literature and (in translation) of Russian fiction were considerable; he wrote well on Milton and Benjamin Constant; and in 1954 he produced a critical biography of Jonathan Swift which no student of Swift can afford to overlook.[20]

Not all critics of literature can be comprehended in one or the other of the two classes of critic which I distinguished at the beginning: the critic whose criticism is a by-product of his creative work and the critic for whom criticism is a primary activity into which he may be said to put his creative gifts (as Ste.-Beuve put himself into *Port-Royal*). There is also the good journalist, he who can review with discernment current literature, but no assemblage of whose writings, because of the insignificance of the personality informing them, can be more than a miscellany; there is also the academic critic, the scholar whose study of a particular author or of a particular period, whose researches, discoveries and interpretations of fact can enlarge our understanding – and the borderline between scholar and critic is by no means clearly demarcated. But critics of literature of the kind to which Middleton Murry belonged are among the rarest. The three writers, essays on whom compose this book, have all their own importance: but they are also important to us because they were important to Murry, and because we are interested in what happened to Murry's mind and sensibility when they came in contact with literature that he found important.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. From 1918 until her death on 9 Jan 1923, Murry was married to the short story writer Katherine Mansfield, who at the age of thirty-five succumbed to tuberculosis. After her death, Murry co-authored *The Biography of Katherine Mansfield* (1933) and edited her writings, including stories, literary criticism, journals, and letters. In the Apr 1923 issue of the *Criterion*, on an otherwise blank page, TSE printed an unsigned editorial note in a black mourning frame: "The *Criterion* desires to express profound regret at the death of Katherine Mansfield. It had been

hoped that Miss Mansfield would be a contributor to these pages. A study and appreciation of her work will be reserved until the appearance of her collected works; at the moment we can only register our conviction of the loss to English letters" (307).

2. *Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Studies* is the last of Murry's commemorations of Mansfield's work. Following his death on 12 Mar 1957, Murry's widow asked TSE to write the preface, and on 25 June 1958, he told H. P. Collins that he had agreed to write "a short introduction to a volume of three posthumous essays which Constable are to bring out next spring. In this introduction, I hope to pay some tribute to Murry's achievement in literary criticism." The three writers are Mansfield, George Gissing, and Henry Williamson.

3. TSE's early literary journalism includes reviews of Wyndham Lewis's *Tarr* (1.718, 745), Joyce's *Ulysses* (2.476), Henry James's *The Sense of the Past* and *The Ivory Tower* (1.660), and his 1927 essay on "The Contemporary Novel" (3.93). In 1954, TSE reviewed Lewis's *Monstre Gai* (8.29).

4. In "The Music of Poetry" (1942), TSE admits that "the critical writings of poets . . . owe a great deal of their interest to the fact that the poet, at the back of his mind, . . . is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing . . . Especially when he is young, and actively engaged in battling for the kind of poetry which he practises, he sees the poetry of the past in relation to his own. . . . What he writes about poetry, in short, must be assessed in relation to the poetry he writes" (6.310).

5. Murry published his first novel, *Still Life*, in 1916; *The Things We Are* in 1922; and *Wrap Me Up in my Aubusson Carpet* in 1924. His play *Cinnamon and Angelica* (1920) was reviewed by TSE in the *Athenaeum* (2.240). In 1921, Murry published *Poems: 1916-1920*.

6. Murry's theological writings include *The Life of Jesus* (1926) and *The Betrayal of Christ by the Churches* (1940); his social and political writings include *The Free Society* (1948), reviewed by TSE (7.178), *The Necessity of Communism* (1932), and *The Necessity of Pacifism* (1937).

7. In the hope of reviving the prestige of the old *Athenaeum*, Murry assumed the editorship in 1919. The history TSE here recalls is discussed in 2.xv-xvi. TSE's work for the *Athenaeum* was instrumental in establishing the reputation that led two years later to an invitation from Bruce Richmond, editor of the *TLS*, to contribute "leaders" on Elizabethan literature (2.xxi).

8. Murry was present at a party in 1917 at Lady Ottoline's Garsington Manor where Mansfield read "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" aloud (2.xv).

9. On 12 Mar 1919, TSE wrote to his mother about a "very flattering offer": to "become the assistant editor of the *Athenaeum* . . . an old paper, . . . with a very high standing in London. . . . the editor . . . says he would rather have me than anyone in England" (*L1* 327). TSE's work with Weaver and the *Egoist* is described in 2.xvi.

10. On 29 Mar 1919, TSE told his mother that he declined Murry's offer because he was worried about financial viability and physical exhaustion. The future of the new *Athenaeum* was in doubt ("I should be *worrying all the time* about whether it would succeed"), whereas the bank promised a "good salary." In addition, TSE feared that "the constant effort of turning out of 'copy' for a weekly paper would exhaust me for genuine creative work" (*L1* 331).

11. Murry met D. H. Lawrence in 1913 and became obsessed with both his fiction and his persona. Murry and Mansfield had a tempestuous relationship with Lawrence, but after his death, Murry wrote biographical and critical works praising his fiction. TSE, on the other hand, wrote of Lawrence's early novels in 1917: "What lack of leisure really means in modern life is that an able writer like D. H. Lawrence lacks time to write one good novel in ten years, but will find time

to write five or ten bad ones in that period" (1.549), and later in *After Strange Gods*, he described him as "almost a perfect example of a heretic" (5.31). In Nov 1956, a few months before Murry's death, TSE wrote a conciliatory letter saying "that my feelings about D. H. Lawrence have with years very much mellowed, and that I am more inclined to recognise his admirable qualities than his shortcomings." He added, however, that "the trait of Lawrence which always offended me most still does offend me, and that is a strain of cruelty, which I find not only in . . . *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but in *Sons and Lovers*."

12. In a letter of condolence to Murry's widow, dated 29 May 1957, TSE reflected: "The friendship between John and myself was of a singular quality . . . We did not often meet. We disagreed throughout many years on one point after another. But on the other hand, a very warm affection existed between us in spite of differences of view and infrequency of meetings. This affection was not merely . . . a feeling of gratitude for the opportunities he had given me early in my career during his editorship of *The Athenaeum*, but was something solid and permanent." TSE met Murry for tea in Nov and Dec 1956, recalling on 21 Mar 1957 that he "was shocked to read in *The Times*" of Murry's death. "I had seen him for the last time in December but had no idea that death was waiting for him so close at hand."

13. Murry's review of *La Jeune Parque* appeared in the *TLS* of 23 Aug 1917 (402). On 7 Dec 1956, TSE recalled that Murry deserved credit for the 1919 publication in English of an "extraordinary prophetic essay by Paul Valéry, *La Crise de l'Esprit* . . . He foresaw that power would pass away from the Western European nations into the hands of those covering vast land masses."

14. The illustrated quarterly *Art & Letters*, founded by Frank Rutter and Herbert Read, was published from 1917 through 1920. In 1919, *A&L* published "Burbank with a Baedeker" and "Sweeney Erect" and three prose pieces: "Marivaux" (2.1), "Christopher Marlowe" (2.97), and a review of *The Duchess of Malfi* (2.170). In 1920, *A&L* published his "Euripides and Gilbert Murray" (2.195). The monthly *Calendar of Modern Letters*, published from 1925 to 1927, counted as contributors English soldier authors such as Siegfried Sassoon, Edmund Blunden, Robert Graves, and Wyndham Lewis; American poets such as Allen Tate, Hart Crane, and John Crowe Ransom; and international figures, including Isaac Babel and Luigi Pirandello.

15. Philip Mairet's *John Middleton Murry* was published for the British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green (1958), 11. On 30 Sept 1958, TSE wrote to thank Mairet for the gift of the pamphlet: "your essay on Middleton Murry which both Valerie and I have read over the weekend seems to me an admirable piece of work, both good writing, judicious criticism, selection of the right books to criticize, and tactful treatment of personal problems. . . . it is the best thing about Middleton Murry that I have read and incidentally it will help me a great deal in writing a preface to three of Murry's unpublished essays which Mrs. Murry has asked me to do."

16. Murry, *Discoveries* (London: W. Collins Sons, 1924), 17-18; quoted in Mairet, 12.

17. Murry's critical works include *Fyodor Dostoevsky: A Critical Study* (1916), *Keats and Shakespeare* (1925), *The Mystery of Keats* (1949), and several books on Lawrence: *D. H. Lawrence* (1930), *Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence* (1933), reviewed by TSE (4.313), and *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence* (1933). He was Mansfield's biographer and the publisher and editor of her prose (criticism, letters, journals) and short stories.

18. Murry's review, "Mr. Joyce's 'Ulysses'" appeared in the *Nation & Athenaeum*, 31 (22 Apr 1922), 124-25.

19. From 5 Mar to 30 Apr 1920, Pound wrote seventeen reviews in the *Athenaeum* under the abbreviated pseudonym "T.J.V."

20. In addition to his early study of Dostoevsky, Murry included in his *Heroes of Thought* and other works discussions of French writers such as Montaigne and Bergson. In his studies of Keats, Murry considers the young poet's admiration of Milton, shown in his letters, and attempts to assess its influence on Keats's poetry.

Murry's study of Swiss-French novelist, journalist, and politician Benjamin Constant (1767-1830) appeared as *The Conquest of Death* (1951), that of Swift as *Jonathan Swift: A Critical Biography* (1954).

The Panegyric: Memorial Tribute for Father Eric Cheetham[1]

St. Stephen's Parish Magazine (May 1959) [5]-[7]

It was in the autumn of 1933 that I first attended Mass at St. Stephen's. I had returned from a year of lecturing in America; and while looking about for a more permanent abode, was stopping at a boarding house in Courtfield Gardens. I think that Father Cheetham came to dinner there one night, for he knew the lady who was the proprietor. In this way or some other, I became known to him as a new member of his congregation; and not very long afterwards he offered me rooms, which had become vacant, in his presbytery in Grenville Place. My circumstances at the time were somewhat unusual, and I shall not forget the sympathy and understanding with which he responded to my explanation. I remained his Paying Guest for seven years, first in Grenville Place and then in Emperor's Gate, in a house of which he had rented the two top stories. We only parted in the autumn of 1940: the furniture was stored, I retired to friends in the country and to my office in Bloomsbury, and Father Cheetham found shelter in what always seemed to me a characteristic choice of abode – the basement of the Albert Hall.

I begin with these personal details as offering my credentials for addressing you to-day on the occasion of the dedication of the statue of St. Stephen which we have given to the church, members of his flock, present friends and absent friends, in memory of Eric Samuel Cheetham. There are others who have known him longer than I: I think of two who are probably here to-day. There must be many who have known him not so long as I, but who have known him in different contexts and seen other aspects of his character than those which I have seen. I only speak as one who lodged with him for seven years, and who was his Warden from 1934 – just twenty-five years ago – throughout the rest of his incumbency. It is characteristic of his ways that I was never elected formally, but merely appointed by him, no objections being raised at the Vestry. Years later, when I discovered this irregularity, I suggested to the Archdeacon that I should have an act of indemnity for everything that I had done in the capacity of Warden; but he thought it unnecessary. I only mention this trifling fact because it throws a tiny ray of

light on the character of a man who was the most modest, the most diffident, the humblest-minded autocrat whom I have ever known.

Eric Cheetham came to St. Stephen's, as curate to Lord Victor Seymour, in 1917. He was himself a son of Lancashire, and remained a Lancastrian, even to taking an occasional holiday at Blackpool. But after St. Chad's he went, I think, to an East End Parish before he came to us. It is not every young priest who can be equally successful in the East End and in Kensington. I know nothing of Fr. Cheetham's earlier career; but I feel sure, from my knowledge of his character, that he would have been as distinguished and successful as a vicar in East London, as he was here.

Eric Cheetham possessed several gifts invaluable to a priest. To mention a small matter first – or what may seem a small matter – he had the gift of being able to edit a parish magazine – or to adapt a parish magazine to his peculiar talents. For his parish magazine was certainly original. How he found the time to edit it – I was about to say, write it – I do not know. His own contributions were composed in a very individual style, in which dashes often seemed to do duty for more conventional punctuation marks. It reminded one of his conversation; and perhaps that was one reason for the magazine being read, as I believe it was, by many former parishioners who liked to keep in touch with St. Stephen's. Then again, he had a great love of the theatre, and had in him just enough, but not too much, of the showman. A moment ago I suggested that it seemed appropriate that he should have made his abode in the Albert Hall during the bombing: I was reminded of a pageant which he put on there, I think on behalf of the Mothers' Union, at rather short notice. It was an impressive pageant: and in such enterprises Fr. Cheetham showed great resourcefulness – or he could, at a pinch, make bricks without straw. His theatrical gifts were always under his control; and his liturgical sense of accuracy and precision was combined with good taste and discretion. As a preacher, too, he was very effective: his sermons had a beginning, a middle and an end. They always gave the impression of having been thought out for that particular congregation and for that particular occasion; and one always had the feeling of being the man in the pew – the man or woman – to whom he was talking. With devotion to Catholic doctrine and Catholic observance, he combined true evangelical zeal. He had a strong sense of pastoral responsibility, and I suspect that he often helped those who were in need of help, in ways which exceeded the bounds of ordinary pastoral activity.

At the time of Fr. Cheetham's resignation, when he was a very sick man with not long to live, I wrote an appreciation of his ministry in which I made some of the same points that I have just repeated.[2] In any such piece of writing, about a man whom one has known and loved, one is always most conscious, especially after the man is dead, of the things that one has failed to say. I can at least add a word now about Fr. Cheetham's war service, at the time when he slept, so far as sleep was possible, in the depths of the Albert Hall. I don't think that Fr. Cheetham was any more impassive or insensitive to danger than the rest of us; but he and Fr. Alderson, who was then his curate, said their daily masses through the worst of the bombardment.[3] This was not all; Fr. Cheetham made himself, one might say, almost priest-in-charge of the Gloucester Road Tube Station platform, and gave much attention to the needs of the people – and their children – who came to spend their nights there.[4] And here also I should mention that it is owing to his foresight and to his efforts in collection contributions for this purpose, that we have a fund which enables us to supplement, in these difficult times, the stipend of Vicar and Assistant Clergy.

But a recital of gifts, accomplishments and achievements never can be enough in itself to account for the impression that such a man as Fr. Cheetham makes upon those who come in close contact with him. It can do everything, perhaps, but one thing – explain why the man was lovable and loved. When we really love a person, we love the weaknesses and foibles of that person. Eric Cheetham was very lovable, and was also, at times, extremely irritating; and one loved him the more for the irritation he caused. There was more than one occasion on which my fellow warden and I, having gone by appointment to discuss some problem with him, were obliged finally to leave in a state of exhaustion and frustration, because Fr. Cheetham had done all the talking and had not given us the opportunity to say what we had come to say or to ask the questions to which we needed answers.[5] Again, there was in the man a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of business sense and confusion, of order and disorder. I suppose we all present some contradictions, to the eyes of those who know us best: in Eric Cheetham's case I think they were aggravated by the fact that he tried to do too many things and to respond to too many appeals. He pushed himself too hard, and his health, always uncertain because of early illnesses, suffered accordingly. We recognised in him qualities of integrity, generosity, and natural goodness developed by Christian discipline: we recognised the strength and depth of his

faith: but in the end the quality of which one is most aware in people one loves is simply – their lovableness.

A generation or two passes, and the name of such a man means nothing to the world. Those who come to worship here after the lapse of time will know only that a man of that name was here as curate and vicar for thirty-nine years. May this figure of St. Stephen, erected in his memory, at least remind the worshippers who will follow us that a priest named Eric Samuel Cheetham was loved and honoured in memory by all those who came under his care.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The panegyric honors Father Eric Samuel Cheetham, vicar of St. Stephen's Church, who died in 1957. TSE's address, given at the dedication of a statue presented to St. Stephen's in memory of Father Cheetham, is an extension of his piece on the priest's retirement in the *Church Times* of 9 Mar 1956 (8.114).

2. See "Fr. Cheetham Retires from Gloucester Road" (8.114-15)

3. Father William Royston Alderson, author of *The Mass* (English Church Union, 1941), was Father Cheetham's curate from 1935 to 1947.

4. The London Tube stations served as bomb shelters during WWII. As shown in numerous photographs, Londoners (including families and strangers) slept each night on the underground walkway beside the tracks.

5. TSE's fellow church warden was L. C. Becker.

Memorial Tribute for Collin Brooks[1]

The Statist (30 May 1959) [1]-[2]

When I was invited to speak at this Memorial Service for Collin Brooks I was very hesitant. The subjects on which he spoke and wrote with authority are not subjects on which I have the right to express an opinion, though I have had some practice in literary journalism, and even at one time – though within a limited range – in financial journalism.[2] But economics is a subject in which my ignorance remains invincible. I reflected, however, that it is unlikely that any one eulogist could do full justice to Collin Brooks's varied achievement. The economist, the man of affairs, the political writer, the literary and the dramatic and the music critic and the novelist should all have something to say. And, after all, Brooks – not everyone knows this – made an incursion into my area more distinguished than any I have made into his, and wrote some charming and accomplished poems which were not only published but were worth publishing.[3] And I knew the man.

I knew him, though not intimately as I should like to have known him. I first made Collin Brooks's acquaintance early in the last war; and between the 1914-1918 war in which he fought with distinction, and the year 1940 in which we met, he had had a long and remarkable career. I dare say that everyone, when he reaches my age, remembers a few men and women who are dead, and whom he recalls to mind with wistful affection and the regret of not having known them more intimately. I think of two or three such, and Collin Brooks was one of them: I wish that I had met him sooner and that I could have seen more of him after we did meet. I met him first at a dining club which had just been formed, and of which we were both foundation members.[4] It is a serious dining club composed partly of Parliamentarians and partly of journalists, all of a Tory cast of mind, I hardly qualified as a journalist, as I had brought to a close the magazine which I had edited for many years, and was not then writing for any paper;[5] but I enjoyed the political discussions, enjoyed the new acquaintanceships, and in particular met and was attracted by Collin Brooks. It was not simply that we often found ourselves of the same mind on topical questions: it is possible to be in complete agreement with another man on matters of deep import to both, and yet be indifferent to the man himself. One may even dislike the man and

resent the alliance. So it was not so much repeated coincidence of opinion on particular issues that drew me to Collin Brooks, as awareness of a temperamental affinity behind the political point of view. An identity of spontaneous reaction can be more significant than similarity of reasoned opinion. I think we looked at the political world with similar ideals and with similar skepticism. Such a sympathy is not purely intellectual, but points to a deeper source of congeniality.

I did not see Collin Brooks often: even at those dinners we were not always both present. Yet the scanty number of meetings, and the infrequency of private conversations, is no measure of the importance of a friendship. In one's life history there are certain people who enter it at some critical moment as if directed, to use a well-worn phrase, by the finger of destiny. Twice Collin Brooks entered my life in this way: on the first occasion neither he nor I was aware – not until years later were we aware – of what his intervention was to bring about. I have reason to bless him, which will keep his memory always as fresh in my mind as that of any friend I have ever known.[6] In the same context, I have reason also to bless the lady who became his wife when he was a young infantry officer in the first world war, and whose love, companionship and understanding were of inestimable value to him throughout all the years.[7]

Looking back on our early meetings, I know that besides recognizing quickly in his conversation a point of view on public affairs akin to my own, I was very soon aware of the presence in him of an unusual degree of integrity. This is a quality that I prize all the more highly, as the years have taught me that complete integrity is none too common. No man has the right to be sure of his own, and as for one's acquaintance, even a trifling exhibition of disingenuousness can qualify seriously one's respect and admiration for a man. By integrity, as I recognized it in Collin Brooks, I mean something in which both moral and intellectual excellence appear. Intellectual, because it requires the clear vision of oneself as one is, without illusions; moral, because it requires courage, humility and a sense of humour. Such a man is incapable of pretence or self-deception; he plays no other part than that of the man he really is. With this integrity goes a strong grasp of principles and a devotion to them. If Collin Brooks had chosen a political career, he might well, I think, have spent most of his life in the wilderness. He would have resigned any office, however high, rather than consent to deeds of which he disapproved, or to words intended to deceive, or preserve a docile silence when the truth was – as it so often is – unpalatable to the electorate. The

support, and the occasional censure, of men like him are essential to the health of any political party lest it fall into corruption and decay.

If it is true that Collin Brooks was an exemplar of what the journalist should be, then it is true to say that the journalist should be a man of many parts and many interests, *un honnête homme qui ne se pique de rien*.[8] In his *Tavern Talk*, a book which I recommend to those who never knew the man and wish to know what he was like, he has an amusing paragraph on "The Penalty of Versatility."[9] Before he wrote his *Theory and Practice of Finance*, he tells us, people used to say to him contemptuously "what do *you* know about finance"? Later they said "you, as a financial expert . . ." and regarded him as a charlatan when he spoke of literature. He goes on, in a sentence which illustrates both his modesty and his sense of humour:

> Just as I once knew a good deal about the theory of music, but could never play an instrument, so I know a good deal about the theory of finance, and cannot balance my own accounts, and know a good deal about letters, and have attained no recognition either as a poet or a writer of prose. [10]

Let him receive this last recognition now. He was skilled in several crafts and sciences, not a specialist in any; he wrote good verse, and a vigorous prose which is always readable. And that is the mark of a good journalist too. Look at the variety of personalities of whom he wrote in *Devil's Decade* – studies of men and women of the period 1930-40 – and you find that he treats, with knowledge and understanding and gusto, of the worlds of Politics, the Press, Finance, the Stage, Music and the Novel.[10] In all of these areas he was at home and wrote well. His prose is, too, the prose of a good talker. He never monopolized conversation – the best talkers, in my opinion, are also the best listeners; on the contrary, he needed the conversation of others to set him going; he flourished in the company of his equals, and with other talkers to provide the flint for his steel, his words took fire.

Those who read the issue of *The Statist* which appeared after Collin Brooks's death, will have been impressed by the tribute paid to him in a letter from his old friend, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Heenan.[11] Brooks was not a Catholic, and his opinions were, from the point of view of any Christian denomination, unorthodox; but the Archbishop surely knew that in his friend there was a naturally religious spirit. If you turn to the section *Tavern Talk* with the caption "Religion" you will agree that this was so.[12]

I have even now, in closing, not yet spoken of a quality of which one was aware from the first meeting, a warmth of friendliness which, on closer acquaintance, was seen as loveableness. Or of his zest for living. I think often of a sentence in a private letter from Collin Brooks which I have been privileged to read, and so much of the man is in it that I should like to quote it in closing. "But the great thing about life" he wrote, "is its perpetual excitement. At any moment, in anybody's house, at any postal delivery, one may find some great new thing."[13]

I believe that Collin Brooks has now found the greatest new thing.

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

NOTES

1. William Collin Brooks (1892-1959), journalist, novelist, poet, memoirist, political critic, and editor of *Truth* from 1940 to 1953, was at the time of his death on 6 Apr chairman of the Statist Company and lead writer for its periodical, *The Statist: An Independent Journal of Finance and Trade*. In his obituary in the *Times* of 7 Apr, he was described as "a prolific writer who took an unusually large number of subjects in his stride" (13). TSE gave his address at the memorial service in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, on 1 May.

2. TSE wrote a monthly financial column on "Foreign Exchanges" for the *Lloyds Bank Monthly* from Oct 1923 until he left the bank in Nov 1925. "This is not uninteresting," he wrote to his mother on 14 Nov 1923, "as I have to keep in close touch with everything that happens in all European countries and at present have to read about twenty newspapers a day from all over the world" (*L2* 271).

3. Brooks published two volumes of poetry, *Poems* (1914) and *Echoes and Evasions* (1934), the last of which is in TSE's library, inscribed by Brooks.

4. This was the London Burke Club, of which TSE was an irregular member. In Nov 1945, he sent on request a brief autobiographical summary to the translator of the French edition of *The Idea of a Christian Society*. "In more recent years still," he stated, "I have interested myself in political philosophy, and have returned to the reading of Edmund Burke" (6.669).

5. The last issue of the *Criterion* appeared in Jan 1939, before TSE began writing for the *New English Weekly* in late Apr.

6. Brooks, a friend of Valerie Eliot's parents, had in 1949 alerted their daughter Valerie Fletcher, then twenty-two, that TSE was looking for a personal secretary; he successfully recommended her for the position, which eventuated in their marriage in Jan 1957. Two of Brooks's books in the Eliot library, *Tavern Talk* (1950) and *More Tavern Talk* (1952), are inscribed to Valerie. Over the years of their friendship, TSE and Brooks often exchanged books; TSE had lately sent him a copy of *On Poetry and Poets*, inscribed "to Collin Brooks in gratitude and affection from T. S. Eliot 13.9.57."

7. After joining the British Army in Nov 1915 as a tank driver, Brooks married Lillian (Dilly) Susanna Marsden (1891-1981) in Jan 1916; they had five children. As a Second Lieutenant in the Machine Gun Corps, he was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry.

8. François de La Rochefoucauld, Maxim 203: *read*: "Le vrai honnête homme est celui qui ne se pique de rien" [*Trans*: The true honest man is the one who takes no offense]. TSE, who owned

the 1881 edition of *Les Maximes de La Rochefoucauld*, had earlier quoted from the maxim as a lost trait of the myth of English manhood in "The Romantic Englishman, the Comic Spirit, and the Function of Criticism" (2.302).

9. *Tavern Talk* (London: John Barrie, 1950), 9-10; Brooks became an assistant editor of the *Financial News* for a five-year period in 1928, the year in which his *Theory and Practice of Finance* appeared.

10. *Devil's Decade: Portraits of the Nineteen-Thirties* (London: MacDonald, 1948). "With the exception of one Monarch and three other personalities," Brooks states in his preface, "none in these studies is discussed with whom I have not had some contact, or whom I did not see at fairly close quarters," all of whom "helped to colour the days of doom with which this series of memoirs is concerned. . . . [N]o span of ten years before the opening of the 1930s can show anything like the combined retributions and menaces of that fateful period. It was not only dayspring mishandled, but nightfall misjudged. We went like sheep to the slaughter. Never than now, when about to turn to the consideration of some of the representative leaders of that time, was the old tag more apt – to our muttons!" [vii-viii]. Brooks's follow-up volume, *Fleet Street, Press Barons, and Politics*, appeared posthumously in 1998.

11. John Carmel Heenan (1905-75), an English prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, was made archbishop of Liverpool on 2 May 1957. His address followed that of TSE in *The Statist*. He became archbishop of Westminster in 1963 and a cardinal of the Catholic Church in 1965.

12. *Tavern Talk*, 128-38. In a paragraph titled "Instinctive Belief," Brooks writes: "Whatever the intellectual doubts a man has about either the existence of a deity, the existence of a benignant deity, or about the validity of the Christian doctrine, he cannot escape his inheritance of faith. In moments of exaltation he will still feel grateful to the Unknown: in moments of terror or despair he will still call upon his Maker for aid. . . . If the heart has its reasons that reason cannot know, the soul no less" (129-30).

13. Letter untraced.

Address for opening the Sheffield University Library[1]

I appreciate very highly the honour of being invited to open this new library of Sheffield University. But experience has taught me that no kind of public speaking that I have practised (I have practised several) has ever prepared me to undertake a new kind. I experience always the same trepidation. I have opened in the past a church bazaar, I have opened an exhibition of posters, a bowling green; I have even opened a library, but it was a very small library in a building that served several other purposes. All that I have learned from my experience of opening things is that, after making my little address, I must not forget to declare the bazaar, the bowling green, the exhibition, or whatever it is, open. I have never opened a building of this great size, and I feel as if I had been temporarily made responsible for some vast mechanism or organism which I was quite incompetent to control. A university library, a great up-to-date library, is a very complex product of architecture and engineering; and I have read with astonishment the list of industries, represented by thirty-two sub-contractors and twenty suppliers, which have contributed to make this edifice what it is. And I do not even know what a "fibrous plaster mullion casing" may be! When one considers the rate at which necessary books must be acquired by a university library (twenty years ago, I read, this collection was growing at the rate of 5,000 volumes a year – I don't know at what rate it is growing this year), one begins to understand something of the forethought, skill and industry that must go to the design and construction of the building to house the books so that the needs of readers and of staff may be met, and the books themselves cared for properly.

I have been using the word "library" to refer to the building itself and to its organization; and it is to celebrate the completion of this building and the beginning of its service to the University that I am here speaking to you to-day. But the same word means the building and the collection of books which it houses. It is only the building that can be "new." A library can never be new. New books must constantly be added; but a library is something which grows, which has grown and which must keep on growing. So I feel that it is right, on any occasion which marks a stage in a library's development – such as a generous gift of books or of funds, or, as to-day, the inauguration of a new building in which to house and from which to

circulate the books – to honour the benefactors who started the collection, and those who toiled to improve and extend it. Among such honoured names here I find mentioned particularly at the beginning, after that of Edgar Allen himself, those of Professor Moore Smith, Sir Charles Firth and Professor Mayor of Cambridge, scholars of English Literature, of History and of Latin respectively. Sir Charles Firth, I understand, left his private library to the University.[2] And this leads me to a point which seems to me worth making: that the private, the personal library precedes the public library in the order of generation; and from there to another point: that the private and the public library complement each other and are both necessary for every educated man.

By *private* library I mean here primarily the collection of books which each man forms for himself, rather than the library which he may have inherited from his forebears. A library which is *merely* a heritage, one which the possessor does nothing to increase or improve, is a dead thing unless it is available to at least one person for knowledge or delight. Fortunate are those whose parents had a good library and encouraged their children to make use of it: the mere presence of shelves of good books, and the awareness of their importance to our elders, is an asset in childhood. But it is the library that a man forms for himself that matters most. Almost all of us, I suspect, when we visit for the first time the house of someone we know but slightly or not at all, if we find ourselves alone in a room, will slip to the bookcase to see what books are there; for the choice of books can tell us a good deal about their owner.

When I speak on the other hand of a *public* library, I mean here a library which is not the exclusive property of an individual, and which is open either to the whole public or to all those possessing certain qualifications – such as membership of the university to which the library belongs. I include the great national libraries, the university libraries, the municipal libraries; also the circulating subscription libraries, and certainly those libraries of great distinction and great public usefulness such as the London Library, the Leeds Library and the Liverpool Athenaeum. Some libraries have grown from a private library given as a bequest; most libraries have benefited from time to time by bequests of private libraries. The nucleus, I suppose, of a library should be, in any department, the books which a man interested in those subjects might he expected to buy for himself if he had unlimited financial resources, unlimited house room – and if the books were all available. It is true that no one would want, even had he the means of possessing

it, a library of vast size; it is also true that we go to a library for books which we need to consult but do not wish to possess. Of books which are merely tools, there are many which we need to consult only once; there are books of which only one paragraph may be necessary for our purpose.

On the other hand, one's private library does not consist only of books one wishes to re-read or to consult frequently. Apart from those books which one keeps because of one's relations with the writer or donor; apart from those books which remain on our shelves simply because we cannot make up our minds to dispose of them, or because we never find time for weeding them out, there are many books which we want to keep even when there is no likelihood of our ever re-reading them. I must, for instance, have my Shakespeare complete, because there is nothing of Shakespeare's which I may not want to re-read or to consult at any moment. But I also like to keep the complete plays of Ben Jonson, and those of Beaumont and Fletcher, though nothing is less likely than that I shall ever re-read more than one or two of their plays. There are books in my possession which I have never read from cover to cover; there are even books which I have bought and never read at all – to the profit of the bookseller though not to that of my education. Sometimes buying a book seems to do instead of reading it. But all the books that I have mentioned are appropriate to my tastes and interests. Nothing in a private library should be purely accidental. That, of course, is a counsel of perfection which I can't say my own library illustrates, though my wife has done her best to weed out the waifs and strays and replace them by more desirable occupants. Finally, I like to own the *complete* works of a few writers: I have always maintained that every educated person ought to know the *entire* works of at least one author – let us say, for general readers, one of the great novelists. There is also a satisfaction in owning the complete works of a great writer, even if there is no likelihood of one's ever reading them all.[3†] Once or twice in my life I have been led astray by this desire, and I should like now to make a public confession. There was an occasion while I was a young American in London on my way to Oxford on a scholarship from Harvard. While in London I happened to stray, I do not know why or where, into a book auction room. I had never been in an auction room before, and I got rather carried away by the facility with which one could make oneself the owner of vast quantities of books at what seemed to be very low prices. So the result was that I suddenly found that my bid had been accepted for a very large parcel of books, including the complete works of Voltaire in French. Now Voltaire, as you know, was one of the most industrious writers

who ever lived, and his complete works occupy a good deal of space. For some reason I was not required to pay for them or take them away at the time. I left my name, I think, and was to go back next day to remove the books. That gave me time to reflect overnight, and I thought: well, in the first place to carry these books about will cost me far more than the books themselves; in the second place, what shall I ever do with this vast number of volumes of Voltaire? Had I got to be saddled with this for the rest of my life? I should never be able to get rid of it. I am ashamed to say I never went back and I had not paid for the books. I don't know whether they ever made any attempt to trace me or not. Perhaps I shall be traced now. I am glad to have relieved my conscience, by confession, of this perilous stuff.

I am here, however, not to talk about my own books or about those I have escaped possessing, but to open a great university library. You may well wonder how I can justify rattling on at such length about private libraries – about that collection of books which each of us, no matter how straitened his means or how narrow his living quarters, should form for himself. My excuse lies in the fact that the private library and the public library, as I have said, are necessary complements to each other. A man who owned *no private library at all*, or whose books consisted merely of tools, such as the books used in preparation for his examinations, would *not be an educated man*. And a man whose reading consisted only of the books that he had bought for himself would *not be an educated man either*. It is of inestimable value in our education to live for several years in propinquity to and with free use of a great university library. It is during these years, and by frequenting such a library, that we learn to assimilate thoroughly the contents of a few books and to taste discriminatingly a great many; we learn how to skim, which is very important, as well as how to read intensively. Reading intensively in the subjects of our election and discursively in the subjects of our curiosity, we ought, when young, to be curious about many things, as well as eager to master one. For if we do not indulge our intellectual curiosity during the formative years, we are in danger of becoming incurious – and uninteresting – persons later. The presence of an impressive library such as this should have a benign influence upon those who, being members of the university to which it belongs – and I am proud to think that I too am now a member of this university – are free to make use of that library.

With such thoughts as these in mind, I am happy to have the privilege of opening this library, and I forthwith declare it open.

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

NOTES

1. TSE gave the address for the opening of the new Sheffield University Library on 12 May 1959, as reported in the *Times* of 13 May under the heading "University Library Opened / Mr. T. S. Eliot Receives Degree at Sheffield" (12). A fuller report of the proceedings and TSE's address appeared in the *Sheffield Telegraph* of 13 May. The Chancellor of the University, Edward Wood, 1st Earl of Halifax (1881-1959), presided over an audience of 850 academic, civic, and industrial guests, including the librarians of 28 universities from the United Kingdom and Ireland. As president of the London Library, TSE drew upon his 1952 inaugural address to members in distinguishing the roles of public, private, and personal libraries (7.756). See Textual Note.

2. William Edgar Allen (1837-1915), founder of Imperial Steel Works and benefactor of Sheffield University, built and endowed the Edgar Allen Library for the university in 1909 after its founding in 1905; the main reading room of the new library was named for him.

Professor George Charles Moore Smith (1858-1940), professor of English language and literature and Honorary Librarian, was a bibliophile who helped plan and design the Edgar Allen Library and built up its collections.

Sir Charles Harding Firth (1857-1936), former lecturer at Firth College, out of which Sheffield University grew, went on to become Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and donated a substantial part of his collections of English history and language to form the basis of the Rare Book Collection at Sheffield University; the postgraduate reading room of the new library was named for him.

John E. B. Mayor (1825-1910), classical scholar, was a former librarian and professor of Latin at the University of Cambridge.

3†. In TSE's draft, the previous sentence was followed by a deleted statement: "Twice in my life I have been led astray by this desire. / The two sets of Walter Scott. / The complete Voltaire."

TEXTUAL NOTE

In preparation for the opening ceremony, Sheffield University cyclostyled some copies of a draft typescript of TSE's address, sent by him, as a press release, one copy of which Donald Gallup requested and received from the University Library for the bibliography (Beinecke). On 10 Aug 1959, the deputy librarian reported to him that "what Dr. Eliot actually said differed somewhat from this script, but we took a tape recording of his speech and this will be reproduced in full, after editing by Dr. Eliot, in the next copy of the University's annual report." TSE's edited address printed here appeared as "Opening Address by Dr. T. S. Eliot" in *The University of Sheffield. Reprint from the Fifty-Fourth Annual Report to the Court of Governors, Session 1958-59* [1960], 23-26.

Memorial Tribute for Edwin Muir

In a letter of 9 Jan 1959, less than a week after Muir's death, the BBC features editor Anthony Thwaite invited TSE to broadcast a program of Muir's poems. As Muir's friend and publisher, TSE readily agreed, on the provision that the broadcast could be delayed until Apr: "I should want a little time to make a selection and decide what I am to say," he replied on 14 Jan. "It is a task which I should wish to carry out well and not hurry over. . . . I imagine that you want me to talk about his poems in general for two or three minutes and possibly deliver a few remarks interspersed between the poems to be read." As Faber & Faber were planning a collected edition of Muir's poems, he wanted to wait for final selections from Muir's widow, Willa Muir (1890-1970): "They are unpublished poems," he wrote to Thwaite on 2 Apr, "and those I have seen are very good. Indeed, one would be tempted to select largely from his later work as it seems to me to have shown a steady improvement throughout his life." TSE was joined in the reading by the Scots actor James McKechnie (1911-64) and the English actor Frank Duncan (1923-95). The program was recorded under Thwaite's supervision during the first week of May and broadcast on Sunday, 24 May, 9:30-10:00 pm.

When Edwin Muir died, in January last, I wrote of him: "as a poet he began late; as a poet he was recognised late; but some of his finest work . . . was written when he was over 60."[1] Among the poems you will hear tonight are three written within the last three years, one of them at least when he was over 70: you will judge for yourselves whether they be not among his most memorable.

To make a selection for tonight's programme has not proved easy. It is not by any new idiom or metric that Muir's poetry achieves its excellence. There is nothing in any of his poetry that is technically revolutionary or superficially startling, no poems which stand out by sheer virtuosity. He is not a poet of anthology pieces;[2] and while his work is, like that of any other poet, uneven, it has coherence. The more fully you acquaint yourself with his work, the more fully will you understand any one poem. So the selection we have made will, I hope, give those who do not know Muir's work well the desire to know it better.

We also understand the poetry better when we know more about the man, and we can learn much about him from his prose book *An Autobiography*. In the time at my disposal I cannot say more about the man himself than that he was one of the most lovable men of letters I have ever known, a man of singular independence, honesty and integrity. Those who were his friends

must agree with the writer of his obituary in *The Times* that "he was, in some ways, almost a saintly man."[3]

I have, in the course of years, found myself valuing Muir's poetry more highly with every book he published; and now, when he is dead, he seems to me to rank with the very best poets of my generation.[4]

There is a sentence written by Muir about his native Orkney, a sentence quoted some years ago by Mr. J. C. Hall in his introduction to Muir's poems, which throws light on Muir's poetry. He wrote: "the Orkney I was born into was a place where there was no great distinction between the ordinary and the fabulous."[5] He saw the world about him with severe accuracy, but at the same time saw it from a point of view which elicited from the ordinary a spiritual significance. The son of a poor crofter in Orkney, transplanted to the grim life of poverty in Glasgow, struggling to educate himself, studying German literature, Socialism and Social Credit, emerging towards the end into an individualistic Christian faith, Muir was no dreamer of dreams. He never lost touch with the ordinary world, but saw though it to a deeper reality.

Although I have spoken of his steady development to the end, we have not arranged the poems you are to hear in strict chronological order. We shall start with the poem "Horses" from his first volume, and follow it by a poem called "The Horses" written many years later.[6]

"Horses"

Those lumbering horses in the steady plough,
On the bare field – I wonder why, just now,
They seemed terrible, so wild and strange,
Like magic power on the stony grange.

Perhaps some childish hour has come again,
When I watched fearful, through the blackening rain,
Their hooves like pistons in an ancient mill
Move up and down, yet seem as standing still.

Their conquering hooves which trod the stubble down
Were ritual that turned the field to brown,
And their great hulks were seraphim of gold,
Or mute ecstatic monsters on the mould.

And oh the rapture, when, one furrow done,
They marched broad-breasted to the sinking sun!

The light flowed off their bossy sides in flakes;
The furrows rolled behind like struggling snakes.

But when at dusk with steaming nostrils home
They came, they seemed gigantic in the gloam,
And warm and glowing with mysterious fire
That lit their smouldering bodies in the mire.

Their eyes as brilliant and as wide as night
Gleamed with a cruel apocalyptic sight.
Their manes the leaping ire of the wind
Lifted with rage invisible and blind.

Ah, now it fades! It fades! And I must pine
Again for that dread country crystalline,
Where the blank field and the still-standing tree
Were bright and fearful presences to me.

And now see how much more content he manages to compress into this second poem – a criticism of this world and a vision of another:[7]

"The Horses"

Barely a twelvemonth after
The seven days war that put the world to sleep,
Late in the evening the strange horses came.
By then we had made our covenant with silence,
But in the first few days it was so still
We listened to our breathing and were afraid.
On the second day the radios failed; we turned the knobs; no answer.
On the third day a warship passed us, heading north,
Dead bodies piled on the deck. On the sixth day
A plane plunged over us into the sea. Thereafter
Nothing. The radios dumb;
And still they stand in corners of our kitchens,
And stand, perhaps, turned on, in a million rooms
All over the world. But now if they should speak,
We would not listen, we would not let it bring
That old bad world that swallowed its children quick
At one great gulp. We would not have it again.

Sometimes we think of the nations lying asleep,
Curled blindly in impenetrable sorrow,
And the thought confounds us with its strangeness.

The tractors lie about our fields; at evening
They look like dank sea-monsters couched and waiting.
We leave them where they are and let them rust:
"They'll moulder away and be like other loam."
We make our oxen drag our rusty ploughs,
Long laid aside. We have gone back
Far past our fathers' land.
And then, that evening
Late in the summer the strange horses came.
We heard a distant tapping on the road,
A deepening drumming; it stopped, went on again
And at the corner changed to hollow thunder.
We saw the heads
Like a wild wave charging and were afraid.
We had sold our horses in our fathers' time
To buy new tractors. Now they were strange to us
As fabulous steeds set on an ancient shield
Or illustrations in a book of knights.
We did not dare go near them. Yet they waited,
By an old command to find our whereabouts
And that long-lost archaic companionship.
In the first moment we had never a thought
That they were creature to be owned and used.
Among them were some half-a-dozen colts
Dropped in some wilderness of the broken world,
Yet new as if they had come from their own Eden.
Since then they have pulled our ploughs and borne our loads,
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.

The next poem, a much longer one, comes from *The Labyrinth*, the collection preceding that in which "The Horses" appeared. Muir was, by the way, the representative of the British Council in Prague, until the iron curtain descended there:[8]

"The Good Town"

Look at it well. This was the good town once,
Known everywhere, with streets of friendly neighbours,
Street friend to street and house to house. In summer
All day the doors stood open; lock and key
Were quaint antiquities fit for museums
With gyves and rusty chains. The ivy grew
From post to post across the prison door.
The yard behind was sweet with grass and flowers,
A place where grave philosophers loved to walk.
Old Time that promises and keeps his promise
Was our sole lord indulgent and severe,
Who have and took away with gradual hand
That never hurried, never tarried, still
Adding, subtracting. These our houses had
Long fallen into decay but that we knew
Kindness and courage can repair time's faults,
And serving him breeds patience and courtesy
In us, light sojourners and passing subjects.
There is a virtue in tranquility
That makes all fitting, childhood and youth and age,
Each in its place.

Look well. These mounds of rubble,
And shattered piers, half-windows, broken arches
And groping arms were once inwoven in walls
Covered with saints and angels, bore the roof,
Shot up the towering spire. These gaping bridges
Once spanned the quiet river which you see
Beyond that patch of raw and angry earth
Where the new concrete houses sit and stare.
Walk with me by the river. See, the poplars
Still gather quiet gazing on the stream.
The white road winds across the small green hill
And then is lost. These few things still remain.
Some of houses too, though not what once
Lived there and drew a strength from memory.
Our people have been scattered, or have come

As strangers back to mingle with the strangers
Who occupy our rooms where none can find
The place he knew but settles where he can.
No family now sits at the evening table;
Father and son, mother and child are *out*,
A quaint and obsolete fashion. In our houses
Invaders speak their foreign tongues, informers
Appear and disappear, chance whores, officials
Humble or high, frightened, obsequious,
Sit carefully in corners. My old friends
(Friends ere these great disasters) are dispersed
In parties, armies, camps, conspiracies.
We avoid each other. If you see a man
Who smiles good-day or waves a lordly greeting
Be sure he's a policeman or a spy.
We know them by their free and candid air.

It was not time that brought these things upon us,
But these two wars that trampled on us twice,
Advancing and withdrawing, like a herd
Of clumsy-footed beasts on a stupid errand
Unknown to them or us. Pure chance, pure malice,
Or so it seemed. And when, the first war over,
The armies left and our own men came back
From every point by many a turning road,
Maimed, crippled, changed in body or in mind,
It was a sight to see the cripples come
Out on the fields. The land looked all awry,
The roads ran crooked and the light fell wrong.
Our fields were like a pack of cheating cards
Dealt out at random – all we had to play
In the bad game for the good stake, our life.
We played; a little shrewdness scraped us through.
Then came the second war, passed and repassed,
And now you see our town, the fine new prison,
The house-doors shut and barred, the frightened faces
Peeping round corners, secret police, informers,
And all afraid of all.

How did it come?
From outside, so it seemed, an endless source,
Disorder inexhaustible, strange to us,
Incomprehensible. Yet sometimes now
We ask ourselves, we the old citizens:
"Could it have come from us? Was our peace peace?
Our goodness goodness? That old life was easy
And kind and comfortable; but evil is restless
And gives no rest to the cruel or the kind.
How could our town grow wicked in a moment?
What is the answer? Perhaps no more than this,
That once the good men swayed our lives, and those
Who copied them took a while the hue of goodness,
A passing loan; while now the bad are up,
And we, poor ordinary neutral stuff,
Not good nor bad, must ape them as we can,
In sullen rage or vile obsequiousness.
Say there's a balance between good and evil
In things, and it's so mathematical,
So finely reckoned that a jot of either,
A bare preponderance will do all you need,
Make a town good, or make it what you see.
But then, you'll say, only that jot is wanting,
That grain of virtue. No: when evil comes
All things turn adverse, and we must begin
At the beginning, heave the groaning world
Back in its place again, and clamp it there.
Then all is hard and hazardous. We have seen
Good men made evil wrangling with the evil,
Straight minds grown crooked fighting crooked minds.
Our peace betrayed us; we betrayed our peace.
Look at it well. This was the good town once."

These thoughts we have, walking among our ruins.

Next I wanted something shorter, and I think the following poem is very fine indeed. Perhaps the imagery came into his mind during the period when he was working for the British Council in Rome:[9]

"The Desolations"

The desolations are not the sorrows' kin.
Sorrow is gentle and sings her sons to rest.
The desolations have no word nor music,
Only an endless inarticulate cry
Inaudible to the poetry-pampered ear,
The desolations tell
Nothing for ever, the interminable
Civil war of earth and water and fire.
These have to do with our making.
  What guards us here
Among the established and familiar things?
The leaf, the apple and the rounded earth
Where even imagination is an O,
And only endless harvest is gathered there,
Nothing but that. Yet sometimes absently
We pause and murmur "We came crying hither,"
Remembering, and set up a little stage
For our indigenous formal tragedy
Where we are all the actors.
  The wild earth
Pours its hot entrails on the slopes of Aetna,
Blasting whatever's made. Yet in a while
Black house-rows like a pleasant street in Hell
Rise from the frozen slag, and safe within
The lava rooms Sicilian families
Follow their ancient ways; the vine-rows yield
Seven times a year, fed on earth's dearest dust.
And all forget the admonition of fire.
There, if you listen, you may hear them say,
"Love is at home, earth's toys lie all around us,
The vine-stock and the rose are guarded well.
The roof-tree holds, and friends come in the evening."
What saves us from the raging desolations
And tells us we shall walk through peace to peace?

The next poem, taken from the last collection published before his death, has a religious theme.[10] You will see what I mean when I say that it reminds me of George Herbert.

"The Lord"

They could not tell me who should be my lord,
But I could read from every word they said
The common thought: Perhaps that lord was dead,
And only a story now and a wandering word.
How could I follow a word or serve a fable,
They asked me. "Here are lords a-plenty. Take
Service with one, if only for your sake;
Yet better be your own master if you're able."

I would rather scour the roads, a masterless dog,
Than take such service, be a public fool,
Obstreperous or tongue-tied, a good rogue,
Than be with those, the clever and the dull,
Who say that lord is dead; when I can hear
Daily his dying whisper in my ear.

Among his later poems are others which show evidence of religious meditation. The next poem, however, which was printed last year in a weekly periodical,[11] shows that Muir retained to the end an intense concern, and apprehension about the future of this world:

"The Last War"

I

No place at all for bravery in that war
Nor mark where one might make a stand,
Nor use for eye or hand
To discover and reach the enemy
Hidden in air.
No way to save
By our own death the young that they might die
Sometime a different death. The thought Again
That made a promise to mortality –

Gave order and distance, reason and rhyme –
Will walk a little before us to the grave
While we are still in time for a little time.

II

Or shall we think only of night and day
Vacantly visiting the vacant earth
And stare in hatred at the turncoat sun
That shines on glittering oes where thought of birth
Will never be – till birth will be a dream
Of a quaint custom in another place,
And we shall gaze in wonder face to face?
Or shall we picture bird and tree
Silently falling, and think of all the words
By which we forged earth, night and day
And ruled with such strange ease our work and play?
Now only the lexicon of a dream.
And we see our bodies buried in falling birds.

III

Shall we all die together?
Perhaps nothing at all will be there but pain,
A choking and floundering, or gigantic stupor
Of a world-wide deserted hospital ward.
There will be strange good-byes, more strange than those
That once were spoken by terrified refugees,
Our harbingers: some of them lost in shipwreck,
Spilling salt angry tears in the salt waves,
Their live waste-water sucked through a gaping hole,
Yet all the world around them; hope and fear.
We thought too idly of them, not knowing we
Might founder on common earth and choke in air,
Without one witness. Will great visions come,
And life lie clear at last as it says, Good-bye,
Good-bye, I have borne with you a little while?
Or shall we remember shameful things concealed,
Mean coldnesses and wounds too eagerly given?

IV

A tree thin sick and pale by a north wall,
A smile splintering a face –
I saw them today, suddenly made aware
That ordinary sights appal,
So that a tree mistreated wounds the heart,
A twisted smile twists inward through the mind
Ingeniously to find
Its place and claim a lifelong tenancy there.
That is not strange but the most ancient art,
I thought, consummate, still and blind.

I wondered if some pure ancestral head
Kept vigil there, but thought, Our eyes are led
Through endless circles of impure reflection,
Pillaging what is not their own
In idle greed. Face mirrors face,
Mixing to generate an image sown
By casual desire or disaffection,
Assembles a common face
Aped from the crowd-face and the festive room,
And waiting lost and still
In the empty glass where it presents a will
That is not ours. Imagined, then, by whom?

I thought, our help is in all that is full-grown
By nature, and all that is with hands well-made,
Carved in verse or stone
Or a harvest yield. There is the harmony
By which we know our own and the world's health,
The simply good, great counterpoise
To blind nonentity,
Ever renewed and squandered wealth.
Yet not enough. Because we could not wait
To untwist the twisted smile and make it straight
Or render restitution to the tree.
We who were wrapped to warm in foolish joys
Did not have time to call on pity
For all that is sick, and heal and remake our city.

V

About the well of life where we are made
Spirits of earth and heaven together lie.
They do not turn their bright heads at our coming,
So deep their dream of pure commingled being,
So still the air and the level beam that flows
Along the ground, shed by the flowers and waters:
All above and beneath them a deep darkness.
Their bodies lie in shadow or buried in the earth,
Their heads shine in the light of the underworld.
Loaded with fear and crowned with every hope
The born stream past them to the longed for place.

Finally, you shall hear what is probably the last poem that Edwin Muir wrote, when he was already a sick man. Even if it be not the last, it gives a fitting close to this reading; for these seem indeed the words of that gentle philosophic spirit facing death with fortitude and tranquility:[12]

"I have been taught"

I have been taught by dreams and fantasies
I learned from the friendly and the darker phantoms
And got great knowledge and courtesy from the dead
Kinsmen and kinswomen, ancestors and friends
But from two mainly
Who gave me birth.

Have learned and drunk from that unspending good
These founts whose learned windings keep
My feet from straying
To the deadly path

That leads into the sultry labyrinth
Where all is bright and the flare
Consumed and shrivels
To moist fruit.

Have drawn at last from time which takes away
And taking leaves all things in their right place
An image of forever,
The One and whole.

And now that time grows shorter, I perceive
That Plato's is the truest poetry,
And that these shadows
Are cast by the true.

NOTES

1. See TSE's post-obituary tribute to Muir in the *Times* of 7 Jan 1959 (8.312).

2. In his memorial lecture on Yeats, TSE defines "anthology pieces" as "poems which give you complete satisfaction and delight in themselves, such that you are hardly curious who wrote them, hardly want to look further into the work of that poet." Poetic gems "such as 'Who Goes with Fergus,' . . . are as perfect of their kind as anything in the language. But the best . . . of them have this limitation: that they are as satisfactory in isolation as 'anthology pieces,' as they are in the context of [the poet's] other poems of the same period" (6.80).

3. See the *Times* obituary (8.312, n.2)

4. On 1 Jan 1959, two days before Muir's death, TSE wrote to Alan Pryce-Jones, editor of the *TLS*, seeking his support in securing a grant for Muir and his wife from the Royal Literary Fund: "I have a very high opinion indeed of Edwin Muir as a poet, and admire him particularly because his poetry has gone on gaining strength in his later years. And I think that both he and Willa deserve recognition because of their work in translation. It is through them, you remember, that Kafka became known in this country, as they translated, I think, all his novels."

5. Muir's friend the poet and editor J. C. (John Clive) Hall (1920-2011) arranged for the publication of Muir's *Collected Poems, 1921-1951* (London: Faber, 1952), quoting Muir here (11) and elsewhere in his introduction (9-14).

6. "Horses" appeared in Muir's *First Poems* (1925), "The Horses" in his 8th vol, *One Foot in Eden* (1956).

7. In his preface to the Faber edition of Muir's *Selected Poems* (1965), TSE stated that Muir's extraordinary life experience "is somehow concentrated into that great, that terrifying poem of the 'atomic age' –'The Horses'" (8.565).

8. Muir was director of the British Council Institute in Prague from Sept 1945 to July 1948; Czechoslovakia fell under Communist rule in Feb 1948. In a BBC broadcast on 3 Sept 1952, Muir said of "The Good Town," first published in the *Listener* of 25 Nov 1948: "I had an idea for two poems about towns, one to be called 'The Good Town' and the other 'The Bad Town'; and I intended the towns to stand as symbols of two ways of life. But as things were then shaping in Prague, I saw that the only way to treat the theme was to describe a good town turning into a bad one. Yet the poem is not really about Prague or any other place, but about something that was happening in Europe. Stories of what was occurring in other countries to whole families, whole communities, became absorbed into the poem, which I tried to make into a symbolical picture of a vast change." (Quoted in *The Complete Poems of Edwin Muir*, ed. Peter Butter [Aberdeen, 1991], 343-44); hereafter *CPEM*.)

9. After leaving Prague, Muir served as director of the British Council in Rome from Jan 1949 to July 1950. "The Desolations," uncollected in Muir's lifetime, first appeared in *Botteghe Oscure*, in 1957, and is included in *Last Poems* (*CPEM* 247-48).

10. "The Lord" first appeared in the *Partisan Review* of Nov-Dec 1953; Muir did not include it in the first edition of *One Foot in Eden*, and, at the last minute, he removed it and three other religious poems from inclusion in that volume in *Collected Poems 1921-1958* (1960), writing to TSE on 1 Aug 1958 that those poems "seem to me now to be quite inadequate" (*Selected Letters*, 206). The four poems appear in *One Foot in Eden* with asterisks in *CPEM*.

In Feb 1939, Muir described in his diary a religious experience in Edinburgh while reciting the Lord's Prayer during his wife's illness: "my soul grew still; every word had a strange fullness of meaning which astonished and delighted me. . . . I had believed for many years in God and the immortality of the soul. . . . Now I realized that, quite without knowing it, I was a Christian, no matter how bad a one. I had a vague sense during these days that Christ was the turning-point of time and the meaning of life to everyone, no matter what his conscious beliefs; to my agnostic friends as well as Christians" (*An Autobiography*, 246-47).

11. "The Last War," uncollected in Muir's lifetime, was first printed in the *New Statesman* of 14 June 1958 and is included in *Last Poems* (*CPEM* 256-58).

12. Muir's editor Peter Butter confirms that this was Muir's final poem and places it last among the poems in *Last Poems*, together with a photocopy of the manuscript (*CPEM* x, 274-76).

Response on receipt of the Dante Gold Medal

Rivista: The Journal of the British-Italian Society, 139 (Aug / Sept 1959) 5[1]

Gli onori che mi avete accordato sono al di là dei miei meriti, davvero al di là dei meriti di qualsiasi poeta vivente in qualsiasi nazione. Se un poeta non avesse imparato altro dallo studio di Dante, egli avrebbe almeno dovuto imparare l'umiltà, perché i suoi lavori devono sembrargli leggeri comparati a quelli del maestro di noi tutti. Se, e nel caso affermativo quanto, la mia poesia ha tratto vantaggio dallo studio di Dante sono gli altri che lo devono dire. Io non merito l'onore che mi avete conferito per la mia opera poetica: quello che può essere detto in mio favore è questo, e cioè che io non ho mai cessato di proclamare la mia devota ammirazione per il grande poema di Dante, e di farlo risaltare per il vantaggio dei poeti più giovani nella mia lingua, che Dante è l'unico maestro dal quale noi tutti poeti di ogni lingua e di ogni nazione possiamo imparare; l'unico maestro, forse, che non ci insegna niente di non vantaggioso.

Cominciai a leggere Dante 48 anni fa, nel mio primo viaggio in Italia.[2] Quando potei pronunciare una frase in italiano principiai a imparare a memoria alcuni passi della *Divina Commedia*. Tre anni più tardi, a Londra, feci la conoscenza di Ezra Pound e trovai che l'ammirazione per Dante non era l'ultimo fra i nostri comuni interessi. Egli aveva già scritto il suo saggio che fu il precursore del mio, più lungo, ma meno dotto studio scritto nel 1929.[3] Molti anni passarono ancora, e in un poema intitolato "Little Gidding" scritto nel 1942, io feci il mio primo tentativo di scrivere versi in "terza rima" e in uno stile e idioma tanto vicino al maestro, quanto può essere possibile in inglese.[4] Non ho mai trovato versi miei tanto difficili da scrivere: se queste rime non hanno altri meriti sono almeno la più sincera forma di omaggio che un poeta può tributare ad un altro.

Potessi scrivere questa lettera nella lingua toscana! Di questo sono incapace. Ma non è la mia scarsa padronanza dell'italiano in se stessa una prova del posto centrale, unico di Dante nella letteratura europea? Sicuramente il fatto che egli possa influenzare così profondamente e così permanentemente – e interessare non soltanto la tecnica dei versi, ma i pensieri e la sensibilità – un poeta di un'altra lingua? Senza padronanza dello squisito linguaggio fiorentino, sicuramente questa è l'evidenza del perfetto trionfante ineguagliabile potere del vostro poeta Dante.

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

[Honoured Sir,

I must begin by thanking you for your letter of February 2nd. I was at that time in the Bahama Islands, and did not return to England until the latter part of March. Still more cordially do I thank you for the message contained in your letter, which I read with delighted surprise; and if I have left my acknowledgement so late, it is because of the difficulty of finding words, satisfactory to myself, to compose the message which I wished to send to yourself and to the City of Florence on the great occasion of the anniversary of Dante's birth. To be the recipient of the first of the medals to be struck in commemoration is an honour for which it is not easy to express in full one's appreciation.

As the name of Florence always evokes in my mind the name of the greatest of all poets, so the name of Dante evokes that of your beautiful City. To be the Guest of your City at any time would be honour enough; to be invited to be your Guest on this occasion is as great an honour as any poet could aspire to. It was with profound regret that I found myself obliged to decline the invitation.]

The honours which you have accorded me are beyond my merits, indeed beyond the merits of any living poet of any nation. If a poet learned nothing else from the study of Dante, he should at least learn humility, for his own works must seem to him slight when measured by those of the Master of us all. Whether, and if at all to what degree, my own poetry has profited from my study of Dante is for others to decide. I do not deserve the honour you have conferred upon me, by virtue of my own poetic achievement: what can be said in my favour is this, that I have never ceased to proclaim my own devout admiration for Dante's great poem, or to point out for the benefit of younger poets of my own language, that Dante is the one master from whom we all, poets of every tongue and of every nation, can learn; the one teacher, perhaps, who teaches us nothing that is not profitable.

It is forty-eight years ago that I began to read Dante, on my first visit to Italy.[2] When I could hardly utter one sentence in the Italian language I began committing passages from the *Divine Comedy* to memory. Three years later, in London, I made the acquaintance of Ezra Pound, and found that admiration for Dante was not least among our common interests. He had already written his essay which was the precursor of my own longer but less scholarly study written in 1929.[3] Many years passed again, and in a poem called "Little Gidding," written in 1942, I made my first attempt to write verse in

terza rima and in as nearly the style and idiom of the Master as seemed possible in English.[4] I have never found any verse of mine so difficult to write: if those lines have no other merit, they are at least that sincerest form of tribute which is imitation; and it is the best tribute that a poet can pay to another.

Would that I could write this letter in your Tuscan speech. Of that I am incapable. But is not my very lack of command of the Italian language in itself a testimonial of the central, the unique place of Dante in European literature? Surely the fact that he could influence so deeply and so permanently – and affect not merely the technique of my verse but my thought and sensibility – a poet of another tongue with no command of the exquisite language of the Florentines, surely this is evidence of the consummate, triumphant unequalled power of your poet Dante.

I send therefore, through you, Sir, my humble and grateful greetings to the City of Florence.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE's letter of thanks was addressed to Count Lorenzo Salazar, Commissioner of the Commune of Florence, on 6 May 1959, upon receiving news of the award on behalf of the City of Florence. As TSE could not accept the invitation to attend the ceremony there, the presentation of the gold medal took place at the Italian Embassy in London, as reported in the *Times* of 29 May, under the heading "New Interpretation of Dante / Gold Medal for Mr. T. S. Eliot" (16). The medal, "expressly struck for him by the city of Florence," was presented by the Italian ambassador Count Vittorio Zoppi in recognition of TSE's "authoritative essays on the works of Dante," particularly the essay "Dante" in *The Sacred Wood*, which had "restored Dante to our contemporary consciousness, to the European tradition." "Indeed," the ambassador affirmed, "it would not be too far-fetched to draw an analogy between the central theme of *The Divine Comedy*, which is that of man's journey towards his own salvation, and the recurring theme of redemption to be found in your own work, from *The Waste Land* to the *Four Quartets*."

TSE's letter was translated anonymously, redated the day of delivery, 28 May 1959, and circulated as a mimeographed press release from the Italian Embassy before publication in the journal. The previously unpublished English text follows the translation; the sections bracketed by the editors are omitted in the Italian version.

2. At the end of his 1910-11 academic year at the Sorbonne, TSE left Paris for Munich and Northern Italy in July with his Temple Classics edition of Dante in his pocket. He kept a journal, "Notes on Italy" (Houghton), recording his two-week tour of Italian towns, cathedrals, palaces, and museums, as described by Nancy D. Hargrove in "T. S. Eliot's Italian Trip, Summer 1911," *South Atlantic Review*, 76 (Summer 2011), [7]-32.

3. TSE refers to Pound's "Il Maestro," chapter VI (105-74) in *The Spirit of Romance* (1910), retitled "Dante" in the new edition (1953), and to his own "Dante" (1929) (3.700). He had earlier

published "Dante as a 'Spiritual Leader'" (1920), retitled "Dante" for inclusion in *The Sacred Wood*, which the Italian ambassador singled out in making the award. On 21 Mar 1920, he wrote to Ottoline Morrell: "I have just finished an article on Dante – under difficulties, as you may imagine: and I feel that anything I can say about such a subject is trivial. I feel so completely inferior in his presence – there seems really nothing to do but to point to him and be silent" (*L1* 453).

4. In his 1950 "Talk on Dante" at the Italian Institute in London, TSE discussed his difficult attempt "to find an approximation to the *terza rima* without rhyming" (7.485).

A Note of Homage to Allen Tate[1]

The Sewanee Review, 68 (Autumn 1959) [576]

The tribute which I should have liked to pay to Allen Tate would have required my re-reading everything of his that I have ever read, and reading all of his published work that I have not read. For such an act of homage I have not had the time at my disposal. What can I say about him in the space of a paragraph, I reflected, which shall be something more than a simple salutation from an old friend?

Others, no doubt, will assess his achievements severally: his contributions to poetry, to prose fiction, to literary criticism and to social thinking.[2] Considerable as is his accomplishment in each of these areas, the whole, I believe, is greater than the sum of its parts; and I think it will become clear at some future time that Allen Tate's eminence, among his contemporaries, consists in his uncommon combination of excellences. Literary critics have frequently been bad poets; good poets have frequently been political simpletons. Allen Tate is a good poet and a good literary critic who is distinguished for the sagacity of his social judgment and the consistency with which he has maintained the least popular of political attitudes – that of the sage. He believes in reason rather than enthusiasm, in wisdom rather than system; and he knows that many problems are insoluble and that in politics no solution is final. By avoiding the lethargy of the conservative, the flaccidity of the liberal, and the violence of the zealot, he succeeds in being a representative of the smallest of minorities, that of the intelligent who refuse to be described as "intellectuals." And what he has written, as a critic of society, is of much greater significance because of being said by a man who is also a good poet and a good critic of literature.

NOTES

1. On 13 Nov 1958, Monroe K. Spears, editor of the *Sewanee Review* at the University of the South, invited TSE to contribute to a special issue in celebration of Allen Tate's sixtieth birthday: "We hope that you will consent to write an article for this issue. It might take the form either of a personal and informal tribute, perhaps including a retrospect with your relations with Mr. Tate, or of a discussion of whatever aspect of his work interests you and seems to need emphasis at present." TSE replied on 18 Nov that he wished to be included but with commitments to other work at hand he would be "unable to give you anything in the nature of a full dress article on

Allen's work. // If you have room for very short tributes I might be able to take part, but only because I shall be sorry that any festschrift for Allen should not include my name."

2. TSE met Tate at a *Criterion* luncheon in Oct 1928 and published his essay attacking the New Humanism, "The Fallacy of Humanism," in the *Criterion* of July 1929 (661-81). In writing to Paul Elmer Moore about the essay on 30 Dec, TSE wrote: "Tate is worth watching; he is still in growing pains, and his style is heavy and uncouth; but I think that he is as likely to do well as any of his generation" (*L4* 744). TSE also commissioned reviews of Tate's *Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas* (1936); his second volume of poems, *The Mediterranean and Other Poems* (1936); and *Selected Poems* (1937). TSE and Tate served on the Bollingen Prize Committee at the Library of Congress when it made the controversial selection of Pound's *Pisan Cantos* for the award (7.xxviii, 858). Tate would later return TSE's tribute, appropriately in the *Sewanee Review* (Winter 1966), with "Homage to T. S. Eliot," revised as "Postscript by the Guest Editor" in *T. S. Eliot: The Man and his Work*, ed. Allen Tate (1966), in which Tate brought together twenty-six other of Eliot's friends to pay homage.

Letter on Sean O'Casey[1]

English Studies in Africa, 2 (Sept 1959) 250

I was indeed very much interested by *Within the Gates*. I didn't think it altogether a success, as I felt that his hand was not quite so sure in dealing with English characters as Irish ones, and the bishop in that play I remember as particularly improbable. What impressed me particularly was the more poetic aspect of the play and the use of choral effect which seemed to me brilliant. Yet I think his earlier plays like *The Silver Tassie* much finer than *Within the Gates*. It is possible, however, that *Within the Gates* may have had some subconscious influence on me when I was writing *The Family Reunion*.

It's interesting that you should find an artistic affinity between two men who are so far apart politically as O'Casey and myself. In view of the latter fact, it is pleasant to think that we have a very high opinion of each other's work.

Yours sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. In a letter to TSE of 5 July 1959, the Irish scholar Ronald Ayling of Rhodes University, Grahamstown, wrote to ask about his familiarity with Sean O'Casey's choric passages in *Within the Gates* (1933) and *The Silver Tassie* (1927). After receiving TSE's reply of 20 July, Ayling wrote an account of their communication to the editor of *English Studies in Africa* (247-50), quoting TSE's letter, as printed, but lacking the opening statements: "I thank you for your most interesting letter of the 5th July . . . I am most interested in what you say about Sean O'Casey and delighted to hear that he has liked my poetry including *Murder in the Cathedral*" (250).

In his letter to the editor, Ayling summarized his findings in introducing TSE's letter: "O'Casey once told me, when I spoke to him of possible affinities with Eliot's choruses, that he did not know whether Eliot knew *The Silver Tassie*, but he did know that Eliot had seen the first London production of *Within the Gates* in 1934 in the company of Mr. Martin Shaw, who had directed the choral chanting in the 1929 London production of *The Silver Tassie*. Shaw had later told O'Casey that Eliot had been 'impressed' by the choric speech of *Within the Gates*. . . . Knowing the Irish dramatist's consistent praise for Eliot's poetry and his early drama, I was gratified recently to receive a letter from the poet . . . taking up some of these points. Mr. Eliot concludes generously:" (249-50).

Memorial Tribute for Nora Wydenbruck[1]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (2 Sept 1959) 14

Nora Wydenbruck was a gifted writer but very exceptionally gifted as a translator both from English into German and from German into English.[2] She was completely bilingual; and I imagine that her command of Italian was also secure. For the same translator to render successfully Rilke's *Duinese Elegies* into English and my *Four Quartets* into German is a feat of translation for which I know no parallel.[3] Her versions of *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk* are those read and performed in German-speaking countries.[4] I mourn her loss in this capacity, and in common with her many friends in England, as a charming and gracious survivor of the *ancien régime* in Vienna.[5]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Countess Nora Wydenbruck-Purtscher (1894-1959) was an Austrian author, poet, and translator, primarily of works from German to English and English to German. She published more than eighty books in four different languages, including translations of major writers, studies of European art and literature, poems, and memoirs related to her family's history in the context of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian empire at the end of WWI.

2. TSE twice recommended Wydenbruck for a grant from the Royal Literary Fund. In a letter to Secretary John Broadbent on 4 Oct 1950, he wrote that she was "highly deserving . . . Among other original writings, Countess Wydenbruck is the author of an admirable . . . study of Rainer-Maria Rilke, a book of permanent importance . . . She has also written an excellent small book on Ste. Thérèse de Lisieux. She has also done most valuable work as a translator . . . She has translated Rilke's *Duineser Elegien* into English, and has translated my own *Four Quartets* and *The Cocktail Party* into German. Of these two works of mine, hers are the official translations: her version of *The Cocktail Party* is that which is authorized for performance in German speaking countries, and has been performed in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. . . . I should be glad to confide translation into German of my future work in verse, both poems and plays, to her care." In a letter to Broadbent on 1 July, 1959, TSE recommended her for a "compassionate grant" from the Fund: "I consider her a highly deserving and courageous woman." Her husband was seriously ill and she, while dying of cancer, "was occupied with a translation of Hofmannsthal's *Arabella* for the Bollingen translations, . . . but she can work very slowly and is still using an old typewriter which I gave her some years ago."

3. Wydenbruck published the first major biographical-critical study in English of Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) – *Rilke: Man and Poet* (1949) – and translated both his letters (1958) and the *Duineser Elegien* into English as the *Duino Elegies* (1948). Like Wydenbruck, Rilke was born before WWI in what was then the Austro-Hungarian empire; after service in WWI, he lived primarily in Switzerland as a displaced person.

4. Wydenbruck's translations of TSE's work into German include *Four Quartets* (*Vier Quartette*, 1948), *The Cocktail Party* (*Die Cocktail Party*, 1950), and with Peter Suhrkamp, *The Confidential Clerk* (*Der Privatsekretär*, 1954). On 29 July 1953, TSE asked Martin Browne to include the countess on the guest list for the final dress rehearsal of *The Confidential Clerk* in Edinburgh: "Countess Nora Wydenbruck who translated *The Cocktail Party* into German and will probably be translating *The Confidential Clerk*."

5. In recommending Wydenbruck to the Royal Literary Fund in 1950, TSE remarked that she was one of those displaced "as a result of war and revolution. Countess Wydenbruck's father was, I believe, Austrian Ambassador in several capitals under the Empire, and her situation before the first war was very different from what it is now." Several of Wydenbruck's books document the dislocations generated by the two world wars. As suggested by the title of one of her memoirs, *My Two Worlds* (1956), she and her husband, the painter Alfons Purtscher, were haunted by the lost world of their youth in imperial Vienna and painfully aware of themselves as exiles in the new Europe.

Greeting to the Staatstheater Kassel[1]

Es macht mich glücklich zu wissen, dass Kassel jetzt sein neues Staatstheater hat; ich bin stolz darauf, dass mein Stück „Der Privatsekretär“[2] während der ersten Spielzeit in diesem Theater aufgeführt werden soll;[3] und ich bin dankbar für die Gelegenheit, ein Grußwort senden zu dürfen, das in die Festschrift aufgenommen werden soll, die an die Eröffnung Ihres Staatstheaters erinnern wird.

Das Theater hat in meiner Schriftstellerlaufbahn immer eine Rolle von höchster Bedeutung gespielt. Unter den englischen Einflüssen, die auf meine Entwicklung als Dichter eingewirkt haben, stehen die Versdramatiker der Shakespearezeit an erster Stelle: Viele meiner frühen Gedichte scheinen – wenn ich sie heute rückblickend betrachte – sozusagen nach dramatischen Mustern zu streben. Und während der letzten fünfundzwanzig Jahre war es mein Bemühen, die Poesie auf die Bühne zurückzubringen und das Publikum wieder an Stücke zu gewöhnen, die in Versen geschrieben sind, zugleich aber die Gesellschaft unserer Zeit angehen, mit Charakteren, die die Sprache unserer Zeit sprechen. Von dem Augenblick an, in dem ich für die Bühne zu schreiben begann, war ich mir bewusst, dass es lebende Dramatiker mit größerem Naturtalent für das Theater gibt, Schriftsteller von unbeirrbarem Instinkt für theatralische Wirkung und handwerkliche Vollkommenheit, mit denen ich niemals wetteifern zu können hoffte. Trotzdem halte ich daran fest, dass einzig die Poesie es ist, die tiefste Gemütsbewegungen und subtilste Empfindungen auszudrücken vermag; und daher ist es für einen Dichter eher möglich, durch Begeisterung und harte Arbeit ein Stückschreiber, als für einen Prosadramatiker ein Dichter zu werden. Dieser Gedanke war mir Trost und Ermutigung.

In meinem ersten Stück aus dem modernen Leben, „Der Familientag“ (vor 20 Jahren uraufgeführt) war ich in erster Linie damit beschäftigt, eine Verssprache zu entwickeln, die sich der heutigen Szene anpasst. In meinen beiden nächsten Stücken, „Die Cocktailparty“ und „Der Privatsekretär“, bemühte ich mich darum, eine größere Meisterschaft im dramaturgischen Aufbau zu erreichen, und die Verse erhoben sich weniger oft in die Sphäre der reinen Poesie. In „The Elder Statesman“ glaube ich ein Stück geschrieben zu haben, dessen Handlungsführung im Ganzen einfacher ist als die des „Privatsekretärs“, aber im Vers ist es poetischer als dieses.

Mit gespanntester Aufmerksamkeit erwarte ich die Reaktion des deutschen Publikums. Jedenfalls bin ich sehr stolz darauf, dass „Der Privatsekretär"[4] in Kassel in der gleichen Zeit zusammen mit zwei großen Dramatikern gezeigt werden soll, einem deutschen und einem griechischen.[5]

T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

I am happy in the knowledge that Kassel now possesses its new Staatstheater; I am proud that my latest play *The Elder Statesman* should be produced in this theatre in its first season;[3] and I am grateful for the opportunity of sending a word of greeting to be included in the Festschrift which commemorates the opening of your Staatstheater.

The theatre has always been of first importance in my career as a writer. Among the English influences upon my development as a poet, the verse dramatists of the age of Shakespeare took first place: many of my early poems appear, in retrospect, to have been striving, so to speak, toward the condition of drama. And it has been my ambition, for the last twenty-five years, to bring back poetry to the stage, to accustom the public to plays written in verse but concerned with contemporary society and with characters talking in contemporary idiom. I have been aware, from the moment I began to write for the stage, that there were living dramatists with greater native talent for the theatre, writers of unerring instinct for theatrical effect, and of technical accomplishment which I could not hope to emulate. Nevertheless, I maintain that it is only in poetry that the deepest emotion and the finest states of feeling can be expressed; and that it is more possible for a poet, by enthusiasm and hard work, to become a playwright, than for a prose playwright to become a poet. This thought has been my solace and encouragement.

In my first play of modern life *The Family Reunion* (first produced 20 years ago) I was concerned primarily with developing a verse idiom suitable for the contemporary scene. In my two next plays, *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*, I was struggling to acquire a greater mastery of dramatic construction, and the verse less often rises to become poetry. In *The Elder Statesman* I have, I think a play simpler in plot than *The Confidential Clerk*, but in verse which is more often poetic than is that of the play which preceded it. I await with keenest interest the reaction of audiences in Germany. In any case, I am very proud that *The Elder Statesman* should be

presented in Kassel in the same season with plays by two great poetic dramatists, one German and one Greek.[5]

T. S. ELIOT

5th August, 1959.

NOTES

1. As printed in *Das neue Staatstheater Kassel: Festschrift zur Eröffnung der neuen Häuser am 12. und 13. September 1959*. Kassel: Staatstheater Kassel, 1959. Pp. 41, [35]; [14]. Reprinted in *Staatstheater Kassel*, 6 (1959/60), 2 under the title "Gruß zur Theatereröffnung" [Greetings for the theater opening].

Hans Joachim Schaefer (1923-2007) director of the Staatstheater Kassel from 1950 to 1989, wrote to TSE on 7 June 1959 requesting permission to produce *The Elder Statesman* during the first season of the new Staatstheater and inviting him to contribute to the festschrift to be published for the occasion. In his reply of 19 June, TSE wrote that he was "very much touched and pleased by the more than generous tribute" and that he was "naturally disposed to accede the accompanying request, especially since I would wish all success to a new state theatre. I have always greatly admired the public support given to theatre and opera elsewhere in Germany, and I have often wished that something equivalent were forthcoming in this country." On 5 Aug, TSE sent his "message of greeting for the Festschrift celebrating the opening . . . I hope that this communication will not be too late to be of use to you, and also that it will meet with your approval." The translator of TSE's message was unidentified. The spelling of the German text has been modernized following the orthography reform of 1996 (revised in 2004 and 2006).

2. The translator erroneously wrote „Der Privatsekretär" [*The Confidential Clerk*] instead of „Ein verdienter Staatsmann" [*The Elder Statesman*] here and in the final paragraph.

3. TSE's *The Elder Statesman*, first produced at the Edinburgh Festival in Aug 1958 and published by Faber in Apr 1959, was performed at the Staatstheater Kassel on 13 Sept.

4. i.e. „Ein verdienter Staatsmann" [*The Elder Statesman*]

5. The Staatstheater opened on 12 Sept with the first production of *Prometheus*, an opera based on Aeschylus's play by Rudolf Wagner-Régeny (1903-69). On the following day, TSE's play was produced alongside Friedrich Schiller's *Maria Stuart* (1800), a five-act verse play based on the last days of Mary, Queen of Scots.

London Library[1]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (5 Nov 1959) 13

Sir, – After a legal battle which has lasted more than three years and which culminated yesterday in an adverse decision by the Court of Appeal, the London Library finds itself called upon to pay rates of some £5,000 a year. For 80 years the London Library had been wholly exempt from payment of rates, until 1957, when the Inland Revenue imposed this assessment against which our appeal has ended in failure.

In 1958 the library found itself obliged to raise subscriptions to over 10 guineas – a substantial increase over the four guineas of 1950. To find annually a sum of £5,000 in addition to our normal running expenses is itself a matter of grave concern to us. Nevertheless, with the help of authors, publishers, and other benefactors we hope to be able to carry this grievous burden in the future. We are faced, however, with an immediate crisis. Our rating liability dates from 1956 and our accrued debt for rates and legal costs amounts to more than £20,000 – a debt which must be paid at once.

If we can obtain the reprieve which the settlement of our debt of £20,000 would give us, we shall proceed to build up an endowment fund so that we can continue our contribution to the literary and educational life of the country. We cannot, in the space of this letter of appeal, rehearse the benefits which the London Library has conferred, or enlarge upon the disaster which its disappearance would bring upon the whole community: we hope that its vital importance to the nation is so generally recognized that we shall not have appealed in vain.

Cheques should be made payable to the London Library and sent to the Librarian at 14, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. All donations will be most gratefully acknowledged.

Yours faithfully,

T. S. ELIOT, PRESIDENT;

RUPERT HART-DAVIS, CHAIRMAN,

The London Library.[2]
14, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

NOTES

1. This letter follows TSE's appeal before the Lands Tribunal on 1 July 1958 to dismiss a ruling by the rating authority that the London Library pay rates, an appeal that was denied on 29 July 1958 (8.278, n.2). As reported in the *Times* of 13 Oct 1959, the London Library's further appeal for exemption was denied by the Court of Appeal, making the library responsible, its solicitor stated, "for four years' rates – a total of about £20,000, none of which had been paid pending the final determination by the Courts of the liability to rates" (3).

2. TSE was in America when he received Hart-Davis's draft of a letter to the *Times* following the Court of Appeal's final denial of exemption on 12 Oct; he replied on 22 Oct: "I have taken the liberty of submitting a considerably revised version of your draft letter as I did want to make it a little more urgent. This took me some time because I found that in making the case urgent I was in danger of over-doing the appeal and making it appear so hopeless that nobody would put his hand in his pocket. My letter is longer than yours, but the survival of the London Library is a matter of such importance that *The Times* ought to give us full space and the first place in the correspondence column." The co-signed letter was reprinted by the *Times* as a separate leaflet for distribution to potential donors.

Address at the Centennial Celebration of the Mary Institute[1]

From Mary to You (Dec 1959) 133-36[2]

If you've read your programs for this evening you will be acquainted with the reasons which have been put forward for doing me the honor of asking me to speak this evening. But you do not yet know all the reasons I have for accepting this honor, and I propose presently to say something about that and to tell you something of my early association with Mary Institute.

As for the name of Mary Institute, it always will seem to be a moot point in my family whether it was named for my little Aunt Mary or for little Mary Smith, or for both. Mary Smith was certainly the daughter of the benefactor, the friend of my grandfather whose generosity founded this school and the defunct Smith Academy from which I, myself, graduated. I don't think it greatly matters. I prefer to think that the school was named for both. They both died far too young ever to have been pupils of the school.[3] I'm sure, however, that my grandfather, who foresaw the educational needs – foresaw and endeavored to anticipate the educational needs – of the growing city, must in any case have meant the name of this school as well as the name of Smith Academy to perpetuate the memory of his two friends the Smiths who gave the funds for their foundation.[4]

Now I had four older sisters, all of whom attended Mary Institute;[5] at least one cousin, I think, and other cousins who were here at one time or another who attended it. So it should be obvious that but for the difference of sex my brother and I would also have graduated from Mary Institute. I went, of course, like my brother to the fraternal-brotherly institution of Smith Academy.[6] We were well taught and I was happy there.[7]

The old Mary Institute – one of the old Mary Institutes, should I say – the Institute of which I have such close associations – stood at the corner of Beaumont Street and Locust Street. Now my family lived at 2635 Locust Street, next door. The schoolyard of Mary Institute seemed to me, as a child, of vast extent; but on going that way and endeavoring to decipher any traces of either our house or Mary Institute, I came to the conclusion it must have been rather small, but it seemed to me very big. At any rate this schoolyard

abutted on my father's property. There was at the front of our house a sort of picket fence which divided our front yard from the schoolyard. This picket fence merged a little later as it passed the wall of the house into a high brick wall which concealed our back garden from the schoolyard and also concealed the schoolyard from our back garden. There was a door in this wall and there was a key to this door. Now, when the young ladies had left the school in the afternoon and at the end of the week, I had access to the schoolyard and used it for my own purposes of play. When the girls had left in the afternoon, the schoolyard was mine for a playground, first of all under the supervision of my nurse and later for practicing approach shots with a lofter, which was sometimes dangerous for the windows. They must have been very brief approach shots, but then I was a very small boy with a very small lofter, or mashie. At any rate, then, in the schoolyard I remember a mound on which stood a huge ailanthus tree. Oh, it seemed to me very big and round on this little mound. And I have a photograph of myself standing against this ailanthus tree at the age of seven or eight in the company of a crony of the same age, the crony who was later, I think, president of that International Exchange Bank in Zurich and was certainly first vice-president of the Chase-Manhattan Bank of New York. It's interesting to know that my boyhood friend and I both became bankers although he became so much more distinguished than myself. His name is Thomas H. McKittrick, Jr., but he was known to me at the time simply as Tom Kick.[8]

But my use of the schoolyard isn't all. I had access to the gymnasium also.[9] It was a very different looking gymnasium than this. It seemed vast to me then, but this is much vaster. But I remember that with or without a playmate I was able to use the swinging rings and the parallel bars and the Indian clubs which were pleasant to fling about. Occasionally one ventured further into the school, of course after all the girls and the teachers had left, wandered about the corridors smelling of chalk and ink and cedar pencils as school corridors do – or used to do in those days – and making quite free of it, making myself, in fact, quite at home in Mary Institute.

Then there was Uncle Henry. Uncle Henry Jones was the janitor. He was a romantic figure; he lived in a sort of basement flat under the Beaumont Street entrance. He was a romantic figure to me as a child, not only because he possessed a parrot which actually did a little talking but because he was reputed to have been a runaway slave and certainly had one mutilated ear. He is said to have been tracked by bloodhounds. But Uncle Henry Jones was a great friend of the family. In fact, his family were great friends of the

family because his son Stephen, and in succession to Stephen his grandson Charlie, undertook in succession the duties of looking after the furnace, washing the sidewalk, cutting the grass, and so on – bringing in the coal and wood.

I've always been heretofore, or at least I had become at one time, rather careful about anecdotes or stories which I remembered having been told as a child because some years ago I made a mistake and thought I had been told by my father that our grandmother in the early days used, when there wasn't enough meat about the place, to go out and shoot a wild turkey. I told this in good faith, put it in print in fact, thinking I had heard it from my father. Well, there were cries of derision and letters from my sisters and brother, all of whom were much older than myself that I was not in a position to argue with, saying this was not so and grandma had never shot a wild turkey. I'm sorry she didn't.

However, to return for a moment to Uncle Henry Jones. I consulted my sister about this and she can't give any opinion about it; so I can tell the story as I remember it, which was that Uncle Henry had two wives, not in succession but apparently married to both of them at the same time, and that this was only discovered when suddenly a new Auntie was found in place of the old Auntie, and I understood that this was the first or more legitimate bride who had turned up to turn the other one out. This, at any rate, is the story which I believed, and I'm sure to me it only added to my awe and respect of Uncle Henry. Well, you know, either in spite of or perhaps because of this propinquity it's interesting that I remained extremely shy with girls. And, of course, when they were in the schoolyard I was always on the other side of the wall; and on one occasion I remember, when I ventured into the schoolyard a little too early when there were still a few on the premises and I saw them staring at me through a window, I took flight at once.

However, you will see that with this background and having frequented Mary Institute at the time and in the way I did, I consider myself in a sense to be an alumnus, I will say even the one and only alumnus of Mary Institute, and I hereby place my claim before you for your consideration; and, of course, that is not the reason, I am sure, that I was invited here this evening but it's one of the reasons why I accepted.[10]

Six years ago I had the honor of speaking at the centennial at Washington University.[11] I'm very happy to be here this evening to take part in this centennial of Mary Institute. I think that a centennial at any educational institution has a special significance. It not only celebrates the past but it expresses

a confidence and faith in the future. It is a kind of expression of faith that for other generations than those who are here now there will be another centennial a hundred years hence.

Mary Institute has had to move west several times in its history. I'm very glad that it stopped at Beaumont Street during the period of my childhood. But it has moved and thriven and got bigger and more important as it has moved out, but now I hope that it will be able to remain where it is, and surely it looks so stable and certain that I feel sure it will be here for an indefinite and very long future. It does seem to me of some importance that an educational institution should be able to stay in the same place. In education the subjects taught and the methods of teaching vary from one age to another. Even the meaning of the word *education* itself changes. You've only to look at the definitions and at the examples given of the use of the word *education* from the sixteenth to the twentieth century in the complete *Oxford Dictionary* to grasp the fact of the perpetually changing and developing meaning of the word.

But on two things good education must always depend, I think: first on the teachers, on their ability, their learning, their character – in short, on their vocation to teach – and second on the traditions of the particular school or college. Of course, there is a sentimental aspect to tradition and that's a good thing in itself. But there's a deeper value also than merely particular ways and pleasant customs or anecdotes of past teachers and past pupils. It's natural and right for alumnae and alumni to be proud of the history of the schools in which they have been educated. The celebration of this centenary is, I feel, an assurance that Mary Institute has come of age and that her traditions are now well established. I give her my most cordial wishes and devout prayers for her future.

Now, Mr. Beasley has suggested that I might end this evening by reading you one of my poems.[12] I don't think I've ever read in St. Louis. Whether he was merely prudent in thinking what is perfectly true, that my poems, whatever their merit, are certainly superior to my speechifying – that, at any rate, he knows what the poems are and that a poem would atone for a bad speech, I don't know. But I do propose presently to read one of my poems and read one which seems to me particularly appropriate for this time and place because it's about the river and the sea, the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of New England, the two great natural forces which impressed my childhood imagination.[13]

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE gave his centennial address on 11 Nov 1959. Mary Institute is one of three related schools founded in St. Louis by TSE's grandfather William Greenleaf Eliot. In 1853, he launched "Eliot Seminary," which in 1857 officially changed its name to Washington University. In 1856, he established a department within the university to serve as its preparatory school, first named "The Academic Department of Washington University" and from 1879 until it closed in 1917, Smith Academy. In 1859, Eliot founded Mary Institute, a day school for girls, until 1949 associated with Washington University and then becoming the independent coeducational "Mary Institute and Saint Louis Country Day School." TSE was an honored guest for the centennials of the two surviving institutions, Washington University and Mary Institute.

TSE's visit to St. Louis was part of a five-week pilgrimage (13 Oct-18 Nov) to America, the primary purpose of which was to introduce his second wife, Valerie, to his American family in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and St. Louis. On 4 Oct 1959, he outlined his itinerary to Enid and Geoffrey Faber: "We pay visits to Washington, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis: 3 poetry readings, an address to teachers in Chicago and a brief address at the Centenary Celebrations of a Girls School in St. Louis . . . I look forward to introducing Valerie to St. Louis." Following their return to London, TSE wrote to Abigail Adams Eliot that "our visit to Saint Louis was a very happy one, . . . though of course very tiring."

2. TSE's address was published in the commemorative publication, *From Mary to You*. In response to Donald Gallup's request for a copy for his bibliographic collection, Ethel Hope, the editor of the centennial issue, responded on 19 Sept 1960: "Because he spoke from notes, I feel certain that Mr. Eliot's address has not appeared in any other form – except, of course, for 'The Dry Salvages,' which he read in its entirety." The text printed in *From Mary to You* was adjusted to match a tape recording made of the evening's festivities.

3. Relying on memory and family lore, TSE suggests that "little Aunt Mary" died in infancy or early childhood and that the name also honors "little Mary Smith," daughter of Persis and James Smith, the philanthropists who funded both Mary Institute and Smith Academy. In fact, Mary Rhodes Eliot, the first of fourteen children born to Abby and William Greenleaf Eliot, was born on 11 May 1838 and died following a brief illness on 6 Jan 1855 at the age of sixteen. Earl Holt, W. G. Eliot's biographer, maintains that the sudden death of his "beloved first-born" was probably "the greatest personal loss of his lifetime," a grief memorialized in *The Discipline of Sorrow* (1855). The day school for girls was "launched with a gift of $4,000 . . . subject to two conditions: first, that the school be named Mary Institute; second, that it be chartered on 11 May 1859, which would have been Mary Eliot's twenty-first birthday." Holt quotes W. G. Eliot's handwritten notation on the charter: "The name was chosen by the Directors of Washington University . . . in affectionate memory of Mary Rhodes Eliot" (*William Greenleaf Eliot: Conservative Radical* [St. Louis: First Unitarian Church, 1985], 52-53).

4. Persis G. (ca. 1807-91) and James Smith (died ca. 1888) were close friends of W. G. Eliot.

5. TSE had five sisters, one of whom, Theodora, died in infancy. His surviving sisters – Ada, Margaret, Charlotte, and Marian – attended Mary Institute, and his mother Charlotte Eliot taught there for a year.

6. TSE, preceded by his older brother Henry, graduated from Smith Academy in 1905. In his centennial address at Washington University, TSE recalled: "I was never enrolled as an undergraduate in Washington University, but was sent to another institution with which also

there were family associations. But the earlier part – and I believe, the most important part – of my education is what I received in that preparatory department of the University which was named Smith Academy. My memories of Smith Academy are on the whole happy ones; and when, many years ago, I learned that the school had come to an end, I felt that a link with the past had been painfully broken" (7.793).

7. On 31 Oct 1957, TSE wrote to Wesley Hartley: "I regard . . . my education at Smith Academy in St. Louis . . . as of the utmost importance. . . . I was well-taught in what I consider the essential subjects; . . . Latin and Greek, Elementary Algebra and Geometry, French and German, English and American History, and English which then consisted of a rigorous study of the rules of grammar and rhetoric."

8. TSE's childhood companion Thomas H. McKittrick, Jr. (1888-1970) was born in St. Louis, graduated from Harvard in 1911, and following service in WWI, pursued a career in banking. In WWII, he was president of the Bank of International Settlements, and after the war, became senior vice president for Chase National Bank of New York.

9. The centennial celebration at Mary Institute included the dedication of a new gymnasium.

10. On 10 Dec 1959, TSE wrote to Leon Little: "If you care to add to the list of my distinctions the fact that I am now an honorary member of the Alumnae Association of Mary Institute, the leading girls' school of St. Louis, Missouri, it seems to me an unusual type of which my classmates should be proud."

11. On 9 June 1953, as part of the centennial celebrating the founding by his grandfather of Washington University, TSE gave the main address, "American Literature and the American Language" (7.792, 806, n.1). The following day, at commencement, he was awarded an honorary degree.

12. Ronald S. Beasley (1900-69) was headmaster of Mary Institute for twenty-one years, beginning in 1949. He graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, and served for more than twenty years as head of the History Department at Groton School in Massachusetts. He became Mary Institute's first headmaster, the title, principal, being changed upon his assumption of office from Principal Grace Heron, who retired in 1949.

13. The editor of *From Mary to You* appended the following note to TSE's address: "'The Dry Salvages,' of which the first stanza is printed here, was read in its entirety by Mr. Eliot. The poem is one of *Four Quartets*, published by Harcourt, Brace, and Company."

Il grande statista. Una lettera di Eliot e la traduzione del titolo

Sipario, 14 (Dec 1959) 76

9 luglio 1959

Cara Signora Pasolini,[1]

La frase «elder statesman» mi sembra non abbia equivalente in nessun'altra lingua, e dubito che in America abbia lo stesso significato che ha in Inghilterra.

Il titolo della commedia avrebbe dovuto essere: «La cura di riposo» ma abbiamo scoperto che esiste una commedia a carattere leggero che ha lo stesso titolo ed è molto conosciuta dalle compagnie filodrammatiche. Questa è la ragione che ci ha persuaso a cercare un altro titolo.

Tra i titoli da lei proposti, quello che forse più si avvicina, è «Il ministro a riposo». Esiste nel titolo inglese una sfumatura ironica: il mio eroe infatti non si è mai distinto abbastanza da giustificare l'appellativo di «statesman» che evoca qualcosa di assai più dignitoso che non la parola «politician».

Forse il significato apparirà più chiaro se richiamo la sua attenzione alle parole della Signora Carghill nel dialogo del 2° Atto. Nel suo discorso alla pagina 56 in alto (edizione inglese), vi sono tre o quattro versi che sono la chiave del titolo.[2]

Quando avrò ricevuto la sua lettera, forse mi verrà in mente qualche altra idea. Ho pensato tuttavia che lei certamente avrebbe preferito ricevere al più presto una risposta al suo telegramma.

Con i migliori auguri cordialmente

T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT

9th July, 1959

Dear Signora Pasolini,[1]

The phrase "elder statesman" seems to have no equivalent in any other language, and I am not even sure that it conveys the same meaning to Americans that it does in England. The title of the play was to have been "The Rest Cure," but we discovered that there is in existence a light comedy

of that name popular with amateur companies, and therefore sought for another. The nearest of the titles you suggest is, I think, "Il Ministro a Riposo." There is in the English title an ironic intonation, since my hero had hardly distinguished himself to the degree necessary to justify the title of Statesman which is so much more dignified than "politician." Perhaps that meaning will be clear if I call your attention to the remark of Mrs. Cargill in her dialogue in the second act. In her speech at the top of page 56 of the English edition there are three or four lines which give the clue to the title.[2]

Possibly I may think of some other suggestion after receiving your letter, but I thought you might like me to answer your telegram as quickly as possible.

With all best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Desideria Pasolini dall'Onda (b. 1926), previously a translator of works by Virginia Woolf and Robert Louis Stevenson, translated TSE's *The Elder Statesman* as *Il grande statista* [The Great Statesman] for the first Italian production at San Miniato, a Tuscan town between Pisa and Florence, on 29 July 1959. A facsimile of TSE's typed letter in English on Faber letterhead, together with the Italian translation, appears as an introductory note (76), followed by the translation of the play (77-93). Pasolini was one of the founders in 1955 of Italia Nostra for the preservation of Italy's cultural and environmental heritage, later serving as its president (1998-2005).

2. Act 2: Mrs. Carghill to Lord Claverton:

> At bottom, I believe you're still the same silly Richard
> You always were. You wanted to pose
> As a man of the world. And now you're posing
> As what? I presume, as an elder statesman;
> And the difference between being an elder statesman
> And posing successfully as an elder statesman
> Is practically negligible. And you look the part.
> Whatever part you've played, I must say you've always looked it. (London: Faber, 1959, 56)

To the Editor of *Ukraine and the World*[1]

Ukraine and the World, 21 (1960) 8

Dear Mr. Kostetzky,
I thank you for your letter of the 20th December and for the periodical, *Ukraine and the World*, which you send with it. It seems to me highly commendable that exiles from their country should produce a magazine of this format and of such serious contents. I am naturally impressed by your devoting so much attention to the work of Ezra Pound's "Cantos," which is unquestionably the most remarkable contemporary poem in the English language; and I am only sorry that ignorance of your language must limit my praise to what I can see and what I can infer.

With all best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

PUBLISHED TRANSLATION[1]

З ДОРУЧЕННЯ РЕДАКЦІЇ НАШ СПІВРОБІТНИК І. КОСТЕЦЪКИЙ НАДІСЛАВ ПОПЕРЕДНЕ ЧИСЛО «УКРАЇНА І СВІТ» Т. С. ЕЛІОТОВІ, ВЕЛИКОМУ ХРИСТИЯНСЬКОМУ ПОЕТОВІ НАШОГО ЧАСУ. У ВІДПОВІДЬ НАДІЙШОВ ЛИСТ, РЕПРОДУКЦІЮ ЯКОГО МІСТИМО ТУТ І УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПЕРЕКЛАД ЯКОГО ЗВУЧИТЪ:[2]

«Дорогий Пане Костецький!

Дякую Вам за Вашого листа з 20. грудня і за журнал «Україна і Світ», який Ви мені надіслали. Мені видається високою мірою вартим уваги, щ люди, які полишили свою країну, спромагаються видавати часопис цього формату й такого поважного змісту. Звичайно, я зворушений тим, що Ви присвячуете так багато уваги творові Езри Павнда „Канто", який поза сумнівом являє собою наймаркантнішу сучасну поему англійською мовою; і я лише шкодую, що незнання Вашої мови змушуе мого похвалу обмежити на тому, що я спроможний бачити і про що можу робити заключення.

З усіма найкращими побажаннями,
Ваш щирий
Т. С. ЕЛІОТ»

NOTES

1. On 20 Dec 1959, the Ukrainian playwright, translator, and editor Eaghor G. Kostetzky (1913-83) sent TSE a copy of his translation of Ezra Pound's Canto XLV in an English / Russian printing in the journal, *Ukraïa i svit / Ukraine and the World*, published in Hannover since 1949: "The readers of *Ukraina and the World* would much appreciate some word addressed to them by you," he wrote: "thus I dare ask you for the amiability to write a short message . . . The editor Mr. [Illia] Sapiha and I (being his collaborator) should be most grateful to you." TSE's signed letter, the CC of which is dated 6 Jan 1960, was published in facsimile above a Ukrainian translation.

Kostetzky and others had translated TSE's *Selected Works* (Munich: Editions "On the Mountain," 1955), which TSE acknowledged receiving on 22 Mar 1956: "two copies of the authorised translation of some selections from my work into Ukrainian. I am very happy to know that this book has come out at last and I hope that when the copies are distributed the poems and translation will meet with the approval of the readers." In the appendix to a Ukrainian translation of *Murder in the Cathedral*, published in the same On the Mountain series (1963), Kostetzky published his translation of *The Waste Land*.

2. The Ukrainian translation is preceded by this editorial note: *Trans*: On behalf of the editorial board our colleague I. Kostetzky sent the previous issue of *Ukraine and the World* to T. S. Eliot, the great Christian poet of our time. In response, a letter arrived, the reproduction of which we include here and the Ukrainian translation which reads:

Foreword to *One-Way Song*, by Wyndham Lewis

London: Methuen, 1960. Pp. 132; Foreword, 7-10.[1]

One-Way Song was first published in 1933, and has been long out of print. The text here is identical with that of the 1933 edition.[2] The four poems and *envoi* appear to have been written at the same time: their unity of mood and of idiom is so manifest that we recognize them as constituting a single poem or poem-sequence.

The publishers' note on the jacket of the first edition is itself a good introduction. Composed in the style of editorial anonymity suitable to book-jackets, it yet bears signs which lead me to suspect (I was out of England at the time and had no hand in it) that the author supplied his publishers with material.[3] For this reason I transcribe it in full:

> This considerable poem of two thousand lines is in fact a series of four pieces. *The Song of the Militant Romance* is a lyrical statement of the Romantic attitude in art. There is no counterbalancing statement of the Classical attitude. But in the body of the long succeeding piece, *If So the Man You Are*, a number of Boileau-like verses (and again here and there in the *One-Way Song* itself) effect, without comment, the necessary contrast. In *If So the Man You Are* it is mainly in the portion given up to the apology and denunciation put into the mouth of 'The Enemy' (who comes on the stage to carry on for a while the argument) that these Boileau-like couplets are to be found.
>
> Throughout this chain of poems the expression is dramatic: that is to say it is invariably a person, or a variety of persons, speaking. From time to time the personality of the Bailiff of the *Childermass* thrusts its way into the forefront of the dramatis personae and tinctures strongly the character of the verse.
>
> On the whole *One-Way Song*, as this group of poems is named, would probably come under the head of 'satiric verse': and to give an idea of the general nature of the performance, it would be said that, making allowance for the difference in scale, and in the style of art, these verses proceed from the same impulse as that which produced *The Apes of God* or *The Wild Body*, and in part the *Childermass*. In manner, dramatization and technical intention, it belongs to that group of works.

This explanation anticipates a point which I wish to make more explicitly: that the poem cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of Wyndham Lewis's prose work. To those readers who take up this book with no acquaintance with Lewis's prose writings (and they are the readers to whom such a preface as this should primarily be addressed), I suggest reading next, *The Wild Body* for style and for powers of visual observation and description; the *Childermass*, for powers of visual imagination and fantastic invention; *Time and Western Man* for philosophical criticism; and *Paleface* or *The Writer and the Absolute* for polemical criticism of contemporary fiction. And the books I have just mentioned illustrate only a part of Lewis's activity as a writer. Mr. E. W. F. Tomlin, in his useful brief study[4]* of Lewis's work, discovers four main categories, but I should be inclined to find several more, putting the *Childermass* and *The Human Age* into a group apart, and the two finest of the novels, *The Revenge for Love* and *Self Condemned*, into another class by themselves.[5]

The question for the reader to ask who reads *One-Way Song* without any knowledge of Lewis's other writings, is not "Is this poetry?" The first question is simply: "Does this writing attract or repel me?"[6] After we have acquainted ourselves with a few of Lewis's principal prose books, we may return to *One-Way Song* and draw comparisons, finding perhaps some similarity to the work of the "snarling satirists" of the Elizabethan age – an age of writers of a vigour, opulence of diction and careless abundance which make them congenial to the genius of Lewis.[7]* If we then decide that *One-Way Song* is *verse* rather than *poetry*, we shall find that it belongs with that body of high-ranking verse which is more important than most minor poetry; and it would be only the very obtuse who could dismiss this verse as *doggerel*. You will have to admit that it has style; though it is to the prose writings that you must go if you are to discover in Lewis one of the permanent masters of style in the English language.

I have suggested that the question for the reader to ask is whether the style of *One-Way Song* attracts or repels us. From the very first page of any book of Lewis, no reader remains neutral: you are either attracted or repelled. Lewis is unto the "intellectuals" a stumbling-block, and unto the multitude foolishness.[8] The latter indeed are still hardly aware of his name. The more respectable of the former, being unable to stomach his work, treat Lewis for the most part to an uneasy silence; the less respectable vociferate the cry of "fascist!" – a term falsely applied to Lewis, but flung by the *massenmensch*[9] at some who, like Lewis, choose to walk alone. If you have read some of

Lewis's prose writing, and admired it, you will need no introduction to *One-Way Song*; if you read *One-Way Song*, and are attracted by Lewis's style, so different from that of any other living writer, then you have an introduction to the rest of his work.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. *One-Way Song* consists of four satiric poems and an envoi, published in 1933 by Faber & Faber and republished by Methuen on 25 Feb 1960, with a foreword by TSE. The four poems are "Engine-Flight Song," "The Song of the Militant Romance," "If So the Man You Are," and "One-Way Song."

2. The text is not identical to the 1933 edition. Eleven lines referring to Hitler and the swastika have been omitted from pages 53 and 63 (Jeffrey Meyers, *The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis* [Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980], 361, n.10).

3. Presumably, the description on the book jacket was not written in-house, but submitted by Lewis.

4*. TSE's note: "*Wyndham Lewis* by E. W. F. Tomlin [1913-88]. In the series 'Writers and their Work' published for the British Council by Longmans, Green & Co."

5. With the exception of a collection of essays entitled *Paleface: The Philosophy of the Melting Pot* (1929), all of the titles enumerated in this preface are discussed in TSE's note on *Monstre Gai* (8.29) and his two obituary essays for Lewis (8.164, 169).

6. In a review of the Methuen edition of *One-Way Song* in the *Spectator*, 204 (4 Mar 1960), John Wain quotes TSE's question and states: "This, of course, is sound sense. . . . Unfortunately, it puts me in a spot straight away, because I *am* repelled by it, as I am by all Lewis's writings, with their depressing air of great power squandered on bullying and bragging, their satiric verve wasted on trivial targets and their author's all-pervading, utterly wearisome inability to forget himself and his likes and dislikes for a moment" (328).

7*. TSE's note: "In *The Lion and the Fox* (a study of the role of the hero in the plays of Shakespeare) Lewis makes some very acute observations on the work of that great poet and dramatist George Chapman." See TSE's 1937 review of *The Lion and the Fox* (5.573).

8. 1 Corinthians 1:22-23: "For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness" (KJV).

9. *Massenmensch:* man of the common herd, the masses

Memorial Tribute for Adriano Olivetti[1]

Comunità, 14 (Mar/Apr 1960) 10-11

È raro che un uomo possa eccellere in direzioni e modi così diversi come quelli in cui ebbe a segnalarsi Adriano Olivetti.

Come industriale il Suo nome è conosciuto in tutto il mondo; ma soltanto pochi fuori del suo paese conobbero l'uomo che stava dietro quel nome, il sociologo cristiano, l'editore. Fu la Sua fede cristiana che Lo spinse a scrivere e a fondare una casa editrice per pubblicare opere di altri scrittori. Pertanto quando Egli propose di pubblicare una traduzione in italiano del mio libro «L'idea di una società cristiana», io sentii che mi era stato tributato un altissimo riconoscimento.[2] Egli aveva letto il mio libro e voleva farlo conoscere ai lettori italiani: non credo che ci siano mai stati altri motivi che questo ad ispirare la Sua attività di editore.

Ho incontrato Adriano Olivetti soltanto una volta, quando venne a farmi visita nel mio ufficio di Londra. Dopo che mi ebbe lasciato io dissi a me stesso: «È un uomo che mi piace e che desidero conoscere meglio». Ma non ci fu più l'occasione di approfondire la nostra reciproca conoscenza.

T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

It is rare that any man achieves distinction in ways so different as those in which Adriano Olivetti was distinguished. His name as an industrialist is known the world over; the man behind the name, the Christian sociologist, the publisher, is known to but few outside of his country. It was his Christian faith that impelled him to write, and to found a publishing house to produce the works of others. When, therefore, he offered to publish an Italian translation of my book *The Idea of a Christian Society*, I felt that I had been paid a very high compliment indeed.[2] He had read my book, he wanted to make it available to Italian readers: I do not believe that any other motives ever animated him as a publisher.

I met Adriano Olivetti only once, when he called to see me at my office in London. After he had left I said to myself "that is a man I like, and whom I wish to know better." But the opportunity to develop our acquaintance never came.

NOTES

1. Adriano Olivetti (1901-60) was an engineer, politician, and industrialist who worked with the anti-fascist underground during the war. As director of his firm, which produced Olivetti typewriters and computers, he was known as the avid founder of a utopian community movement (Movimento Comunità) in which he encouraged the sharing of productivity profits by increasing salaries and benefits for workers. In 1942, he founded a publishing house, Nuove Edizioni Ivrea, which became Edizioni di Comunità on the publication of the first issue of its wide-ranging cultural magazine *Comunità* in Mar 1946. TSE wrote to Giorgio Soavi of the Olivetti publicity office on 23 Mar 1960 that he "was indeed very sorry when I read in *The Times* of the death of Signor Olivetti and should be very glad if a few words from me could appear. You will realize that I cannot say much owing to the slightness of our acquaintance, but I should at least like to say, as I am saying below, that Adriano Olivetti was a man whose activities I admired and whom I should have liked to get to know much better."

2. *L'idea di una società cristiana* (Milan: Edizioni di Comunità, 1948), trans. Arrigo Linder and Luciano Foà. In 1959, Olivetti published a private edition of *The Cultivation of Christmas Trees* [*La coltura degli alberi di Natale*, trans. Roberto Sanesi] for distribution at Christmas and New Year, 1959-60. TSE's copies of both, the former inscribed, are in the Valerie Eliot Bequest, Magdalene College Library, Cambridge.

The Influence of Landscape upon the Poet[1]

Dædalus: Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 89
(Spring 1960) [420]-422[2]

When I was informed of the time placed at my disposal for what I might have to say on this occasion, I was seized with apprehension. I most heartily wished to signify my appreciation of the honour which has been accorded to me by the Academy.[3] Any allocution to that end should, I considered, be something quite new, fresh – even if not epoch-making. In any case, I do not keep a drawerful of unpublished lectures and sermons for repeated use, and when I have undertaken to deliver an address for the second time I have usually found it a painful experience: for I am sure to come across some passages of which I have forgotten the meaning, and others where I have come to disagree with my own opinions. I wished to write something quite new, and if possible worthy of the occasion; but I knew that between the time of the invitation, and my departure from England, I simply should not have the leisure.[4†] I was reminded of the time, many years ago, when I did deliver, in this country, the same lectures repeatedly in various universities: it was a way of getting about and seeing America and earning the money to do so. There was one occasion on which I had to prepare a new lecture at short notice, and a lecture which I never delivered again anywhere. I had undertaken to speak at a certain university – I prefer to forget where – and two days beforehand encountered a friend who said that he looked forward to hearing me on the subject of the great English letter writers.[5] Startled, I returned to my rooms and looked up the correspondence: sure enough, the invitation was to deliver a lecture on a foundation dedicated to Great English Letter Writers. So I prepared a lecture of the right length, with some references to Letter Writers in it, the letters of Keats and D. H. Lawrence being fresh in my memory: I managed to take up a good deal of time, I remember, by expatiating on the subject of my own ignorance in general, with particular reference to my ignorance of English Letter Writers. Whether the address was a success or not I do not know.

You may suspect from this anecdote that what I am saying now is merely an elaborate way of saying that I have nothing to say. Not so. I shall only talk briefly, it is true, and after that I propose to read to you one of

my "Quartets," but there is a relation between what I have to say and the poem I shall read. For my subject is simply *The Influence of Landscape upon the Poet*. The association of ideas by which I came to the subject is somewhat as follows. This is the Emerson-Thoreau Award: it brings to mind Concord in particular and New England in general. Then I reflected that my honoured predecessor, the *doyen* of American poets to-day, was Robert Frost, distinctly in the mind of everyone a New England poet. I then asked myself whether I had any title to be a New England poet – as is my elder contemporary Robert Frost, and as is my junior contemporary, Robert Lowell: and I think I have. Of course I know that the Academy is the American Academy; and just as the French Academy is not the Paris Academy, but draws its immortals from every region of France, so likewise the American Academy draws upon all the – I was about to say forty-eight but realise that I must now say fifty states: and let me extend my best wishes to Alaska for future representation here as well as in Washington.[6] Nevertheless, this seems the occasion for me to stake my claim to a New England status. I am used to dealing with the question of whether I am, qua poet, American or English; and usually can escape by pointing out that whichever Wystan Auden is, I am the other: though seriously my poetry, like that of other poets, shows traces of every environment in which I have lived.

Now, when I speak of the influence of landscape, I am not thinking of Nature Poetry. Robert Frost is not definable as a Poet of Nature; his scope is much wider than that, and he is a poet of human nature as well as of flora, fauna, and landscape: but he is certainly a poet who has been deeply affected by the New England landscape. It is true that I am from Missouri, and that my father before me was born in St. Louis. But Robert Frost was born in San Francisco, which is a good deal farther away from New England than is St. Louis. He came East, according to that useful compendium, *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, at the age of ten. Well, I came East too, at the age of seventeen, to a school not remote from Brookline; and as far back as I can remember and before, my family had spent every summer on the New England coast. So my personal landscape is a composite. In St. Louis, my grandmother – as was very natural – wanted to live on in the house that my grandfather had built; my father, from filial piety, did not wish to leave the house that he had built only a few steps away; and so it came to be that we lived on in a neighbourhood which had become shabby to a degree approaching slumminess, after all our friends and acquaintances had moved further west.[7] And in my childhood, before the days of motor

cars, people who lived in town stayed in town. So it was, that for nine months of the year my scenery was almost exclusively urban, and a good deal of it seedily, drably urban at that. My urban imagery was that of St. Louis, upon which that of Paris and London have been superimposed. It was also, however, the Mississippi, as it passes between St. Louis and East St. Louis in Illinois: the Mississippi was the most powerful feature of Nature in that environment. My country landscape, on the other hand, is that of New England, of coastal New England, and New England from June to October. In St. Louis I never tasted an oyster or a lobster – we were too far from the sea. In Massachusetts, the small boy who was a devoted bird watcher never saw his birds of the season when they were making their nests.

I am not maintaining that early impressions are the only ones that count. Far from it: later impressions come to cover them, and to fuse, in some sort, with them. English landscape has come to be as significant for me, and as emotionally charged, as New England landscape. I do believe, however, that the impressions made by English landscape upon myself are different from those made upon poets for whom it has been the environment of their childhood.

What I have been saying was, in its first intention, merely an elaboration of the simple "Thank you." But I hope that my words will shed some light upon the poem I am about to read; and also substantiate, to some degree, my claim to being, among other things, a New England poet. You will notice, however, that this poem begins where I began, with the Mississippi; and that it ends, where I and my wife expect to end, at the parish church of a tiny village in Somerset.[8]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. On 21 Oct 1959, TSE was the honored guest of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in the House of the Academy, Brookline, Massachusetts, to receive the 1959 Emerson-Thoreau Medal "in recognition of supreme distinction in the broad field of literature." Inaugurated in 1958, the first recipient of the annual award was the poet Robert Frost. In a ceremonial presentation, TSE was introduced by Harvard English professor Walter Jackson Bate; the medal was then presented by the president of the American Academy, Dr. Kirtley F. Mather. After accepting the award, TSE delivered these remarks on the landscape of his youth in America and concluded with a reading of *The Dry Salvages* for the audience of more than 300 fellows and their guests.

2. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, founded in 1780 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is one of the oldest learned societies in the United States. Two of the founders, John Adams and Samuel Adams, were part of TSE's family tree. A few months before his trip to Boston, in

correspondence with his kinsman Graeme Cranch, TSE wrote, "My grandmother's mother was the sister of Mrs. John Adams, and there is a volume published in America of rather interesting letters written by Abigail Adams to her sister Mary." The academy's early membership included George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton. In 1955, the academy established *Dædalus* as its official journal; in 1958, it began publication as a quarterly.

3. When President Mather wrote to TSE on 4 Sept to summarize the award ceremony and the sequence of events for the evening, he informed him that there would be "approximately an hour available for your part of the program." In his reply on 10 Sept, TSE was greatly "alarmed" by that expectation: "Had I knowledge of the fact that such a considerable performance was expected from the recipient of the medal I should have been obliged in all honesty to confess that between my notification of the honour and the actual occasion of its bestowal I simply could not find the time to prepare such an allocution. I shall try to acknowledge the honour fittingly but do not think I can occupy more than a quarter of an hour in speech. After that I will gladly read one of my Quartets, which takes about twenty minutes, and I hope that the assembly will not consider that my brevity is a token of ingratitude. I shall endeavor, however, to compose my informal remarks with enough care to justify their being embalmed in the records of the Academy."

4†. In his penultimate draft, TSE deleted the following sentence: "I had recently been reading 'Martin Chuzzlewit' aloud to my wife, and so was reminded of the occasion on which Martin was invited, at a few hours notice, to address the Watertoast Association on the subject of the Tower of London, or any other subject of his own choosing."

5. TSE is referring to his American lectures in 1932 and 1933 when he was in America as the Charles Eliot Norton Lecturer at Harvard (4.571). The lecture, which he had to prepare "at short notice," was "English Poets as Letter Writers," the Lamont Memorial Lecture at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, on "English Poets as Letter Writers," delivered on 23 Feb 1933. On 5 Mar, he described the situation to Virginia Woolf, "I have given a lecture at Yale University on English Letter Writers. I only found out that I had to lecture on English Letter Writers 5 days before the lecture – that was trying" (*L6* 555). For the unpublished lecture, see 4.846; 848, n.1.

6. In 1959, the United States recognized its first geographically noncontiguous states, Alaska (3 Jan) and Hawaii (21 Aug).

7. TSE was born at his father's home at 2635 Locust Street near the Mississippi River in St. Louis; he lived there during the nine months of each school year until he graduated from Smith Academy in June 1905. On 19 Sept 1905, one week before his seventeenth birthday, he began a year's work at Milton Academy in Milton, Massachusetts. In Oct 1906, he entered Harvard, located in Cambridge, across the Charles River from Brookline, the site of TSE's speech (n.1). From 1904 through 1913, TSE spent his summers at the family's vacation home on the New England coast at East Gloucester, Massachusetts. During the Harvard years, he enjoyed many hours of sailing in the North Atlantic with friends, often in dangerous fog, off the Dry Salvages (*L1* 828).

8. The remains of TSE and his wife, Valerie, are in St. Michael and All Angels' Church, an Anglican parish church in the village of East Coker, Somerset, memorialized in *Four Quartets*. Following these remarks, TSE read *The Dry Salvages*, which begins with a tribute to the Mississippi as a "strong brown god" and ends with an allusion to his return to the soil of East Coker: "We, content at the last / If our temporal reversion nourish / (Not too far from the yew-tree) / The life of significant soil."

Speech at the Royal Academy of Arts dinner

On 15 Mar 1960 the president of the Royal Academy of Arts, the sculptor Sir Charles Wheeler (1892-1974), invited TSE to "speak for the guests" in returning the president's toast at the Academy dinner on 27 Apr. "I am, of course, highly honoured by the suggestion that I should speak for the guests," TSE replied on 23 Mar. "I am a nervous and diffident speaker and I quail before the prospect. Furthermore, although I have had the pleasure of attending a number of Royal Academy banquets in the past, I have not the slightest recollection of what any distinguished guest speaker has said in the past in replying for the guests. . . . Perhaps at the risk of being tiresome and delaying your arrangements, I might beg you to give me little more suggestion as to the kind of speech that is most acceptable." After Sir Charles sent copies of the two previous speeches and a recording of all speeches at the 1957 dinner, TSE replied on 29 Mar: "I feel encouraged and am now prepared to accept your kind invitation." The names and titles of the guests were reported in the *Times* of 28 Apr (16). As TSE described the occasion to J. D. Aylward on 20 May, "I was put next to Winston Churchill, who asked me what my age was and then informed me that he was 87 – adding, I think, a year more to his age than he is officially given. He went on to say that until he was 80 he felt as able as ever but that since reaching the age of 80 he had felt a decline set in." (Churchill was 85 at the time). TSE's unpublished speech was broadcast and afterwards preserved in the Academy's transcripts of annual dinner speeches (RAA/SEC/25/5/11).

Mr. President, Home Secretary, Your Eminence, Your Excellencies, Your Graces, My Lords and Gentlemen:

To be invited by the President to reply to the Toast of "The Guests" at a Royal Academy dinner, is as high a peak, in the way of after-dinner oratory, as a private citizen like myself can aspire to. Indeed, so dizzy a height does it seem to me, that I cannot imagine the most intrepid climber "aspiring" to reach it. Yet, as a challenge, it is one which would be cowardly to shirk; as a compliment, it is irresistible. I have attended Royal Academy dinners in the past, and have listened respectfully to the speeches of better speakers than I. I have listened to the words of other men responding for The Guests, with attention and admiration; yet I found that not a single phrase remained in my memory to guide me, and I was obliged to engage the President in some correspondence in order to reassure myself about what I intended to say and how I was to say it. This failure to remember the speeches of my predecessors replying for The Guests, I attribute to the euphoria which has always settled on me here, at the end of a very good dinner terminated in a haze of

spirituous vapour and cigar smoke. I trust that the same euphoria has seized the audience which I am addressing. It is not, however, your judgment that I fear, so much as that of the more severe unseen audience – the audience of these who sit at home, critical, impassive, unmoved, unwarmed by the good cheer we have enjoyed, in front of their wireless sets. Thank Heaven, however, I am spared the worst: this occasion is not being televised. Only once in my life have I subjected myself to television: that is to say, only once have I knowingly and deliberately faced that merciless lens. Fortunately, it was not live television, but was being filmed for use several days later.[1] So that when I had, as I thought, come to a triumphant conclusion, the producer could ask me to recite my last paragraph all over again; for, said he, the expression of relief on your face as you reached your last sentence was all too evident.

Well, if there is an expression of relief on my face as I draw to a close tonight, I am sure that you will not grudge it me. I shall not attempt to talk about the plastic arts, for I have no reputation whatever as an art critic, though I once, when young, wrote an essay about Pollaiuolo which was commended by my teacher.[2] It did occur to me, however, that it would be interesting to mention three general rules suggested to me by my experience of the art of poetry, and leave it to you to judge whether they are to any degree applicable also to the arts of painting and sculpture. And when I say "my experience" I mean not only my own practice of verse, but many years of reading manuscripts of younger poets with the aim of detecting, encouraging, and finally publishing work of original talent.

In the first place, I hold that a young poet, before taking liberties with versification, should aim at some proficiency in more formal and traditional kinds of verse. Let him try his hand at blank verse, the rhyming couplet, the sonnet and the villanelle. Let him find out in this way how difficult they are, and find out whether what he has to say can be said in one of the stricter forms or not. In so doing, the young poet may acquire some insight into the work of dead masters. And, in discovering that a traditional form does not fit what he has to say, he may learn also why it does not suit; and if he really has something to say, this may help him to find the way in which he can say it. To put it briefly, learn the rules before you start breaking them.

My second piece of advice is this: never aim at novelty. Novelty of form or idiom is not something that we should seek; it is something that should force itself upon us. It should force itself upon the poet simply because he has something to say which cannot be said in any other way – though of

course no poet knows exactly what he has to say until he has said it.[3] The startlingly new may come with a maximal or a minimal departure from an accepted convention of poetic speech: in either case it must appear inevitable. So that the reader will understand that the poet has said something new and said it in the only way in which it could be said. The author who deliberately aims at originality of language, is very often attempting to conceal, behind the eccentricity of his diction, the conventionality, the commonplaceness of his vision.

My third general piece of advice to the young poet is this: never attempt to do something that has been done, in your own language, as well as it can be done. In so doing, you are not only adopting a form, but mimicking the content. No imitation of Alexander Pope's couplets, or of Byron's *ottava rima*, can be more than a clever pastiche: for either the author had nothing original to say, or had something to say which he has not succeeded in saying – because it has not altered the form to the degree necessary for his individual communication. The path of poetry through the ages is strewn with wreckage of attempts to emulate great masters by imitating them. When we are young, it is right that we should be carried away for a time by the work of some poet of another age or another language; but if the young writer has the real gift of nature, this enthusiasm will lead him away from imitation and make him more aware of what he has to say and the way in which he can say it. There is all the difference in the world between imitation and influence. Imitation is servitude; influence can mean liberation.

It may seem that I have indicated a very difficult road for the poet to follow, a road from which any deviation can lead to disaster. He must practise the accepted forms of verse, if he is to escape from them. He must avoid imitation, but not strive for originality. He must have something to say which will impose the proper way of saying it; but what he has to say cannot be abstracted from his way of saying it. It is this "something to say" which justifies the poem, giving it a "something to say" which may, in great poetry, touch the depths of human ecstasy or anguish. In other words, pure poetry – *la poésie pure* – is a goal which, if reached, would annihilate poetry.[4]

I have one more point to make, quite unrelated to anything I have been saying. It links together the fate of literature and that of the visual arts. Indeed, I believe I am speaking of something which portends a cultural crisis involving us all. As a lifelong member of the London Library I am in a position to know its value to men of letters; as its President I am deeply concerned with the struggle to keep it in existence despite the crippling

imposition of rates since 1956. But the London Library is not the only institution whose activities have been threatened. I know of two great provincial libraries. And there are other institutions affected, besides libraries, serving society in other ways. I was shocked to learn that the Royal Academy is also a sufferer.[5] We have the report of the Pritchard Commission.[6] Let us hope that such national institutions may be relieved of this crushing burden, and be allowed to perform their proper functions without impediment or distress. It is with this imperative issue in mind that I respond to the Toast of The Guests, and give thanks to our hosts on our behalf; and that I propose in turn the Toast of the Royal Academy, coupled with the name of its President, Sir Charles Wheeler.

NOTES

1. On 3 Oct 1955, in anticipation of a memorial exhibition for E. McKnight Kauffer at the Victoria and Albert Museum, TSE appeared on the BBC television program *Panorama* (8.475). He was booked to open the exhibition on 6 Oct, but as he was to recall a year later , was prevented by illness. "As advance publicity for that exhibition I made my one and only appearance on television; but when the time for the exhibition arrived I found myself in a clinic, and was obliged to tape-record my opening speech for delivery, so to speak, in absentia" (8.101).

2. During the 1909-10 academic year at Harvard TSE enrolled in Fine Arts 20b, taught by Edward W. Forbes (1873-1969), art historian and director of Harvard's Fogg Museum. The course focused on Florentine painters, including Antonio del Pollaiuolo (ca. 1432-98) and his brother Piero del Pollaiuolo (ca. 1443-96), both of whom are represented in the Fogg. TSE's paper has not survived, but it may well have discussed the brothers' *The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian* (1475), as suggested by TSE's continuing study of paintings of St. Sebastian and his letter to Conrad Aiken of 25 July 1914, in which he included a new poem, "The Love Song of Saint Sebastian" (*Poems1* 265-66): "Does it all seem very labored and conscious? The S. Sebastian title I feel almost sure of; I have studied S. Sebastians – why should anyone paint a beautiful youth and stick him full of pins (or arrows) unless he felt a little as the hero of my verse?" (*L1* 48-51).

3. As TSE said in his 1933 lectures at Harvard, "material has obviously been incubating within the poet, . . . though we do not know until the shell breaks what kind of egg we have been sitting on" (4.685-86).

4. In 1935, TSE referred to three movements in the creative imagination: "you have to give yourself up and then recover yourself, and the third movement is having something to say" (*L7* 617-18). He reiterates his position on having "something to say" in his writings on Valéry and the symbolists, calling "*la poèsie pure* . . . a goal which poetry can never reach, because to reach it would mean to put an end to poetry altogether" (7.156).

5. TSE wrote in a postscript to his letter to Sir Charles of 29 Mar: "I very much like your suggestion that I should refer to the situation which faces the Royal Academy as well as the London Library, and to the iniquity of the rating system. This is something about which I feel very strongly, but I will try to speak with moderation but firmness." See TSE's "Address before the Lands Tribunal: London Library Rating Appeal" (8.275).

6. Under the heading "Half-Rates Assessment Plan for Charities," the *Times* of 3 Sept 1959 reported the main recommendations made in the *Report of the Committee on the Rating of Charities and Kindred Bodies*, published the day before under the chairmanship of Sir Fred Pritchard. Of interest to TSE was the committee's recommendation that scientific, literary, and fine art societies could have at least half of their rates remitted, as determined by local authorities (6).

Memorial Tribute for May Lamberton Becker

In 1941 Beatrice Warde and her mother, the American journalist and literary critic May Lamberton Becker, founded Books Across the Sea (BAS) to provide for book exchange between the U.S. and U.K. during the war. In May 1943 TSE was invited to become president of the organization by Arthur Goodhart (1891-1978), the American professor of jurisprudence at Oxford who was associated with Mrs. Becker and the BAS as head of the Americans-in-Britain Outpost in aid of American allies. In his presidential address of Feb 1946, TSE announced, in the presence of Mrs. Becker and Eleanor Roosevelt, that the 2,400 books received from America had found a permanent home in the South Audley Street Public Library, City of Westminster (6.790). In his presidential address of Mar 1948 (7.119), TSE announced the merger of BAS with the English-Speaking Union (ESU) and continued working with Warde and Becker until Feb 1953, when they were co-signatories on a BAS appeal (7.875). On Mrs. Becker's death, a full obituary appeared in the *Times* of 29 Apr 1958 (12), from which TSE read on 24 May 1960 at the opening of The May Lamberton Becker Reading Room of the National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. This partially outlined draft is the only surviving typescript of TSE's tribute.

How my acquaintance with May Lamberton Becker began.

> Arthur Goodhart, President of "American Outpost." Books Across the Sea in wartime. What was Books Across the Sea? Quote from *Times* obituary. Books written on one side of the Atlantic did not often get published on the other. It did a noble job. I handed over to the Mayor of Westminster, to be housed in South Audley Street, in 1946.

Thus I came to be associated with the ladies who did all the work of Books Across the Sea, Mrs. Warde and Miss Barbara Bonner[1] in particular.

Mrs. Becker was in England when war broke out. It is fortunate for Books Across the Sea that she returned to New York. Without Mrs. Becker in New York, and her daughter Mrs. Warde in London, Books Across the Sea could hardly have flourished, and indeed would never have been founded.[2] Two dynamic women.

This work alone would be enough to merit this tardy recognition of her help to England, and belief in England, at a time when we needed friends in New York. But this was only one of her many activities. She began as a "cub" reporter at the age of 18; and all her life was in the midst of literary journalism. She had been dramatic, music, and sometimes even art critic.

She had been an editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and later the *Herald Tribune*: her "Reader's Guide," week by week, in these two papers in succession, gave help to many. She took a special interest in books for children.

Finally, my own meetings with Mrs. Becker: I went over to New York, my first visit after the war, in the spring of 1946. It was difficult to get there at that time, and equally difficult to get back. I visited the New York centre of Books Across the Sea and met our opposite numbers there. I met Mrs. Becker, and was entertained by her. She was not only a charming hostess: I met in her a woman of immense energy and wide interests. I suppose she knew nearly everyone in the world of literature and literary journalism, but she obviously had very much wider connections than that. For it was chiefly owning to her intervention – I don't know how she did it – that I got my passage back on the right ship at the right time. I have personal memories of gratitude towards her, as well as being in a position to know of the debt of gratitude which we owe her collectively.

And for these reasons I am very happy to declare open, the May Lamberton Becker wing of the National Book League Library.

NOTES

1. Barbara Bonner was the honorary secretary of the BAS in London. TSE remembered her "coping with day to day business in B.A.S. while fly-bombs were flying over our heads" (7.746).

2. Beatrice Warde was determined that TSE, who was a vice president of the National Book League, should conduct the opening of the reading room named in her mother's honor there, and she postponed the event several times due to TSE's illnesses and travels. On 23 Mar 1960, after returning from Morocco, he wrote to her, presuming "that by this time you will have given up any hope of getting me to open the May Lamberton Becker room" and expressing his "regret at losing the opportunity to express in public the affectionate regard in which I hold your mother." When she responded with further latitude on 6 Apr, TSE fixed the date of 24 May.

Religion in America

This is the unpublished text of an address to the All Souls Club given on 1 June 1960 at the Athenaeum in central London. In 1955, TSE had addressed the Club, a small dining group consisting of fourteen representatives from various religious denominations, with his talk "Billy Graham versus M.R.A." (8.104). In anticipation of the 1960 address, TSE on 29 Apr wrote to Norman Carter, "my topic will be 'Religion in America' and will be concerned with considerations arising out of Will Herberg's *Protestant – Catholic – Jew*, a book which may be unknown to most of our members. I hope the subject may be provocative."

TSE would have known Herberg as a contributor to *The Modern Age*, edited by his friend Russell Kirk. On Christmas Day 1955, soon after Herberg's book appeared, TSE wrote to a Jewish friend in America, Horace Kallen, "I have recently heard of a book that I believe I should like, called 'Catholics, Protestants and Jews' . . . by a man named Herberg . . . which I mean to get. Do you know anything about it?" In having the book sent to TSE, Kallen opined critically that Herberg had "transposed certain views that he drew from my [*Secularism is the Will of God*], . . . I find his revelation genuine . . . but not evocative of assent . . . among Judaists." TSE replied on 28 Feb 1956: "I shall like the book, I imagine, better than you possibly could, and I trust that the documentation is good, as the facts are sufficiently striking. . . . His point of view is to me very sympathetic."

I want to begin by setting the background which will explain my choice of the subject for this evening. First: anyone who has had occasion to consult the American "Who's Who" will have been struck by the fact that Americans usually indicate their religious membership, of whichever Christian "denomination" they are a member – at least as regularly as Britons mention their "recreations." Herberg's book has thrown light, for me, on this peculiarity.[1] My second point is autobiographical. I was brought up in the orthodoxy of Boston Unitarianism: I use the word "orthodoxy," because the tendency of American Unitarianism in our day has been to wander further and further from that attachment to the memory of Jesus Christ which gave it its tenuous claim to being a Christian sect.[2] Sociologically, American Unitarianism differed in some respects from English Unitarianism, and I suspect that it came into existence with a rather different history. However, I must stick to my point. My grandfather was a Unitarian minister with a missionary spirit; in 1837 he went out to St. Louis to start the first Unitarian church west of the Mississippi.[3] My father was brought up in the atmosphere of Unitarian

piety and strict Puritanism, and was a zealous upholder of the church which his father had founded – not merely a regular Sunday attendant as a pew-holder, but a very generous contributor to its funds. Sundays had both obligations and prohibitions for members of his family. But in the summer months the obligations were relaxed, and some of the prohibitions, indeed, slightly relaxed too. As is usual in American society, we had a house – what Americans call a "cottage" – at the seaside, in Massachusetts, to which we moved for the three summer months. In the fishing port a few miles away, of easy access, there was a Unitarian church: but I do not remember my parents ever attending Sunday service there. Even if they did once or twice, the fact remains that the summer holiday was for my family a holiday from church-going as well as from other serious occupations. This difference came to strike me as remarkable as I approached the age of serious reflection. Religion was associated with one particular church edifice, and this particular church edifice was particularly associated with my grandfather (none of his successors in the pulpit received the full approval of my parents): divine worship and piety towards my grandfather had somehow become fused together in behaviour.

This brings me to Will Herberg. In the last few years a number of books have appeared, written by American sociologists in a more readable language than the official American sociologists' jargon – recent examples are "White Collar Worker," "The Power Elite" and "The Status Seekers" – all highly critical of American society of the present time.[4] To me, Herberg's *Protestant – Catholic – Jew*, which was published in 1955, is one of the most illuminating. Mr. Herberg is a Jew and a Professor; I have been told that, after having been a secularist and a near-communist, he was re-converted and joined the synagogue.[5] He writes, certainly, as a practicing Jew, but with no bias in his examination of the present state of Judaism and the Christian "denominations." I will try to give a brief outline of his conclusions.

No one who has ever attended a church of any of the bigger and more flourishing denominations can fail to be struck by the air of prosperity. The church is full of prosperous looking people, there is a posse of active smiling side men to greet you, hand you a leaflet giving the service of the day and the musical numbers, and guide you to a pew. If the parson or minister is at the door, at the end, he will probably note a new face, grasp your hand, and hope to see you again. There is a warm feeling of hospitality. Now Mr. Herberg tells us that "by and large, to be an American today means to be either a Protestant, a Catholic, or a Jew, because all other forms of

self-identification and social location are either (like regional background) peripheral and obsolescent, or else (like ethnic diversity) subsumed under the broader head of religious community. Not to be a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jew to-day is, for increasing numbers of American people, not to be anything, not to have a name."[6] Church membership has increased amazingly: he gives the figures of the rise from 1926 to 1950: Protestant increase 63.7%, Catholic 53.9%, Jews 22.5%. Among Protestant denominations, the Baptists achieved an increase of 100%, Episcopalians 36.7%, Congregationalists only 21.1%. Total church membership in 1953 was recorded as 94,842,000. But he adds "it is not easy to understand just what these figures reveal beyond a steady increase."[7] And he thinks that only about 5% of the American people consider themselves outside of the religious fold altogether. A Roman Catholic may still meet with insuperable opposition for the Presidency, but a professed "unbeliever," Mr. Herberg says, would be anathema to both of the big parties.[8] Furthermore, religion has increased intellectual prestige: the names of Kierkegaard, Maritain, Niebuhr, Buber, Tillich, Berdyaev, Simone Weil are in good standing with the intellectual elite.[9]

According to one "trustworthy source" which Mr. Herberg does not name, the majority of these Americans are concerned with life in this world and not at all with life hereafter. 91% in this poll, felt they could honestly say they were trying to lead a good life, 78% felt no hesitation in saying that they more than half measured up to their own standards of goodness, and over 50% asserted that they were in fact following the rule of loving one's neighbour "all the way." "This amazingly high valuation that most Americans appear to place on their own virtue would seem to offer a better insight into the basic religion of the American people than any figures as to their formal beliefs can provide," adds Mr. Herberg.[10]

A considerable part of Mr. Herberg's book is concerned with his theory of how the present social-religious situation came about in America – largely in the "Third Generation," the grandchildren of the immigrants, who have lost all continuity with the culture to which their grandparents belonged in Europe, who have become wholly Americanised, and to whom the one valid tradition left is that of the dominant religious tradition of the old country: thus, the Irish, in becoming American, become more fiercely Catholic, the Scandinavians become more stoutly Lutheran, and so forth. This is interesting, and extremely plausible, but is not my concern this evening. I am concerned here with the present situation, and with Herberg's

conclusion that "the secularism that permeates the American consciousness is to be found within the churches themselves and is expressed through men and women who are sincerely devoted to religion. The witness to authentic Jewish-Christian faith may well prove much more difficult under these conditions than when faith has to contend with overt and avowed unbelief."[11]

He tells us that the question "would you say that your religious beliefs have any effect on your ideas of politics and business?" has been answered in the negative by a majority of these asked, all of whom had testified that religion was very important to them.[12] And he suggests that, although their religious professions are perfectly sincere, and their religious practice really important to them, for the great majority of Americans there is an underlying religion by which they live and gauge their conduct, and that this religion is *the American Way of Life*, something into which historic Catholicism, Protestantism and Judaism have become integrated. It is religion, rather than any particular religion, faith in faith, rather than faith in God, that the American Way of Life commends. He quotes President Eisenhower: "Our government makes no sense unless it is founded in a deeply felt religious faith – and I don't care what it is."[13] He quotes another writer who comments we worship, "not God, but 'religion'. . . . The faith is not in God but in faith; we worship, not God, but our own worshiping."[14] Even a Roman Catholic Archbishop is quoted as saying "An honest ballot and social decorum will do more for God's glory and the salvation of souls than midnight flagellations or Compostellian pilgrimages."[15] President Eisenhower again, in 1955, said: "Recognition of the Supreme Being is the first, the most basic, expression of Americanism. Without God, there could be no American form of government, nor an American way of life."[16] And the Republican National Committee, in the same year, adopted a resolution in which it is declared: "President Eisenhower, in every sense of the word, is not only the political leader, but the spiritual leader of our times."[17]

Mr. Herberg, as appears still more impressively in his earlier volume *Judaism and Modern Man*, is a profoundly religious man.[18] His religion is centred in membership of the Church, of the Church in corporate worship of God. If there is any limitation to his conception of the religious life of the believer, it is perhaps his too sweeping dismissal of mysticism and his apparent lack of insistence on private devotions and study. But the point of view from which he judges American Christianity and Judaism is one which we should all approve.

Now, the question for us, is whether there is any cautionary lesson to be drawn from the American situation as Herberg describes it. The situation is not, and can never be the same in Britain or in any European country as in America, for in America there are predisposing causes, arising from the facts of successive waves of migration of different races with different churches – or with different traditions and attitudes within the Roman Catholic church – as Herberg takes great pains to point out. The book is of value in several ways, for instance it helps to explain the sanctimoniousness which seems to go with the American Way of Life – that exclusive claim to a "moral Sense" which Dickens noted and set down in *Martin Chuzzlewit* a hundred years ago.[19] But has it any bearing on religion on this side of the water?

The activities of the churches in America seem to me on the whole to be good in themselves, even though organised to an amazing degree of efficiency. It is the defect of worship, the lack of God-centredness, that is alarming. But this-worldliness, what Mr. Herberg calls "secularism," is a permanent danger of the human condition – is there not more than a touch of it in "moral re-armament"?[20] In a fully religious society there is certainly room for all the social activities that the American churches practise; the centre is surely the corporate worship of God; and on the other side, there is the private prayer, meditation and reading, there are the devotions of the individual, and also the devotions of the family. And there are the differences of endowment of individual gifts and temperaments to be taken into account. But it does seem to me that Mr. Herberg has given a needful warning, that the religion we profess and the religion we live by may not be the same; and that "secularism" may be most dangerous when it is found in men and women who sincerely believe themselves to be religious. It cannot be only in America that the image of God can be made to serve human ends, or that the peace that passeth understanding can be equated to a "tranquilliser."[21]

NOTES

1. Will (William) Herberg's *Protestant – Catholic – Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology* (New York: Doubleday, 1955) is a classic in twentieth-century social and religious thought. Herberg (1901-77) explores the "peculiarity" that, in construing their identity, most Americans take as a starting point their affiliation with one of the three great religious traditions that can be traced to the period of America's founding. On 19 May 1960, TSE wrote to Robert Giroux that he had "been reading with great interest lately two books by Will Herberg, one of which is . . . *Judaism and Modern Man*. . . . I would like to write to him personally and tell him

how much I have profited by this book and another book, *Protestant – Catholic – Jew*." On 26 May 1960, TSE contacted Herberg, then a professor at Drew University, to say "how deeply I have been impressed both by [*Judaism and Modern Man*] and previously by your later book, *Protestant – Catholic – Jew*. These both seem to me outstanding works in the overlapping fields of sociology and theology. I am actually talking about them next week to a small dining club of representatives of different sects, of which I am a member." TSE recommended both books in a note to the 1962 revision of *NTDC* (7.284, n.45).

2. Nineteenth-century American Unitarians, including TSE's grandfather William Greenleaf Eliot, were more attached to "the memory of Jesus Christ" than were the Unitarians of the mid-twentieth century. TSE's grandfather's position, inscribed on his tomb, was "Looking unto Jesus."

3. William Greenleaf Eliot graduated from Harvard Divinity School and was ordained in 1834. In Nov 1834, he arrived in St. Louis, and on 26 Jan 1835 (not 1837), he founded the First Congregational Society of St. Louis (Unitarian).

4. *White Collar: The American Middle Classes* (1951) and *The Power Elite* (1956), both by C. Wright Mills, are basic texts in the social sciences. Mills explores the organization of class power in the United States, with emphasis on business, government, and the military. *The Status Seekers* (1959), by Vance Packard, is a critique of the drift toward materialism and pomp as indicators of status in America.

5. Herberg was born into a Jewish family in Belarus, Russia. In 1904, his family emigrated to the United States, where he was educated. His early years were spent as an activist and writer for the Young Workers League and the Communist Workers Party. In the 1940s, he rejected Marxism, returned to his Jewish roots, and emerged as a major voice in American conservatism, writing for Russell Kirk's *Modern Age* and William F. Buckley's *National Review*. In a 1956 letter to TSE, Horace Kallen describes Herberg as "of the company who experienced communism as a god that failed, and who has reverted to a Judaistic orthodoxy given . . . unorthodox form by infusion of Niebuhrism, Buberism, and Romanist existentialism."

6. Herberg, *Protestant – Catholic – Jew*, 53

7. Herberg, 60-61

8. Herberg, 65

9. Herberg introduces this catalog of 19th- and 20th-century theologians and philosophers – Søren Kierkegaard, Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Niebuhr, Martin Buber, Paul Tillich, Nicholas Berdyaev, and Simone Weil – as illustrative of "the remarkable vogue in intellectual circles of the more sophisticated religious and theological writing of our time. . . . [T]hese writers have standing and prestige with the intellectual elite of today in a way that no religious writers have had for many decades. Religious ideas, concepts, and teachings have become familiar in the pages of the 'vanguard' journals of literature, politics and art" (66).

10. Herberg, 86; Herberg's "trustworthy source," cited without identification in the text, is identified in an endnote to chapter V as Lincoln Barnett, "God and the American People," *Ladies' Home Journal*, Nov 1948, 233-35.

11. Herberg, 287-88

12. Herberg, 86

13. Herberg, 97

14. Herberg, 98; Herberg cites Evelyn Waugh, "The American Epoch in the Catholic Church," *Life*, 19 Sept 1949.

15. Herberg, 163, quoting Archbishop John Ireland (1838-1918) of St. Paul, Minnesota, "one of American Catholicism's great churchmen."

16. Herberg, 274-75

17. Herberg, 281

18. In his analysis of modernity in *Judaism and Modern Man* (1951), Herberg coins the phrase "cut-flower culture" to refer to a culture cut off from its scriptural roots. Such a culture may retain its beauty and vitality for a while, but will soon wither away.

19. In chapter XXII of Dickens's *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* (1844) the hero relates his conversation in America with a general who tells him "you come from an old country: from a country, sir, that has piled up golden calves as high as Babel, and worshipped 'em for ages. We are a new country, sir; man is in a more primeval state here, sir; we have not the excuse of having lapsed in the slow course of time into degenerate practices; we have no false gods; man, sir, here is man in all his dignity . . . here am I with gray hairs, sir, and a moral sense. . . . What are the Great United States for, sir, . . . if not for the regeneration of man?'"

20. TSE discussed the moral rearmament movement in "Billy Graham versus M.R.A.," his 1955 address for the All Souls Club (8.104).

21. Philippians 4:7: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (KJV). See TSE's note to the final line (433) of *The Waste Land*: "Shantih. Repeated as here, a formal ending to an Upanishad. 'The peace which passeth understanding' is our equivalent to this word" (*CPP* 80 / *Poems1* 77).

On Teaching the Appreciation of Poetry[1]

The Critic: A Catholic Review of Books and the Arts, 18 (Apr / May 1960) 13-14, 78-80[2]

I hold no diploma, certificate, or other academic document to show that I am qualified to discuss this subject. I have never taught anybody of any age how to enjoy, understand, appreciate poetry, or how to speak it. I have known a great many poets, and innumerable people who wanted to be told that they were poets. I have done some teaching, but I have never "taught poetry."[3] My excuse for taking up this subject is of wholly different origin. I know that not only young people in colleges and universities, but secondary school children also, have to study, or at least acquaint themselves with, poems by living poets; and I know that my poems are among those studied, by two kinds of evidence. My play *Murder in the Cathedral* is a set book in some schools: there is an edition of the English text published in Germany with notes in German, and an edition published in Canada with notes in English. The fact that this play, and some of my other poems, are used in schools brings some welcome supplement to my income; and it also brings an increase in my correspondence, which is more or less welcome, though not all the letters get answered. These are letters from the children themselves, or, more precisely, the teenagers. They live mostly in Britain, the United States, and Germany, with a sprinkling from the nations of Asia. It is in a spirit of curiosity, therefore, that I approach the subject of the teaching of poetry: I should like to know more about these young people and about their teachers and the methods of teaching.

For some of my young correspondents seem to be misguided. Sometimes I have been assigned to them as a "project," more often they have made the choice themselves – it is not always clear why. (There was one case, that of an Egyptian boy, who wanted to write a thesis about my work, and as none of my work was locally available and as he wanted to read it, asked me to send him all my books. That was very exceptional, however.) Very often the writers ask for information about myself, sometimes in the form of a questionnaire. I remember being asked by one child whether it was true that I only cared to associate with lords and bishops. Sometimes a photograph is asked for. Some young persons seem to want me to provide them with all the material for a potted biography, including mention of my interests, tastes

and ways of amusing myself. Are these children studying poetry, or merely studying poets? Very often they want explanations, either of a whole poem ("what does it mean") or of a particular line or phrase; and the kind of question they ask often suggests that their approach to that poem has been wrong, for they want the wrong kind of explanation, or ask questions which are simply unanswerable. Sometimes, but more rarely, they are avid for literary sources; which would seem to indicate that they have started too early on the road to Xanadu.[4]

Now, when I was young, this sort of thing did not happen. I did study English at school, beginning, thank God, with grammar, and going on to "rhetoric" – for which also I am grateful. And we had to read a number of set books of prose and verse – mostly in school editions which made them look peculiarly unappetizing. But we never were made to read any literature which could be called contemporary: Tennyson could hardly be called "contemporary" by the time I had to study some of the *Idylls of the King*.[5] I must admit that at the turn of the twentieth century there were precious few great poets about, and still fewer poets whom the authorities would have considered suitable for our perusal. Swinburne would hardly have done, in those days; I don't know whether he has reached the school curriculum today. Yeats was still a minor poet of the 'nineties. But even if Trumbull Stickney and George Cabot Lodge, two poets of whose work I remain ignorant to this day, had been famous, instead of merely respectable, I doubt if my school authorities would have set any of their poetry for us.[6]

No. Not only were we not encouraged to take an interest in the poetry actually being written, but even had we been, I doubt whether we should have thought of entering into correspondence with the authors. Some of the juvenile correspondence I receive seems to be instigated by the teachers, but the greater part does not. Indeed, some of my letters, I suspect, are inspired by a desire to score off teacher, and the hope of getting some statement from the horse's mouth which will be a direct contradiction of what has been taught. (I confess that this last type of letter is one which I sometimes take pleasure in answering – when teacher seems to me to have been wrong.) But my point is, that this pressure upon the poet from young people who have been compelled to read his work is a modern phenomenon. I don't believe that Tennyson and Browning, Longfellow and Whittier (to say nothing of Poe and Whitman, poets whose works we did not study) were embarrassed by juvenile correspondence choking up their letterboxes.[7] The teaching of the contemporary literature, the introduction of the young to poetry by

living poets, is something that came about in my time, without my being aware of what was happening. I have had other surprises of this kind. When I returned to give a course of lectures at Harvard in 1932, after seventeen years' absence from America, I looked out of my window and saw a bird which arrested my attention because it looked like a starling.[8] As a boy I had been an eager bird-watcher, and I knew most of the resident and migratory birds of New England, and I knew no bird with that peculiar stumpy tail. On inquiry, I found that it was a starling: that bird had arrived and multiplied in America while I wasn't looking. The starling has come to stay, and so, I think, has the academic study of the work of living authors.

I do not wish to suggest that I deplore the introduction of the young, as a part of their education, to the work of living authors – to the work of *some* living authors. Nor am I suggesting that I think that the methods of teaching are altogether wrong. All I aim to indicate is, that the teaching of contemporary poetry is a difficult task, and that contemporary poetry cannot be taught by exactly the same methods as are suitable for poetry of the past. And I mean by "poetry of the past," the poetry of any period, as soon as that period has become a part of history. The teacher who aims at teaching pupils to appreciate contemporary poetry, to distinguish between the good and the bad, the genuine and the spurious, the original and the imitative, to enjoy the best and only the best, needs himself to have both enthusiasm and discrimination. He needs to be as well educated, as scholarly in his knowledge of the literature of the past, as the teacher who confines his tuition to the literature of the past; and he needs independent good taste.

I am not suggesting that to teach the curriculum as it was taught when I was a boy, we can dispense with enthusiasm and good taste. But that curriculum was limited to authors whose place had been pretty well fixed by the judgment of time. It included a couple of plays of Shakespeare, several of Milton's minor poems, and selections from standard English and American authors down to the latter part of the nineteenth century. These were authors of whose works, it could be assumed, no educated man should be wholly ignorant. And here, as I have already asserted, is the important difference: the poetry of the past is already a part of history. No man, can be called educated if ignorant of the history of his own country, or his own race, or his own language: indeed we should know something of the history of civilization, of the struggle of man to raise himself from savagery to the condition of the highest triumphs of the arts and sciences, of religion and morals. And our historical knowledge of any past age is incomplete unless we know

something of the literature of that age. To enter imaginatively into the life of men in a past age we need everything we can learn from their literature, and particularly from their poetry, of the way they thought and felt. Thus, the teacher of the literature of the past may find his task to be primarily that of an historian though he should also be a lover of that literature and have the capacity to communicate his feeling for it to his pupils. But the poetry of the present, the best of which will *become* a part of history, cannot be studied in exactly the same way as the poetry which is already history.

Let me at this point consider first the drawbacks to that school study of the poetry of the past which ignores the fact that poetry is something which *goes on being written*, which is being written now while the pupils are sitting at their desks construing *L'Allegro* or *Il Penseroso*, and that the poet hopes that people will read it for enjoyment.[9] And then let me consider the disadvantages of over-emphasis upon actuality which ignores the fact that much of the poetry written in the same language in the past is as good, and that some of it is better, than what is being written now.

The great weakness of the method by which I was introduced – academically introduced, I mean – to English poetry was that it did not help me to enjoy it. I think that many people have suffered in the same way from their introduction to the plays of Shakespeare: I took a dislike to *Julius Caesar* which lasted, I am sorry to say, until I saw the film of Marlon Brando and John Gielgud, and a dislike to *The Merchant of Venice* which persists to this day.[10] Perhaps the fact that I had to memorize and declaim, in front of the class, Antony's oration and Portia's quality of mercy, and that I was a very poor declaimer, may have had something to do with it.[11] But I also disliked *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*: I am thankful that I did not have to study *Lycidas* in the same way. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* barely survived. I have no fault to find with our teacher. We had examinations to pass: and it was his business to see that we should be able to answer the questions.

I do not know that there is any better way of studying English literature, at that stage; and it may be that a few plays and poems must be sacrificed, in order that we may learn that English literature exists, and that an orderly historical acquaintance with it is desirable. We also, I remember, had a history book of English literature to study, and had to learn something about the great writers of every period from the Age of Shakespeare to the end of the nineteenth century.[12] The knowledge that we acquired served a purpose; and I do not believe it would have served that purpose so well if the emphasis had been on appreciation, instead of on an orderly outline of

literature and some information about the chief historical reputations. After all, how many boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen can appreciate Shakespeare or Milton? I didn't.

I think I have mentioned somewhere among my essays that my first experience of intense excitement from poetry came when I was fourteen, and came, not from anything put in my way by my work at school, but by happening to pick up at home a copy of FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*.[13] And, at the risk of repeating myself, I will suggest that it is at or on the approach of puberty that a boy or girl may suddenly discover that poetry is capable of giving a kind of delight hitherto wholly unsuspected. Very likely this illumination will come as the sudden shock of a particular poem: a poem discovered by oneself, or presented by an older person or by one's teacher. But it will probably not be one of the poems that one has had to study, in a school text supported by notes (and for passing examinations the notes may be more important than the text!). I am not sorry that I was made to study certain things of Shakespeare and Milton in the way I have described. But the discovery of poetry is a different experience altogether, and the discovery may be more important than the poem through which we make the discovery. Our first "discovery" of poetry – say at fourteen or fifteen or sixteen – may be through a poem of which, after our acquaintance is wider and our taste more developed, we cease to think very highly.

There are, in fact, some poems, and some poets, whose function seems to be to awaken our capacity for enjoyment, to retire later on to a lower (but still, most often, honorable) place. The earlier poems of Byron, for instance; *The Shropshire Lad* of A. E. Housman; the poems of Rupert Brooke. The greatest poets are those whom we have to grow up to, and whose work we appreciate more fully as we mature.[14] At sixteen I discovered (by reading a section of our history of English literature which we were *not* required to read) Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, and the poems of Ernest Dowson. Each was a new and vivid experience. But *The City of Dreadful Night* or Dowson's *Impenitentia Ultima* would hardly, even today, be considered suitable for academic study at the age I have in mind.[15] It is in fact necessary to choose works by the greater writers for us to study, at an age at which we are not yet mature enough to enjoy them.

Let me now consider the situation when our emphasis, in teaching children of the same ages, is on enjoyment rather than information, and upon contemporary poets rather than upon a selection of the great classics. This offers the teacher greater liberty, but prepares for him greater pitfalls. That

rough and ready valuation, ordinarily called "the verdict of history," has not yet been passed, and the teacher must follow his own judgment as to what poets, and what poems, he should choose for initiating his pupils into the delights of poetry. There is plenty of contemporary poetry to serve the purpose. But, opinion about the relative importance of living poets can vary widely, even among persons of taste; apart from the permanent chasm between those who lean towards what is called "traditional" verse and those who prefer the "experimental." And the successful teacher, who teaches the poetry of his choice with enthusiasm, will be in danger of implanting his own personal tastes in the minds of his pupils, or (what is worse) teaching them to parrot opinions which they are too passive to share. But even if we postulate an ideal teacher of impeccable taste – and I have never known anyone incapable of going wrong at one time or another about living authors, and I include myself in this universal fallibility – that teacher could rouse enthusiasm but could do little to train taste and understanding. For without some knowledge of the poetry of the past, and enjoyment of what we know, we cannot really appreciate the poetry of the present.

The dangers of a concentration of interest upon contemporary poetry appears most clearly and painfully when the reader aspires to write poetry himself, or herself. I have never judged a poetry competition, but I have known those who have; and one friend who had on one occasion undertaken to read a great number of such contributions was appalled by the evidence of the meagerness of the contestants' knowledge of poetry of the past. Most aspirants had some acquaintance with the poetry of John Donne; a good many had read poems by Blake; and coming down to recent times, they were familiar with the work of Gerard Manley Hopkins and William Butler Yeats. There are would-be poets who write regular verse with, at best, dull metronomic accuracy: modern poetry is unknown to them. There are others who write "free verse" with an ear untrained by the practice of regular verse: they have probably dieted solely on contemporary verse.

It is not, however, for students who aspire to write poetry, but simply with those capable of becoming intelligent and sensitive readers, that I am chiefly concerned. I maintain that no one can go very far in the discerning enjoyment of poetry, who is incapable of enjoying any poetry other than that of his own place and time. It is in fact a part of the function of education to help us to escape – not from our own time, for we are all bound by that – but from the intellectual and emotional limitations of our own time. It is a commonplace that we appreciate our home all the more fully and consciously

after foreign travel; it is not such a commonplace, to assert that we can appreciate the poetry of our own time better for knowing and enjoying the best poetry of previous ages. We understand and appreciate our own language the better, for having some command of a foreign language. Those whose knowledge of poetry in the English language extends no further than to the immediate precursors of the poetry of our time, such as Hopkins and Yeats, or whose knowledge of the past is limited to the poetry extolled by some persuasive critic of the day (like myself), are limited in their understanding of the poetry that they do know. If, as I believe, poetry plays an important part in the process of education, then these readers are uneducated.

You may think at this point that I have reached an impasse. On the one hand, the historical approach to English and American literature, with obligatory reading of a selection of classics, seems unlikely to awaken any appetite or curiosity that would lead to independent reading; nor does it present poetry and prose as living arts. On the other hand, the study of contemporary poetry, while it may be an immediate stimulant, may encourage a provincialism of taste – for provincialism in *time* is as deplorable as provincialism in *place* – which is the opposite of educative.

To me it seems that the two ways of approach to poetry should be combined, so that young people might be brought to see literature – and poetry especially – both in its historical aspect and in its actuality, as a permanent heritage and as something which is still going on, as a necessary part of knowledge and as something to be enjoyed. Here are involved two different, though related meanings of the word *understanding*. In the teaching of the great literature of the past, *understanding* is primarily what ensues from a knowledge of historical and biographical facts, the conditions under which a masterpiece was written, the peculiarities of idiom and vocabulary which mark it as of a different age from ours, etc. In approaching a contemporary work, a poem by a living poet, our understanding is primarily a matter of insight. I know of one teacher who, without any preliminary explanation, played to her pupils a gramophone record of a poem by a living poet. She played it twice, and then told her girls to write down their feelings and impressions, to put in words as well as they could what this poem had meant to them. And I know that for one of her pupils at least – they were girls of fourteen – the impression that this poem made upon her opened the path to understanding not only of other poems of the same poet, but to poetry of earlier times, indeed to all poetry. And the teacher had not told the class that they were to admire this poem, still less what they

were to admire about it; least of all had she given any hint as to what it was about or what it meant. She had chosen wisely and with taste, but had left the poem to do its own work.

This incident seems to me to suggest that at that age – from fourteen to sixteen I should say – when the sensibility begins, if ever, to respond passionately to poetry, the poetry of our own age may be able to make a more immediate impact than that of earlier generations. It is not merely that there are no difficulties of style and idiom; not merely that there is less oppression by the mass of critical opinion. There is more than enough of the latter: and may I suggest in passing that the young should be encouraged to read poetry by living poets rather than books about contemporary poetry – that they should know and love certain poetry before they read *about* that poetry. I think that young people often recognize obscurely that the poet speaking to them is of their own time and that his sensibility and theirs have something in common.

I do not believe that the work of living poets should be taught formally. I do not believe that youngsters should take examinations in it. I think that the choice of poems to present to a class should represent the taste of the teacher, [not] be set by a board. Unless the teacher is a person who reads poetry for enjoyment, he or she cannot stimulate pupils to enjoy it. Nor should the young have a great deal of contemporary verse forced upon them: at this stage we are not concerned to equip young people with a familiarity with the names of all the living poets of reputation, but with starting them on the way to enjoying poetry.

I am assuming, of course, that the teacher who introduces them to modern poetry will be the same teacher who takes them through their annotated textbooks of the classics, and who wants them to pass their examination on these texts with credit. Perhaps I am merely clamouring for the Ideal Teacher. But don't "educationists" sometimes forget, in their teaching about teaching, that the one essential for good teaching is the good teacher? The good teacher then will instruct his or her pupils well in the historical understanding of literature, and at the same time will lead those of them who have the capacity to see that the literature of the past, about which the educated person must be informed as a part of history, is also literature to be enjoyed, and that without enjoyment it is meaningless. The good teacher will make pupils aware that literature is a continuous activity, and that more literature is being made even while they are busy with that of the past. In introducing the pupils to modern poetry that the teacher likes, he will be reminding them

of the essential part of enjoyment. For it doesn't matter so much, in my opinion, that the teacher's enthusiasm should be aroused by the very best contemporary poetry – in other words, the poetry of which I myself approve – as that the enthusiasm should be infectious. The pupils capable of developing good taste will eventually discover for themselves the better poetry, and as for the others it is probably better that they should like the second rate, the unoriginal, than that they should not like any poetry at all: the essential is to have the experience of enjoying *something*.

My Ideal Teacher, accordingly, will teach the prescribed classics of literature as history, as a part of history which every educated person should know something about, whether he likes it or not; and then should lead some of the pupils to enjoyment, and the rest at least to the point of recognizing that there are other persons who do enjoy it. And he will introduce the pupils to contemporary poetry by exciting enjoyment: enjoyment first, and understanding second. It may be only by reading such poetry to them as an extra-curricular activity, or it may be by a reading, a gramophone record, and then asking the class to set down impressions and reactions. I think that such an introduction to poetry is justifiable even for those pupils who never come to show any love for poetry or any intelligent and sensitive appreciation of it. And the pupils who have some aptitude for enjoyment and understanding of what is good in literature (and as this is a question of degree, there can be no clear division between the sheep and the goats)[16] will find that their knowledge of the great poetry which has had the approval of successive generations, will sharpen their discrimination and refine their enjoyment of the poetry which is being written in their own time; and their enjoyment of the poetry written in their own time will help them towards enjoyment of the classics of literature. For our own poetry of to-day and that of our forefathers, the foundations upon which we build and without which our poetry would not be what it is, will eventually be seen as forming one harmonious whole.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This essay originated as the annual Kirkland Lecture of the Kirkland School Association Trust for an exclusive audience of public school teachers of English, given on the evening of 8 Nov 1959 in the Fullerton Hall of the Art Institute of Chicago. It was arranged for TSE's visit by the editor of *Poetry* (Chicago), Henry Rago, who informed him that the two previous Kirkland lectures had been given by Robert Frost and Richard Wilbur. On 11 Nov, Paul K. Cuneo, director of the Thomas More Association and editor of its journal, invited TSE to consider publication

in the *Critic*. On 15 Dec, after returning to London, TSE sent Cuneo the amended text, with a suggestion: "It could be entitled 'On the Teaching of Poetry to High School Pupils.'" When Dwight MacDonald sought permission to quote some lines by TSE that he thought were in the *New York Times*, TSE replied in a letter of 20 Apr 1960 that he thought it "extremely likely" that the lines were from the *Critic*: "I was speaking to a body of teachers and I tried to make the point that living poets and poetry which had already become a part of history should be approached very differently by the teacher in dealing with pupils."

The lecture was part of a whirlwind schedule in Chicago, which TSE described on 10 Sept 1959 in a letter to his kinsman Thomas Dawes Eliot. "I should like very much to see you and Jean and have you meet Valerie, but our schedule is so tight . . . We arrive in Chicago on 5th November; I give a reading on 6th November; the annual dinner of Poetry Magazine is on 7th November; on 8th I give an address to some group of teachers, and on the 9th we depart for St. Louis so I am afraid there is no possibility of meeting unless you should be in Chicago."

2. After its publication in the *Critic*, Teachers College of Columbia University reprinted the essay in the *Teachers College Record* for Dec 1960 (215-21), prompting a summary report on the front page of the *New York Times* on 30 Dec (1, 9): "Mr. Eliot Deplores Modern-Verse Study," with quotations from the essay and conflicting reactions by William Carlos Williams, who said, "The study of contemporary poetry may encourage a provincialism but when you study closely enough the right way it involves a re-conception of the English tongue"; and by W. H. Auden, who said: "I entirely agree. The poets read in school should well be dead" (9).

3. In 1912-13, as a graduate student at Harvard, TSE taught a course in the history of philosophy (1.775); in London, in 1915 and 1916, he taught various subjects at the Wycombe Grammar School and Highgate Junior School; and from 1916 to 1918, he taught Extension courses in French and English literature (1.471, 478, 589, 754). In the spring semester of 1933 at Harvard, he taught English 26: English Literature from 1890 to the Present Day (4.758).

4. In *The Road to Xanadu: A Study in the Ways of the Imagination* (1927), John Livingston Lowes tracks the images in Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" back to their probable sources in the poet's reading. *The Road to Xanadu* soon became a byword for exhaustive literary sleuthing (see 8.136, n.14).

5. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (1859-85) is a series of poems in ten books based on Arthurian legends.

6. The American poets Joseph Trumbull Stickney (1874-1904) and George Cabot Lodge (1873-1909) were friends at Harvard. Lodge was the son of famed US senator Henry Cabot Lodge and the father of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., also a US senator. Following Stickney's untimely death, Lodge edited his poems.

7. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92), like Longfellow, was one of the so-called Fireside Poets, a group of nineteenth-century nature poets centered in New England.

8. In the fall of 1932, TSE returned to Harvard to give the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, later published as *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (4.574).

9. Milton's *L'Allegro* (1645) and *Il Penseroso* (1645-46) are companion pastorals exploring the opposite but complementary psychological states of mirth and melancholy (joy and thoughtfulness).

10. The 1953 production of *Julius Caesar* was directed by J. L. Mankiewicz and featured Marlon Brando as Marc Antony, John Gielgud as Cassius, and Louis Calhern as Caesar.

11. In *Julius Caesar*, Antony's funeral oration for Caesar begins "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears" (III.ii) and in *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia's speech begging Shylock for mercy begins "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven" (IV.i). Both are regarded as high-water marks in the history of rhetoric, and both are set pieces for recitations in American and British schools.

12. The textbook in TSE's English class at Smith Academy was Henry Spackman Pancoast's *An Introduction to English Literature* (1896) (*L1* 5).

13. In "The Education of Taste" (1919), TSE writes of his transformative discovery at the age of fourteen of Edward FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubiayát of Omar Khayyám*. "The mind of a boy of fourteen may be deadened by Shakespeare and may burst into life on collision with Omar" (2.63). Forty years later, in an interview in the *Paris Review*, he recalls that he began at "about the age of fourteen, under the inspiration of FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*, to write a number of very gloomy and atheistical and despairing quatrains in the same style" ("The Art of Poetry I: T. S. Eliot," *Paris Review* 21 [Spring/Summer 1959], 49).

14. In "Talk on Dante [What Dante Means to Me]" (1950), TSE names Dante as the preeminent example of the masters, "to whom one slowly grows up. . . . One test of the great masters . . . is that the appreciation of their poetry is a lifetime's task, because at every stage of maturing – and that should be one's whole life – you are able to understand them better" (7.484).

15. In an address to the West Cornwall School for Girls in Penzance in 1938, TSE muses on his personal discovery of poetry. "I remember very clearly my amazement, at about fourteen, in finding for myself poetry that I was really excited over . . . picking up some book which nobody had ever told me to read, a book about which one knew nothing. . . . Nothing that I read in school, nothing that my family advised me to read . . . nothing that was recommended to me served the purpose of what I found for myself. Byron and Shelley, Omar Khayyam, Rossetti, Swinburne – and smaller men too, like Ernest Dowson. I seemed to get suddenly a personal intimacy with these poets . . . and perhaps the feeling that some of them would not be approved by my elders added to the pleasure" (5.612). Both Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* (1896) and Thomson's *The City of Dreadful Night* (1874) remained reference points in TSE's criticism. In an essay on Tennyson, he notes that as a poem of despair, *In Memoriam* is superior to "most of its derivatives . . . *The City of Dreadful Night* and *A Shropshire Lad*" (5.33). TSE also retained at least a peripheral interest in Dowson, admitting in 1935 that he might "have caught the phrase 'Falls the shadow'" in *The Hollow Men* from Dowson's "Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine/There fell thy shadow, Cynara!" in "Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae" (5.158).

16. In a discourse on the last judgment, Jesus says, "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, . . . then he shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; . . .Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire" (Matthew 25:31-34, 41; KJV).

Tribute to Giuseppe Ungaretti[1]

A Leone Piccioni
Caro signor Piccioni,[2]

Il nostro comune amico, il signor Bernard Wall,[3] mi informa che Ella si propone di rendere omaggio a Giuseppe Ungaretti in occasione del suo settantesimo compleanno. Gradirei molto poter intervenire con la mia parola di tributo, da poeta a poeta, per quello che vale. Non ho mai voluto parlare di qualsiasi poeta vivente come di «un grande poeta», sostenendo che la grandezza viene attribuita a un poeta dalla storia e che la prova della grandezza sta nella sua capacità di rivolgersi alle generazioni dei suoi compatriotti molto tempo dopo la morte. Né ho mai voluto assegnare supremazie tra i poeti viventi, e tale reticenza è ancor più doverosa prendendo in considerazione poeti che scrivono in lingua diversa dalla nostra. Sento però che Giuseppe Ungaretti è uno dei pochissimi autentici poeti della mia generazione e un degno rappresentante della poesia italiana nel resto d'Europa e in America. Desidero salutarlo fraternamente in occasione del suo settantesimo compleanno.

Mi abbia, molto sinceramente Suo
T. S. ELIOT

St. Elizabeth, D. C. 6 febbraio 1958[4]

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]
Dear Signor Piccioni,[2]

I hear from our mutual friend Mr Bernard Wall[3] that you are proposing to pay homage to Giuseppe Ungaretti on his seventieth birthday. I should like very much to add my word of tribute as one poet to another for what it is worth. I have always refused to speak of any living poet as a "great poet" for I have held that greatness is something conferred on a poet by history and the evidence of greatness is his being able to speak to generations of his fellow countrymen long after he is dead. Nor amongst living poets did I care to assign rank, and that reserve is still more an obligation when considering poets writing in another language than one's own. But I do feel that Giuseppe Ungaretti is one of a very small number of genuine poets of my generation and is a worthy representative of Italian poetry to the rest of

Europe and America. I wish to salute him fraternally on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. As printed in *Il taccuino del vecchio, con testimonianze di amici stranieri del poeta*, by Giuseppe Ungaretti, ed. Leone Piccioni. Milan: Arnoldo Mondadori Editore, 1960. Pp. 143, [1]; 71. This poetry collection was printed in Oct 1960.

TSE first met Giuseppe Ungaretti (1888-1970) in Rome on 9 Dec 1947, when Ungaretti attended his lecture on "Poetry in the Theatre" (7.70). After the lecture, TSE had a scheduled dinner with G. B. Angioletti; it is likely that Ungaretti joined them, for that evening he presented TSE with an inscribed copy of *Vita d'un uomo. Il dolore 1937-1946* (Milan: Mondadori, 1947): "Questo libro tratto dall'unica / speranza nella disperazione: la / poesia, / a uno che sa meglio di me il segreto, / a T. S. Eliot, / Roma, il 9 dicembre 1947 / Giuseppe Ungaretti." *Trans*: This book drawn from the only hope in despair: poetry, to one who knows the secret better than I do, to T. S. Eliot, Rome, 9 December 1947. Giuseppe Ungaretti. TSE met Ungaretti again on 26 Feb 1958 when he was in Italy to receive an honorary degree from the University of Rome.

2. Leone Piccioni (1925-2018), literary critic and journalist with Radiotelevisione italiana (Rai), was one of Ungaretti's students at the University of Rome and subsequently became his biographer and the primary editor of his works. TSE's letter to Piccioni is dated 20 Mar 1958.

3. Bernard Wall (1908-74), British critic and editor, was founder of the conservative Catholic journal *Colosseum* (1934-39), which TSE supported from its beginning by exchanging paid advertisements in the *Criterion*. Wall wrote of TSE's continuous presence in his career in *Headlong into Change: An Autobiography and a Memoir of Ideas since the Thirties* (London: Harvill, 1969), stating that "to me, if Bergson was important, so were Lawrence and Eliot" (275). TSE says of Wall in a letter to Martin Turnell of 20 Sept 1935: "I should like to have Wall publishing in the *Criterion* as well as yourself" (*L7* 770). Wall did not publish in the *Criterion*.

4. The place and date on the Italian document are puzzling. The CC of TSE's letter to Piccioni is dated 20 Mar 1958 from London. The Eliots were in America from mid-April for six weeks but were unable to go to St. Elizabeths Hospital to see Pound. On return to London, TSE wrote to Miss M. Carpenter on 11 June to thank her for cuttings about Pound: "I was very glad to have these as my information about his movements was very meagre. Our visit was too brief to allow the opportunity of visiting Washington and it would seem in any case that Mr. Pound would have been elsewhere. The news of his release appeared in the *New York Times* on the day of our arrival in New York. I was very much surprised, but of course, highly delighted. I sent a telegram of congratulation, but have had no communication from Mr. and Mrs. Pound."

T. S. Eliot Replies [re *The Cocktail Party*]

To the Editor of *Encounter* (London)

Encounter, 14 (May 1960) 81

I must apologise for the delay in addressing this letter to you, but I have only recently returned to England after an absence abroad of six weeks.[1] I observe that in an article in your February issue the Provost of King's has a footnote reading as follows:

> It is worth noting that Eliot ever since *Ash Wednesday* has denied that the sexual act can be translated into the religious metaphor of redemption; and *The Cocktail Party* explicitly denies the power of sexual love to redeem. To-day such an assertion is unusual – and perhaps this explains why he has recently been attacked.[2]

I have long ceased to feel astonishment at the interpretations which some readers have put upon my work, or at the assurance with which these interpreters profess to know my mind. If, however, I ignored Mr. Annan's assertions I might appear to be giving assent. I therefore wish to state that my views on the subject of sexual love, as embodied in *The Cocktail Party*, are widely different from those which he attributes to me. Incidentally, I am ignorant of the attacks which he says have recently been made upon me.

T. S. ELIOT

London

NOTES

1. The Eliots had been traveling in Morocco to escape the English winter and provide relief for TSE's emphysema.

2. In "Love among the Moralists," *Encounter*, 14 (Feb 1960), 48-57, the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, Noel Annan (1916-2000) places this note at the end of a statement in his review of Dorothea Krook's *Three Traditions of Moral Thought* (Cambridge UP, 1959): "If Mrs. Krook wants Lawrence's kind of love, she must accept the theory of the relationship between the sexes (singularly lacking in *agape*) on which Lawrence based it" (52-53).

Autobiographical Note: *Harvard Class of 1910 Fiftieth Anniversary Report*

Cambridge, MA: The Cosmos Press, 1960; Note, 133-36.

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

HOME ADDRESS: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 24, Russell Square, London W.C. 1.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Faber & Faber, Ltd. 24, Russell Square, London W.C. 1.

OCCUPATION: Author and Publisher.

MARRIED: Vivienne Haigh Haigh-Wood, June 26, 1915, London (died 1947); Esmé Valerie Fletcher, January 10, 1957, London.

ACADEMIC DEGREES: A.B., Harvard; and A.M., 1910.

HONORARY DEGREES: D.Litt. (Oxford 1948); Litt.D. (Columbia 1933); Cambridge 1938; Bristol 1938; Leeds 1939; Harvard, Yale and Princeton 1947; Washington University 1953; Rome 1958; Sheffield 1959; LL.D. (Edinburgh 1937; St. Andrews 1953); D. es L. (Paris, Aix-Marseille, Rennes); D.Phil. (Munich); D.Lit. (London).

DECORATIONS: Order of Merit, 1948; Officer, Légion d'Honneur; Orden pour le Mérite (W. Germany), 1959.

OTHER DISTINCTIVE AWARDS: Nobel Prize for Literature, 1948; Honorary Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge, 1939; Honorable Fellow, Merton College, Oxford, 1949; Hanseatic Goethe Prize (Hamburg), 1954; Signet Society Medal; Dante Medal (Florence), 1959; Emerson-Thoreau Medal (American Academy of Arts and Sciences), 1959.

MEMBER OF: Athenaeum and Garrick Clubs, several dining clubs, the Burke Club (political), All Souls Club (religious), the rest social; foreign member, Accademia dei Lincei (Rome); foreign member, Bayerische Academie der Schönen Künste (Munich); foreign member, American Institute of Arts and Letters (New York); Honorable Citizen of Dallas, Texas; Honorable Deputy Sheriff of Dallas County; Churchwarden, St. Stephen's, South

Kensington, 1934-1959; member of Archbishop of Canterbury's Commission for the Revision of the Psalter, 1958-.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Faber & Faber, Ltd.; president of The London Library, 1952-; vice president of The Church Union, The English Speaking Union, the Religious Drama Society; ex-president of "Books Across the Sea," the Classical Association (1943); the Virgil Society (1944); and of the Fédération Britannique des Comités d'Alliance Française; Clark Lecturer, Trinity College, Cambridge (1926); Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Poetry, Harvard (1932-33); Boutwood Lecturer, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (1938).

PUBLICATIONS: My publications up to 1950 inclusive are listed in *T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography*, by Donald Gallup. My chief publications after that date are *The Confidential Clerk* (a play), 1954; *The Elder Statesman* (a play), 1959; and *On Poetry and Poets* (literary essays), 1957.

What the Secretary appears to be bent upon extracting from his wretched classmates is a full-length autobiography. If he really wants everything he says he wants he should have provided a good deal more paper, but I'm glad he didn't. I don't see why I should again review my life "since graduation": I did my best to oblige him in this respect 25 years ago, and that statement can stand, with two important qualifications – I now prefer claret to burgundy, and I prefer Inspector Maigret to Arsène Lupin.[1] So I shall begin with 1933: that is a good date for me, as that is the year in which I broke into Show Business. In that year I was commissioned to write the text for a mammoth Pageant to advertise the need for 45 new churches in the outer suburbs of London. The Pageant was produced at Sadlers' Wells in the summer of 1934 with great success and so many amateur actors that the Clerkenwell Town Hall had to be adapted temporarily as a dressing room. The success of *The Rock* (that was the name of my pageant, but somebody else had decided on that name before it was written) led to my being invited to write a play for the Canterbury Festival of 1935, and this was *Murder in the Cathedral*, which was subsequently brought to London and which has been turning up in all sorts of places ever since. My next play was not finished until the beginning of 1939. I cannot altogether account for my time during the intervening four years: there was an oecumenical religious conference at Oxford in 1937, in which I was involved;[2] and in 1938 I was the guest of the Portuguese

Government for three weeks as a *membro do jury* for the Camoens Prize. But all the while I was doing five days a week at my office, reading manuscripts, interviewing authors, dictating letters, and editing *The Criterion* as well as publishing books – the same routine as indicated in my previous report. I was responsible for a number of books, but chiefly for our poetry list, in which I take some pride. I also take pride in the thought of all the books which I persuaded my firm to decline – or of most of them, for we all make mistakes now and then. So time did not hang heavy on my hands. However, in March 1939, *The Family Reunion* was produced for a limited run. With only modest success; but since I have written more successful plays, some people have come to the opinion that *The Family Reunion* is the best.

And in that same year, 1939, I had *three* books published: something which had never happened before and is unlikely to happen again.[3]

Then came the War, and one's life was too disturbed for playwriting. Instead, I wrote, in 1940, 1941 and 1942, three of my four "quartets." I was an Air Raid Warden until I found myself suffering so much from lack of sleep (not being of the stuff that heroes are made of) that I took up my abode with friends in Surrey, coming up to London in the middle of the week to sleep at my office and content my conscience with fire-watching. My wartime activities included serving on the editorial board of *The Christian News-Letter*, which took me for some time to Oxford every two weeks;[4] and two excursions for the British Council (there were to have been several others which never came off): I had five weeks in Stockholm in 1942, and a week in Paris in 1945. I remember that I had to deliver a lecture there on VE Day, with Paul Valéry taking the chair for me.[5]

In the last few years I have taken my responsibilities as director of a publishing house more lightly. I appear at my office only on three days of the week, and I write very few blurbs. My fifth play was produced last year; and the dinner party for the cast after the first performance became, at the stroke of midnight, a birthday party to celebrate my 70th birthday.[6] I was presented by the company with a very fine leather cover which, I was told, was to hold the script of my next play which I have not yet begun to write. However, even when not engaged upon a play, I find no lack of occupation. I am much concerned with the problem of saving the London Library, threatened with ruin by the exactions of the Inland Revenue, and with the revision of the Psalter.[7] I must admit that my wife makes me take life much more easily nowadays, and that I flourish under this regime.

You ask us to account to you for our "satisfactions," our "deep convictions" and our "philosophy of life." Well, it would be very difficult for me to recapitulate my convictions and my philosophy of life briefly enough to make my statement admissible to the Class Report. The books I have written may be taken as an expression of my philosophy of life: implicit in the poetry, explicit in some of the prose. But as for my satisfactions – the greatest, most complete and abiding satisfactions are those which spring from my marriage (on January 10th, 1957, at 6:15 in the morning by special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury in order to evade the Press) to Valerie Fletcher; and without the satisfaction of this happy marriage no achievement or honour could give me satisfaction at all.

NOTES

1. See the Harvard class report of 1935 (5.247); there he expressed "a preference for Burgundy and Hock" and a liking of "detective stories but especially the adventures of Arsène Lupin," by the French author Maurice Leblanc. Inspector Jules Maigret is the chief detective in novels and stories by the French author Georges Simenon.

For other class reports, see 1.510; 2.300, 592; 5.245; 6.73; 7.481; 8.573; for other autobiographical reports, see 6.245, 698.

2. For TSE's lecture on "The Church as an Ecumenical Society" at the World Conference of Churches, see 5.497.

3. These were *The Family Reunion*, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, and *The Idea of a Christian Society*; for the latter, see 5.683.

4. For TSE's contributions to and editing of *The Christian News-Letter* in 1940-45, see 6.19, 105-21, 179, 287, 484, 595.

5. For TSE's Paris lecture on "The Social Function of Poetry" in May 1945, with Valéry in the chair, see 6.639.

6. After TSE's *The Elder Statesman* opened at the Edinburgh Festival on 25 Aug 1958, it opened in London on the evening of 25 Sept at the Cambridge Theatre, offering the occasion for a midnight supper party in celebration of his seventieth birthday on 26 Sept with the cast. TSE applied to the superintendent of the West End Central Police Station and received an extension of the drinking license until 2 a.m.

7. For TSE's appeal to the Lands Tribunal to repeal ratings for the London Library, see 8.000. In 1958, TSE became a member (with C. S. Lewis and the Hebrew scholar D. Winton Thomas, et al.) of the archbishop of Canterbury's Commission to revise the Miles Coverdale Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer by removing obscurities and translation errors. The commission, which was charged to retain the style and rhythmic character of the Coverdale version, issued its first report in 1961 with the publication of Book 1, Psalms 1-41, and its final report as *The Revised Psalter* in 1963.

Mr. Eliot's Progress

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3045 (8 July 1960) 433

Sir, – By some oversight I failed to read Mr. Conrad Aiken's letter in your issue of the 3rd June and have only recently received it from my newspaper cutting service. Had I seen this letter I should have written at once to confirm all or nearly all that Mr. Aiken states in his letter about *Prufrock*.[1] It is quite true that Mr. Aiken tried in vain to place *Prufrock* for me with a London periodical and it is quite true that it was Mr. Aiken who sent me to Ezra Pound, through whose efforts the poem finally appeared in *Poetry*, Chicago.

Mr. Aiken is wrong only on one point. *Prufrock* was not written in 1913 but over a period of time in 1910-11, that is to say all that survives in the printed version. I did, I think, in 1912, make some additions to the poem and I am grateful to Mr. Aiken for having perceived at once that the additions were of inferior quality. The suppressed parts, however, have not disappeared from view like the script of *The Waste Land*; I am pretty sure that I destroyed them at the time, and I have enough recollection of the suppressed verses to remain grateful to Mr. Aiken for advising me to suppress them.[2]

T. S. ELIOT

Faber and Faber Limited,
24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. Under the same heading, "Mr. Eliot's Progress," Conrad Aiken wrote in the *TLS* of 3 June a correction of statements made by the reviewer of Hugh Kenner's *The Invisible Poet*, who asserted in the issue of 13 May that "London, and three years' poetic silence, bring Mr. Eliot from the uncertainties of his earliest published work to the full assurance of 'Prufrock.'" Aiken claims that the assertion "*is* a mistake, as I happen to know; for it was I who brought the typescript of 'Prufrock' to London in 1914, in an endeavor to find a publisher for it – it was offered to Harold Monro, at the Poetry Book Shop, and to Austin Harrison, of *The English Review*, among others – and it was I, who, after it had been summarily rejected by everyone, gave it to Ezra Pound for *Poetry*, of Chicago. The poem had been written during the previous year, was given to me in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and I believe it was written there. Mr. Eliot had not then lived in London at all, nor had there been any such 'three years' poetic silence,' for there were other poems

written during this period" (353). TSE later stated that he wrote "some parts" of the poem while he was in Munich in the summer of 1911 (7.xxxiii). "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" was first published in *Poetry* (Chicago) in June 1915.

2. "Let me add for the record, while I am about it," Aiken continued, "that Mr. Eliot maintains to this day that on my suggestion a certain passage – now presumably lost – had been dropped from the poem. I can only say that I have no recollection of this, but if so, what a pity!" The recovered passage, evidently written in his notebook in 1912 and titled "Prufrock's Pervigilium," has been printed in *IMH,* 41-44, with editorial commentary, 176-90.

Mr. T. S. Eliot

To the Editor of *The Sunday Express*

The Sunday Express, London (31 July 1960) 4

In Ephraim Hardcastle's column (*Page Five last week*) it is stated that, since my marriage, I have very much changed my mode of life.[1]

A person described as being one of my close friends is quoted as having asserted: "He never sees any of us now and we have completely lost touch with him. It is a great pity."

I ask for the courtesy of your space in order to affirm that, of course, I continue to see my friends, and the so-called "close friend" deceives himself, for no genuine friend would make such an assertion.[2]

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. In the social column on London personalities in the *Sunday Express* of 24 July, the pseudonymous journalist "Ephraim Hardcastle" wrote under the heading "Resting": "Poet and playwright T. S. Eliot has not been well lately and has had to take a rest from his duties as director of a publishing firm. He is 71. // He is staying at his home in London and will later go to the country with his wife for a holiday. // Mr. Eliot, who married his secretary, now aged 32, in 1957, has very much changed his mode of life. // Says one of his close friends: 'He never sees any of us now and we have completely lost touch with him. It is a great pity'" (5).

2. The following editorial note appeared directly below TSE's letter: "*The Sunday Express* paragraph was in no way intended to embarrass Mr. Eliot. The information came from one who has for over 20 years considered himself to be a close friend of Mr. Eliot."

Greeting to Landestheater Linz[1]

Ich war erfreut und stolz, als ich erfuhr, dass mein Spiel „Der Privatsekretär" anlässlich der Britischen Woche im Linzer Landestheater aufgeführt werden soll. Ich habe mir noch niemals die Frage vorgelegt, welches meiner Stücke ich am liebsten habe, aber ich habe eine bestimmte Einstellung gegenüber den handelnden Personen in ihnen. Wenn eines meiner Stücke fertiggestellt ist und zur Aufführung kommt, habe ich mit den handelnden Personen darin zwei oder drei Jahre eng zusammengelebt. „Der Privatsekretär" steht außerhalb der Reihe meiner Stücke, weil ich für alle Rollen darin ausgesprochene Sympathie empfinde. Ich hoffe, dass das Linzer Publikum anlässlich der Britischen Woche die handelnden Personen meines Stückes mit Wohlwollen aufnimmt, und ich wäre glücklich, wenn es sie, so wie ich, als Freunde empfängt.

Mögen also alle sieben Rollen in meinem „Privatsekretär" Sie in diesem Sinne grüßen von ihrem

T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

I was pleased and proud to learn that my play *The Confidential Clerk* was to be performed at the Linz English Week. I never ask myself the question which of my plays I like the best, but I have definite feelings about my characters. By the time any play of mine is finished and produced, I have had to live with the personages in it for two or three years. *The Confidential Clerk* stands out for me among my plays, by the fact that I have always felt an affectionate sympathy with all the personages in it. I hope that the theatre-goers of the Linzer English Week will regard these emissaries of mine with benevolence; and I should be happy if they could regard them also as friends.

With this hope they come to greet you – all seven of them.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. As printed in *Landestheater Linz, Spielzeit 1960/61*. Linz-Donau, Austria: Landestheater Linz, 1960. Pp. 97-104, [16]; 102-03.

On 7 July 1960, John Hampton of the British Council wrote to TSE about the forthcoming production of *The Confidential Clerk* in German translation (*Der Privatsekretär*) during the

English Week in Linz, Austria, 18-25 Nov. On behalf of the chief dramaturg, Bernd Lürgen, he asked TSE to provide a photograph and a signed handwritten message to the Landestheater for facsimile reproduction in the program. TSE sent this message to John Hampton on 20 Oct, but he was unable to travel to Linz for the production. The German translation of TSE's message is by H. Davies. The spelling has been modernized following the orthography reform of 1996 (revised in 2004 and 2006).

Wyndham Lewis

To the Editor of *The Observer*

The Observer (18 Dec 1960) 14

Sir, – I have only just read Dame Edith Sitwell's gossipy account of her acquaintance with the late Wyndham Lewis in your issue of November 27.[1] I was interested because I not only have a very high opinion of Lewis's achievement as painter and draughtsman, but regard him as one of the most important writers of my generation.

I presume that I came to know him better in his later years than did Dame Edith, but she had one privilege which was not vouchsafed to me.[2] Lewis painted my portrait twice, but for neither portrait did I sit for him daily (barring Sundays) for ten months. I had what seemed to me only a normal number of sittings, even for the second portrait, which cost him great pains. He was obliged to peer closely at me every few minutes, as it was the last picture he was able to paint before complete blindness put an end to the practice of this art.[3]

I had always regarded his genius with admiration, and had always found his conversation stimulating; but I came to feel for him in his later years a warmth of sympathy and friendship which no one would suspect, from Dame Edith's account, that he could ever arouse.

T. S. ELIOT

W.C. 1.

NOTES

1. Dame Edith's "Hazards of Sitting for my Portrait" appeared in the *Observer* (27 Nov 1960), 24. "From time to time, Lewis would give a savage kick to the warring and varying objects which hid the floor from view . . . so that he frequently presented to sitters the appearance of a harassed mother returning home with her wearied and quarrelsome offspring after a particularly noisy Bank Holiday. // Poor man! The only real fault in Lewis was an unconquerable suspicion of everybody who admired his great potential gifts, seeing in that admiration a plot to gain his confidence, and then hand him over to his real or imaginary enemies. . . . My two brothers were faithful friends to him, I was loyal to him, in the teeth of a good deal of opposition. He repaid us and others . . . in *The Apes of God*. In this, incidentally, he more than hinted that I am a woman of infamous moral character. // I am not. // Yet, when I think of his tragic last years, I am deeply saddened."

2. Lewis first completed several watercolors of Dame Edith and in 1923 a major oil portrait. "I sat to him . . . every day excepting Sundays for ten months. But in the end, his manner became so threatening that I ceased to pose for him, and his portrait of me has, consequently, no hands." According to Paul Edwards, Dame Edith believed that Lewis excluded her hands from the 1923 portrait out of spite. She "thought herself to be ugly. . . . Only her hands, she thought, had any natural elegance." In a 1921 watercolour, he "recorded unsparingly her visual appearance, but the result is sympathetic. He has even included a hand" (Paul Edwards, *Wyndham Lewis Portraits* [London: National Portrait Gallery, 2008], 40).

3. Lewis completed oil portraits of TSE in 1938 and 1949, the second painted as the artist was partially blind (8.164, n.5).

Bruce Lyttelton Richmond[1]

The Times Literary Supplement, 3072 (13 Jan 1961) [17]

It was Richard Aldington who took me to Bruce Richmond's office in Printing House Square, I believe at Richmond's request, probably in 1920.[2] Aldington was at that time reviewing French literature regularly for *The Times Literary Supplement*, and Richmond knew of our acquaintance. Richmond had seen articles and reviews of mine in *The Athenaeum* (edited by Middleton Murry) in which they had been appearing for a year or more past. At that time I was still a clerk in Lloyds Bank: but whether my presentation at *The Times* took place in my lunchtime, or after bank hours, or on a Saturday afternoon, I cannot now remember. Nor do I remember what was said at this (for me) memorable meeting. There is still a picture of the scene in my mind: the chief figure a man with a kind of bird-like quality, a bird-like alertness of eye, body and mind. I remember his quickness to put the newcomer at ease; and the suggestion in his mien and movement of an underlying strength of character and tenacity of purpose. But to be summoned to the presence of the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* and to be invited to write for it was to have reached the top rung of the ladder of literary journalism: I was overawed, by *The Times* offices themselves, by the importance of the occasion, and in spite of the cordial warmth of the greeting, by the great editor himself.[3]

* * * *

For Bruce Richmond was a great editor. To him I owe a double debt, first for the work he gave me to do and for the discipline of writing for him, and second for illustrating, in his conduct of the weekly, what editorial standards should be – a lesson I tried to apply when I came to edit *The Criterion*. Richmond took a personal interest in the men and women who wrote for him: I remember many a pleasant luncheon as his guest, when his next suggestion for an article or review would be put forward; and incidentally I learnt to appreciate the merits of Russian Stout and Double Gloucester cheese. The province assigned to me in the *Literary Supplement* was Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry, but chiefly dramatic poetry. The result of our first meeting was my leading article on Ben Jonson; and nearly all of my

essays on the drama of that period – perhaps all of my best ones – started as suggestions by Richmond. A book was forthcoming to "serve as a peg" for an article; a book for review was usually designated as "my pigeon." In this way, one gradually became an authority in the field allotted. But once a writer was established among his reviewers and leader-writers, Richmond was ready to let him make excursions outside of the original area. Thus, a chance remark in conversation revealed that I was an ardent admirer of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, and I was at once commissioned to write the leader which appears among my collected essays.[4]

* * * *

One lesson that I learnt from writing for *The Times Literary Supplement* under Richmond was that of the discipline of anonymity. I had served my apprenticeship as a reviewer in *The Athenaeum* under Murry, but there all the articles and reviews were signed. I am firmly convinced that every young literary critic should learn to write for some periodical in which his contributions will be anonymous. Richmond did not hesitate to object or delete, and I had always to admit that he was right. I learnt to moderate my dislikes and crotchets, to write in a temperate and impartial way; I learnt that some things are permissible when they appear over one's name, which become tasteless eccentricity or unseemly violence when unsigned. The writer of the anonymous article or review must subdue himself to his editor – but the editor must be a man to whom the writer can subdue himself and preserve his self-respect. It is also necessary that the editor should read every word of what he prints; for he is much more deeply inculpated in what he prints anonymously, than in what he prints over the writer's name.

This brings me to my second point. I have said that it was from Bruce Richmond that I learnt editorial standards, and that I endeavoured to apply them in editing *The Criterion*. Of course it is far easier to edit a literary quarterly than to edit a literary weekly. But apart from this, there was one quality of Bruce Richmond as an editor which I could not emulate, and that is his own anonymity. His name never appeared: he wrote nothing; he did not give lectures or public addresses.[5] Yet, and all the more because he remained in the background, he *was* the *Literary Supplement* in a way impossible to an editor who was primarily or even secondarily a writer. I believe Richmond kept his name out of *Who's Who* for years and was only obliged to yield to that moderate degree of publicity when his University made him a Doctor of Letters *honoris causa*.

Though I could not, and naturally would not, devote my life to *The Criterion* as Richmond devoted his to *The Times Literary Supplement*, I did try to model my conduct on his to some respects. I learnt from him that it is the business of an editor to know his contributors personally, to keep in touch with them and to make suggestions to them. I tried to form a nucleus of writers (some of them, indeed, recruited from *The Times Literary Supplement*, and introduced to me by Richmond) on whom I could depend, differing from each other in many things, but not in love of literature and seriousness of purpose. And I learnt from Richmond that I must read every word of what was to appear in print – even though, in *The Criterion*, all contributions were signed or initialled.

* * * *

It is a final tribute to Richmond's genius as an editor that some of his troupe of regular contributors (I am thinking of myself as well as of others) produced some of their most distinguished critical essays as leaders for the *Literary Supplement*. For Bruce Richmond we wanted to do our best. Good literary criticism requires good editors as well as good critics. And Bruce Richmond was a great editor: fortunate those critics who wrote for him.

NOTES

1. Richmond was the editor of the *TLS* for thirty-five years, beginning in 1902. This piece is a tribute on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, 12 Jan 1961.

2. On 23 Sept 1919, Aldington wrote to TSE: "Mr. Richmond, the editor of the *Literary Supplement*, has a great admiration for your critical prose and, I think would be willing to publish a leading article by you, if you cared to write it" (*L1* 404, n.1). TSE met with Richmond on 29 Sept.

3. TSE's pleasure with the meeting is expressed in a letter to his mother on 2 Oct 1919. "I enclose a letter which shows that I have been asked to write for the *Times Literary Supplement* – to write the Leading Article from time to time. This is the highest honour possible in the critical world of literature, and we are pleased" (*L1* 404). In 1961, when TSE was asked by W. S. Gray to name the "people who were of aid to me before I became a public figure," he responded that he would put "Ezra Pound foremost and also Conrad Aiken," followed by "Harriet Shaw Weaver and Mr. B. L. Richmond (now Sir Bruce Richmond)."

4. On 6 July 1926, TSE told Richmond that he was trying to come to terms with Lancelot Andrewes, a process he described as "a pretty serious matter for me, . . . affecting my whole position" (*L3* 209). TSE's unsigned essay appeared on 23 Sept in the *TLS* and later was included in *Selected Essays* (2.817).

5. On 6 June 1957, TSE wrote to John Lehmann to thank him for sending an article on the *Criterion* by Malcolm Bradbury. After reading the article, TSE expressed skepticism about

Bradbury's claim that Richmond had referred to him as a "wild man." "I should be very much surprised if Bruce Richmond had ever referred to me . . . as 'That wild man.' Bruce Richmond certainly was most scrupulous never to appear in print so that, if he made such a reference, it must have been in conversation. . . . As a matter of fact, Bruce Richmond sought me out and began to employ me in, I think, the year 1919 on the basis of the criticism which I had been doing for Middleton Murry in *The Athenaeum*."

Preface to *John Davidson*: *A Selection of his Poems*, edited with an introduction by Maurice Lindsay. With an essay by Hugh McDiarmid.[1]

London: Hutchinson, 1961. Pp. [xii] + 219; Preface xi-xii.

I feel a peculiar reverence, and acknowledge a particular debt, towards poets whose work impressed me deeply in my formative years between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Some were of an earlier age – the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries – some of another language; and of these, two were Scots: the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, and the author of *Thirty Bob a Week*.[2] It is because I am given an opportunity of expressing, once again, my gratitude to John Davidson, that I write this preface.

I have, indeed, no other excuse. Mr. Maurice Lindsay has provided the biographical account needed to introduce the work of John Davidson, and Mr. Hugh McDiarmid has written at length of Davidson and of Davidson's significance in his own development. I cannot better the testimony of a fellow makar of Davidson.[3] Modesty requires me to write briefly; but loyalty requires me to write.

What exactly is my debt to John Davidson I cannot tell, any more than I can describe the nature of my debt to James Thomson: I only know that the two debts differ from each other. Some may think, from what I have said on this subject before (Mr. Lindsay has quoted my word which appeared in *The Saltire Review*),[4] that the obligation to Davidson was merely for technical hints. Certainly, *Thirty Bob a Week* seems to me the only poem in which Davidson freed himself completely from the poetic diction of English verse of his time (just as *Non Sum Qualis Eram* seems to me the one poem in which, by a slight shift of rhythm, Ernest Dowson freed himself).[5] But I am sure that I found inspiration in the content of the poem, and in the complete fitness of content and idiom: for I also had a good many dingy urban images to reveal. Davidson had a great theme, and also found an idiom which elicited the greatness of the theme, which endowed this thirty-bob-a-week clerk with a dignity that would not have appeared if a more conventional poetic diction had been employed. The personage that Davidson created

in this poem has haunted me all my life, and the poem is to me a great poem forever.

I do not wish, however, to give the impression that for me Davidson is the author of one poem only. Davidson wrote too much and sometimes tediously; and I am happy with this selection. Here are some lovely lyrics and ballads; *The Runnable Stag* has run in my head for a good many years now; and I have a fellow feeling with the poet who could look with a poet's eye on the Isle of Dogs and Millwall Dock.[6] To me, Davidson's blank verse is rather hard going. I allow for the fact that, as in the case of Thomas Hardy, I find the philosophy uncongenial.[7] No matter: in everything that Davidson wrote I recognize a real man, to be treated not only with respect but with homage.

NOTES

1. Maurice Lindsay (1918-2009), born in Glasgow, was a radio broadcaster, a poet, and a connoisseur of Scottish poetry and music. In addition to the collection of Davidson's work, he edited the poetry of Burns and other Scottish Poets and wrote a *History of Scottish Literature* (1977). Hugh McDiarmid (also MacDiarmid) was the nom de plume of poet and journalist Christopher Murray Grieve, known for his literary experiments in Scots dialects. His essay in this volume is "John Davidson: Influences and Influence" (47-54).

2. The Glasgow poet James Thomson (1834-82) is best known for "The City of Dreadful Night." The poem was published in the periodical *National Reformer* in 1874 and in *The City of Dreadful Night and Other Poems* in 1880. TSE read it as a schoolboy, as did Kipling, who in 1885 titled one of his stories "City of Dreadful Night" and used Thomson's opening lines ("The City is of Night; perchance of Death / But certainly of Night") as its epigraph. Kipling's "City of Dreadful Night" is an oblique allusion in TSE's undergraduate essay, "The Defects of Kipling" (1.11, n.4).

3. McDiarmid, the "fellow makar," was the leader and Lindsay was a member of the "Lallans Makars," a group of Scottish poets who wrote in the dialect called Lallans. In Dec 1948, the Makars Club held a meeting to honor McDiarmid. Unable to attend, TSE sent a tribute that the club president A. D. Mackie read to the group in the Lallans dialect and printed in the *Voice of Scotland* (7.288).

4. Lindsay's "Introduction" to this collection of Davidson's verse is a partially revised version of the article in the *Saltire Review*, which quotes TSE's tribute to Davidson (8.175).

5. "Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae" (*trans*: "I am not as I was in the reign of good Cynara") is the Latin title of a well-known poem by Dowson. The line is a quotation from Book 4 of the *Odes* by Horace.

6. In Davidson's "In the Isle of Dogs": "While the water-wagon's ringing showers / Sweetened the dust with a woodland smell, / 'Past noon, past noon, two sultry hours,' / Drowsily fell / From the schoolhouse clock / In the Isle of Dogs by Millwall Dock" (109).

7. In *After Strange Gods* (1934), TSE deplores what he considered the subjective underpinning of Hardy's thought. His writing presents "an interesting example of a powerful personality

uncurbed by any institutional attachment or by submission to any objective beliefs; . . . This extreme emotionalism seems to me a symptom of decadence; it is a cardinal point of faith in a romantic age, to believe that there is something admirable in violent emotion for its own sake, whatever the emotion or whatever its object" (5.40). Davidson's materialistic philosophy, articulated in a series of four *Testaments* (1901-08), was influenced by Darwin and Nietzsche.

Sir Geoffrey Faber: A Poet among Publishers[1]

The Times (1 Apr 1961) 12

Sir Geoffrey Faber, president of the publishing house that bears his name, died yesterday, aged 71. Geoffrey Cust Faber was born on August 23, 1889, at Malvern, and was the second son of the Rev. Henry Mitford Faber, a housemaster at Malvern College. His family, of Yorkshire origin, was associated with education and with the Church. His grandfather had been a Fellow of Magdalen College, and was a brother of Father Faber. The first Headmaster of Malvern, Canon Arthur Faber, was a first cousin of his father. His grandmother's family (Cust) was also clerical, and also of Yorkshire stock.[2]

From Rugby Faber went up to Oxford with a scholarship at Christ Church, where he secured a First Class in Honour Mods, and a Second Class in Greats, and also took an active part in the O.U.D.S.[3] After leaving Oxford he qualified himself for the Bar, but never took up practice. He was early attracted towards publishing – two of his Oxford friends, Michael Sadleir and John Heinemann, had preceded him into this profession[4] – and accepted an appointment with the Oxford University Press at the beginning of 1913. He abandoned this post, and had not yet fixed on any other occupation, at the beginning of the war. After four years of service, he was demobilized in 1919,[5] and in the same year was elected to a fellowship of All Souls College. Faber's future field of activity was, however, not yet determined. His father's cousin, Mr. David Faber, invited him to join the brewing firm of Strong and Company, of Romsey; soon after this he married. But the brewery was not to provide a career. He abandoned this profession in 1923, shortly after having been appointed Estates Bursar of All Souls, and it was through his connexion with the college that the opportunity came for what was to be his life work. The Scientific Press was the name of a publishing firm founded by Sir Henry Burdett, which specialized in medical publications, especially those designed for the use of trained nurses; it also published a highly successful weekly paper for trained nurses, *The Nursing Mirror*.[6] Sir Henry Burdett's daughter had married Mr. Maurice Gwyer (later Sir Maurice Gwyer and Lord Chief Justice of India) who was also a fellow of All Souls. The Scientific Press was a very profitable enterprise; the directors formed the

design of enlarging the business, and employing some of the profits in general publishing. The Gwyers invited Faber to join the board and to become the chairman of a new company; and the Scientific Press was transformed into Faber and Gwyer Ltd., general publishers.

The new firm began business at the end of 1925, in the premises still occupied by its successor, Faber and Faber Ltd. Faber added two recruits of his own choosing: Mr. R. H. I. de la Mare and Mr. T. S. Eliot.[7] For the four years of its existence under this name, the business was only moderately successful: both the original directors and the new members were inexperienced in general publishing, and only a few outstanding successes gave hope of a successful future. In 1929 the majority shareholders were the Gwyers and Faber himself. The Gwyers were ready to liquidate the business; only Faber was determined to continue. *The Nursing Mirror* was disposed of on very advantageous terms; Mr. and Mrs. Gwyer withdrew their interest; and Faber, with his own capital, transformed the firm of Faber and Gwyer into that of Faber and Faber.

Such a venture, at that moment, appeared a very risky one: but it demonstrated Faber's courage and tenacity of purpose in his chosen profession. His faith was gradually justified; and Faber himself steadily advanced to a position of high distinction in the publishing world. Through Sir Stanley Unwin, he became one of the publishers' representatives on the Joint Advisory Committee of Publishers and Booksellers,[8] a position which he resigned in 1934 on joining the Council of the Publishers' Association. In 1937 he became treasurer of the Association; and in 1939, shortly before the outbreak of the 1939-45 War, he was made president.

The presidency of the Publishers' Association proved to be, under wartime conditions, a much more onerous position than could have been anticipated. At the very outset occurred a crisis of the first magnitude. At the beginning of the war Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, imposed the purchase tax. Faber, and a few other persons of prescience, immediately appreciated the disastrous possibilities of the application of this tax to books.[9] The consequences would have extended much farther than merely to those engaged in writing, printing, and publishing, as Faber was one of the first to see: the whole intellectual life of the nation might have been silenced, and its communication with that of America and the Dominions broken. Upon Faber, as president of the Publishers' Association, fell the chief responsibility of marshalling the forces of protest against the imposition of this tax. There were others to help; and the Archbishop

of Canterbury (Dr. Cosmo Lang) lent his powerful support.[10] The Government was finally induced to exempt books from the purchase tax; the output of books in quantity and quality, during years when all business, especially in London, was carried out under immense difficulty, was the admiration of the world. This service alone would entitle Faber's name to perpetuity.

To be the head of an important and expanding publishing firm, with responsibility for its policy and its finance, at the same time giving constant attention to many matters of detail; to be chairman of the Publishers' Association during several of its most difficult years; to be chairman of the National Book League during a formative period; to be responsible, as the Estates Bursar of a great college, for the administration of landed property scattered throughout England (all of which had periodically to be visited);[11] to take an active interest in public affairs (as chairman of a committee, he wrote for the Conservative Party an admirable Report on Secondary Education):[12] all these activities combined, at a difficult period in the nation's history, would seem to be more than enough for one man. They do not, however, exhaust Faber's interests or his record.

Apart from specialized writings such as the essays and addresses collected in a volume *A Publisher Speaking*, and other compositions directed towards a special public, such as an admirably written little book on the history of the All Souls Bursarship, Faber will be remembered especially first for *The Oxford Apostles*. This is a study of the Oxford movement into which he was drawn by his interest in his great-uncle Father Faber, and is a book which will remain among the essential bibliography of that phase of Anglican history.[13] Second, there is his monumental biography of Benjamin Jowett. This book was the fruit of years of study and reading and *Jowett* must long remain the standard biography of the great Master of Balliol.[14] To the preparation of this book he gave endless care and the highest standard of scholarship. It was published in 1957: the work he devoted to this book may indeed have made too heavy demands upon his strength in the postwar years.

For those who knew him, however, his volume of collected poems *The Buried Stream* will remain the most intimate expression of the author's personality.[15] It was indeed as a poet that he would most have wished to distinguish himself; though his modesty and diffidence prevented him from estimating his own verse at its true value. In 1960 he formally resigned from the chairmanship of Faber and Faber Ltd., and was appointed to the newly created post of president.

Faber received his knighthood in the New Year honours of 1954. He married in 1919 Enid, one of the daughters of Professor Sir Erle Richards (also fellow of All Souls); and leaves, besides his widow, two sons and a daughter.[16]

NOTES

1. On request of the *Times* for a stock obituary, TSE wrote the first draft of his unsigned obituary for Geoffrey Faber in Feb 1952; it was returned to TSE by the editor for an update in Nov 1960 as Faber's health declined; with minor additions, deletions, and emendations, it was ready for publication, with a photograph, the day after his death on 31 Mar 1961.

2. Geoffrey Faber's father, the Reverend H. M. Faber (1851-1917), a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and housemaster at Malvern from 1877, was ordained in 1885. Geoffrey's grandfather was the Reverend Francis Atkinson Faber (1804-76), a fellow of Magdalen and Dean of Divinity at Oxford who went on to serve as rector of Saunderton, Bucks, from 1845 until his death; in 1845 he married Jessie Cust (1813-1903), whose father and brother were clergymen in Ripon, Yorks.

The younger brother of Francis, Geoffrey's grand-uncle, was Father Frederick William Faber (1814-63), who converted from Anglicanism to Catholicism and became founder and superior of the London Oratory, Brompton. The Reverend Arthur Henry Faber (1832-1910), son of yet another brother of Francis, Charles Edward Faber, was Canon of York and the founder and first headmaster of Malvern College (1865-80).

3. TSE would correct this error in his memorial address of 10 May, stating that Faber received "a Double First, and not (as stated in *The Times* obituary) a First in Mods and a Second in Greats" (8.454). OUDS, the Oxford University Dramatic Society, was founded in 1885 to promote and support independent student productions.

4. Michael Sadleir (1888-1957), author and art collector, went on to become chairman of Constable & Robinson publishing; Captain John Heinemann, heir-apparent of William Heinemann publishing, was killed in action, age twenty-six, at Ypres.

5. TSE noted in his draft that Faber achieved the rank of Captain in the 8th London Regiment (Post Office Rifles).

6. Sir Henry Burdett (1847-1920) owned the Scientific Press and founded two journals in one, *The Hospital*, and *The Hospital Nursing Mirror*, "Being the Nursing Section of *The Hospital*." Burdett's daughter Alsina Helen Marion (1876-1953) married lawyer Maurice Linsford Gwyer (1878-1952) in 1906 and inherited the Scientific Press on her father's death in 1920. On income from the Press and journal, they collaborated with Faber in founding Faber and Gwyer at 24 Russell Square in 1925. The Gwyers withdrew from the firm after the sale of the *Nursing Mirror* in 1929, when Faber bought out their shares and named the new company Faber & Faber, although there was no other Faber involved.

7. After appointing TSE to the board of directors in Nov 1925, the firm immediately provided the financial support for the *Criterion* and published his *Poems 1909-1925*, followed by *For Lancelot Andrewes* and his edition of Ezra Pound's *Selected Poems* in 1928. Richard (Herbert Ingpen) de la Mare (1901-86), son of the poet Walter de la Mare, revolutionized book design and production for the firm and went on to become chairman in 1960 and later president of Faber & Faber, Ltd.

8. Faber was appointed to the Joint Committee by Stanley Unwin, president of the Publishers' Association. The committee consisted of four publishers representing the Publishers' Association and four booksellers representing the Booksellers Association, charged to standardize trade practices and retail price stability, as assured through the Net Book Agreement and other guiding principles.

9. As chairman of the Publishers' Association from 1939 to 1941, Faber successfully organized the campaign to exempt books from the 1940 wartime purchase tax on books instituted by Sir John Simon, who was soon succeeded as Chancellor of the Exchequer by Sir Howard Kingsley Wood (1881-1943).

10. As the battle to exempt books from the purchase tax ensued, Dr. Cosmo Lang (1864-1945), Archbishop of Canterbury from 1928 to 1942, chaired a deputation, including Faber, which mobilized public and parliamentary support to secure the exemption in putting the case before Sir Kingsley Wood.

11. Faber became Estates Bursar for All Souls in 1923. TSE noted in the draft that in 1944 he "turned his attention (in collaboration with Mr. Sydney Goldsack and others) to the transformation and development of the National Book Council as the National Book League. And during the whole time, he continued to fill the position of Estates Bursar of All Souls College until his retirement in 1950."

12. In Jan 1942, the Conservative Party Committee on Post War problems set up the Educational Sub-Committee under the chairmanship of Faber. That committee, appointed by the new Minister of Education, R. A. Butler, published two reports on secondary education, expansion, and reconstruction – *Educational Aims* and *A Plan for Youth*, both in Sept 1942 – and a third on technical education – *The Statutory Education System*, in Jan 1944 – with Faber reporting to Butler that technical schools must come to rival grammar schools. Faber's committee was influential in the formulation of Butler's Education Act of 1944 (6.497, n.2).

13. *A Publisher Speaking*, a collection of speeches on publishing, bookselling, and censorship, was published in 1934; his *Notes on the History of the All Souls Bursarships and the College Agency* appeared in 1950, his often reprinted *Oxford Apostles*, subtitled *A Character Study of the Oxford Movement*, first appeared in 1933; all three were published by Faber & Faber.

14. *Jowett: A Portrait with a Background* (Faber, 1957); Benjamin Jowett was Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford from 1855, master of Balliol College from 1870, and vice-chancellor of the university from 1882.

15. Faber's *The Buried Stream: Collected Poems 1908-1940* was published by Faber & Faber in 1941. In a recommended arrangement of poems, TSE wrote to Faber on 28 Apr 1941 that "*any* order of poems written over a long space of time is more or less at best the best of a bad job, I think; and so I prefer the chronological."

16. Enid Eleanor Richards Faber (1901-95) was the third daughter of Sir Henry Erle Richards (1861-1922), who was himself a fellow of All Souls and Chichele Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Oxford. Enid and Geoffrey married on 30 Dec 1920.Their sons were Sir Richard Stanley Faber (1924-2007), diplomat and author, and Thomas Erle Faber (1927-2004), physicist and fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; their daughter was Elizabeth Ann Faber (1921-78), who read history at Somerville College, Oxford, served in WWII maintaining torpedo cruisers, served as secretary of classical scholar Gilbert Murray, and later did freelance work for Faber & Faber.

Not Consulted: New English Bible [I]

To the Editor of *The Sunday Express*

The Sunday Express (2 Apr 1961) 4

In an article in your issue of March 19 Robert Pitman tells us that the translators [of the *New English Bible*] were helped by a panel of literary advisers whose names have been kept secret, but that it is "rumoured" that I was a member of this panel.[1]

I should like to state that I was not a member of this panel, that I was not in any way consulted in connection with this translation, and that I have not yet had an opportunity of examining the translation itself.

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTE

1. In a review of *The New English Bible: New Testament* in the *Sunday Express* of 19 Mar 1961, under the heading "Why all the praise? These seven men do not deserve it," columnist Robert Pitman (1924-69) severely criticized its modernized language and phrasing in comparison to the verbal beauty of the Authorized Version, specifically taking to task the seven as yet unnamed members of the literary panel, rumored to include TSE: "In projects like this there is nothing wrong with the committee system. The only trouble is the men who were on it. // Clearly, by some freak of chance, each one of those chosen was born tone-deaf as far as English prose is concerned. . . . They are said to have been mostly head masters and dons – plus, it is rumoured, Mr. T. S. Eliot. // But though he is famed as a poet, Mr. Eliot's prose is far from golden. The collected speeches of Herbert Morrison would glitter in comparison" (5).

Herbert Stanley Morrison (1888-1965), British Labour Party politician, Minister of Supply and Transport in Churchill's wartime government, was an inveterate deliverer of radio speeches, which he collected in *Looking Ahead: War-time Speeches* (1943), *The Peaceful Revolution: Speeches by the Rt. Honorable Herbert Morrison* (1949), and *Government and Parliament* (1954).

The seven members of the literary panel charged with improving the translations with contemporary words, phrases, and structures included Professor Sir Roger Mynors, Professor Basil Willey, Sir Arthur Norrington, Mrs. Anne Ridler, Rt. Rev. A. T. P. Williams, Rev. Canon Adam Fox, and Dr. John Carey, plus *ex officio* panel conveners on the Joint Committee of the *New English Bible* (hereafter NEB), published jointly by Cambridge UP and Oxford UP on 14 Mar. This is the first of nine letters and, in addition, a review regarding the NEB by TSE from Mar 1961 to Jan 1963.

Preface to *Poems and Verse Plays*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal

New York: Pantheon Books, 1961. Pp. lxiii + 462; Preface, [xi]-[xii].[1]

By music lovers the world over, the name of Hugo von Hofmannsthal is identified as that of the author of the librettos of Richard Strauss's operas.[2] To those visitors from America and England who have attended performances of *Jedermann* at Salzburg or elsewhere, Hofmannsthal is also known as a dramatist, though his other plays are little read, and seldom if ever performed, in English-speaking countries.[3] But he was also a very fine poet, the less recognized as such abroad since the quantity of his lyric verse is small. Lastly, he wrote very distinguished prose. This volume contains a selection from Hofmannsthal's less-known work among his verse plays and lyric poetry.

I am tempted to contrast Hofmannsthal's verse plays with those of William Butler Yeats; and the inclusion here of several of them makes it possible for the English-speaking reader who knows no German to draw a comparison between the shorter plays of the two poets. Yeats in his early plays drew upon the pre-Christian folklore of Ireland; he used other sources in his *Plays for Dancers*; it is only in his short play on the Resurrection that he used Christian material (for apart from the name there is nothing Christian about his *Purgatory*).[4] But the theme of the Resurrection play is one that Hofmannsthal would never have chosen. Yeats was very positively Irish and Protestant – his Christianity is what remained to him of a Protestant heritage. Hofmannsthal was equally positively Austrian and Catholic – his Christianity is that of a *practising* Catholic. (He was, I believe, a tertiary of the Franciscan Order.)[5] I leave any further comparison or contrast to be developed by whoever will; my immediate purpose in linking the two names was to make the point that Hofmannsthal is worthy to stand with Yeats and with Claudel as one of the three men who did most, in the same age, to maintain and re-animate verse drama – in German, English, and French respectively.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This is vol 2 of the bilingual edition of *Selected Writings of Hugo von Hofmannsthal*, ed. and intro. by Michael Hamburger, constituting number XXXIII in the Bollingen series. Hamburger (1924-2007) was a British critic known for his translations of German literature. On 25 Mar 1958, TSE supported his application for a Bollingen Foundation Fellowship for work on the Austrian poet and dramatist Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and on 1 July, congratulated him on receiving the fellowship and being appointed editor of the Bollingen Hofmannsthal translations. In recommending Nora Wydenbruck for a grant from the Royal Literary Fund in 1959, TSE noted that "she is at present occupied with a translation of Hofmannsthal's *Arabella* for the Bollingen translation with which Michael Hamburger is connected" (8.365, n.2). TSE was a member of the selection committee that awarded the first Bollingen Prize in Poetry to Pound (7.xxvi-xxviii), and he also introduced Paul Valéry's *The Art of Poetry* in the Bollingen series (8.261).

2. Hofmannsthal became internationally famous as the librettist for the operas of the German composer Richard Strauss, including *Elektra* (1909), *Der Rosenkavalier* (1911), *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1912), *Die ägyptische Helena* (1928), and *Arabella* (1932). Strauss's operas with Hofmannsthal's libretti became part of the repertoire of major operas houses in Europe and in the United States, and *Der Rosenkavalier*, for which he wrote the screenplay, was made into a film in 1925.

3. *Jedermann* (1911) is an adaptation of the English morality play *Everyman*. It was part of the inaugural program at the Salzburg Festival in 1920, where it was performed on the steps of Salzburg Cathedral and was repeated annually in Cathedral Square until the festival was forced to close by the annexation of Austria by the Nazis in 1938.

4. The plays in Yeats's collection *Four Plays for Dancers* (1921) includes *At the Hawks' Well*, *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, *The Dreaming of the Bones*, and *Calvary*. In contrast to the naturalistic plays of his Irish contemporaries, G. B. Shaw and Oscar Wilde, the early plays of Yeats are set in mythical times and feature such characters as the Gaelic hero Cuchulainn and his wife, Emer. *Purgatory* (1939) is a late play in which the theme of resurrection is related to cyclical patterns of death and rebirth, a play the importance of which to poetic drama TSE discussed in "Yeats" (6.83, 85) and in "Poetry and Drama" (7.595).

5. In Roman Catholicism, the Franciscans and Dominicans have a tripartite structure that includes secondary and tertiary orders. The first order consists of ordained priests and unordained brothers, the second of contemplative nuns, and the third of laypeople (tertiaries) who vow to practice their faith in everyday life.

New English Bible [II]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3087 (28 Apr 1961) 263

Sir, – The appearance of two letters on this subject in your issue of April 21 impels me to write in your praise of your admirable article of March 24, "Language in the New Bible."[1]

In *The English Churchman* of March 17, the Reverend Terence H. Brown published a detailed examination of the text, which has been reprinted and is obtainable from the Trinitarian Bible Society, and which I commend to all who are interested.[2] It is sufficient for the moment for me to cite Luke 1, 27, where the word παρθένος [*parthénos*] appears as "girl" instead of the Authorized Version "virgin" ("a girl . . . and the girl's name was Mary").[3]

This alteration cannot be in correction of a previous mistranslation: both Liddell & Scott and Westcott & Hort give "virgin" as a correct translation.[4] Mr. Weitzman may think me nostalgic, and Mr. Manwaring may consider "girl" an easier word to understand than "virgin." But what moved the learned committee to approve the change?

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. The highly critical review by journalist Marghanita Laski (1915-88) of the NEB in the *TLS* of 24 Mar (184) compared its poverty of language to the elegant prose of the Authorized Version and brought two responses in the issue of 21 Apr: Arthur J. Weitzman, writing from New York that the review "reveals a critical attitude not wholly commendable. Just as the American vice is vulgarity, the British vice seems to be nostalgia, and plain old-fashioned nostalgia is your reviewer's controlling passion." Randle Manwaring of Surrey wrote appreciatively that with the new translation we are "now welcoming the opportunity of reading the Bible in English easy to understand and there will undoubtedly result a revival of the habit of personal Bible-reading" (249).

2. The article by Rev. Terence Harvey Brown (1918-97), Secretary of the Trinitarian Bible Society from 1958 to 1989, first appeared in the *English Churchman* of 17 Mar as "The New Translation of the New Testament: A Detailed and Critical Examination of the Text"; it was immediately reprinted as a leaflet under the same title in four unnumbered pages by the Trinitarian Bible Society (London, 1961). As TSE describes it elsewhere , the leaflet contains "a useful list of specimens of bad taste . . . at the price of one penny" (8.524).

3. Luke 1:27: "To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary" (KJV); "In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God . . . with a message for a girl betrothed to a man named Joseph, a descendant of David; the girl's name was Mary" (NEB).

4. TSE cites the authority of the Liddell-Scott *Greek-English Lexicon*, first published in 1843, and the Westcott-Hort *Revised Version* (1881) of the Authorized Version (1611) of the New Testament. The *Lexicon*, under the editorship of Henry George Liddell (1811-98) and Robert Scott (1811-87), was then in its ninth edition (1940); TSE owned the eighth edition (1897). The *Revised Version* of the New Testament, of which TSE owned the 1911 edition, under the editorship of Brooke Foss Westcott (1825-1901) and Fenton John Anthony Hort (1828-92), was followed by their *Revised Version* of the Old Testament in 1885.

New English Bible [III]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3089 (12 May 1961) 293

Sir, – I remember Dr. Rattray as the most brilliant student of philosophy at Harvard in the academic year 1911-12; he is now, I know, a distinguished Unitarian minister. But he seems to me to have missed my point.[1]

I am not a Hebrew scholar, nor am I versed in Biblical scholarship. I have read that St. Luke was careful in his translation of Hebrew terms. But what I wanted to know was whether the learned committee believe that St. Luke believed in the Virgin Birth? If so, what is the point of substituting *girl* for *virgin*, especially as the effect, besides raising the theological question, is to contribute to debasement of the noble prose of the Authorised Version?[2]

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. In a letter to the *TLS* on 5 May, Robert Fleming Rattray asked a single question: "May I have the temerity to inform my old fellow-student, Mr. T. S. Eliot, that the Hebrew word translated in the Septuagint by παρθένος does not mean 'virgin' but 'young woman'?" (277). Rattray (1886-1967), born and educated in Glasgow and at Manchester College, Oxford, spent two years at Harvard studying philosophy and completing a dissertation on Samuel Butler for his PhD (1913) before returning to England and becoming a Unitarian minister. He was pastor of the Unitarian Memorial Chapel in Cambridge (1931-45), president of Manchester College, Oxford (1951-54), and Extension Lecturer in Cambridge in his remaining years.

In the *Inquirer* of 16 Mar 1940 Rattray wrote "With Tagore in 1913," on Rabindranath Tagore's visit and lecture at Harvard in 1913, attended by Rattay and TSE, who was studying Indian philosophy. On 22 Mar, Rattray sent a copy to Tagore with a letter mentioning TSE and suggesting that "it may be that it was impressions of you that worked into his poem *The Waste Land*: 'Shanti! Shanti! Shanti!.' I am not an admirer of his poetry but his fame makes the point interesting" (*Selected Letters of Rabindranath Tagore* ed. Krishna Dutta and Andrew Robinson [Cambridge UP, 1997]). Tagore replied on 3 May that he was "interested to read what you say about Mr. T. S. Eliot. Some of his poetry [has] moved me by [its] evocative power and consummate craftsmanship. I have translated . . . one of his lyrics called 'The Journey of the Magi.'"(520).

2. TSE may have sent a copy of this letter before publication to the Biblical scholar Rev. Terence H. Brown (see 8.445, n.2), whose reply was printed directly below TSE's letter: "With reference to my review of the N.E.B., may I quote one who was not privileged to be at Harvard

with Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. R. F. Rattray in correction of the statement made by the latter with regard to the Hebrew word translated παρθένος in the LXX? 'That the word means simply a *young woman*, whether married or unmarried, a virgin or a mother, is a subterfuge invented by the later Greek translators who, as Justin Martyr tells us, read νεᾶνις instead of the old version παρθένος which had its rise before the prophecy became a subject of dispute between Jews and Christians'" (293). LXX is the acronym (for the seventy translators) of the Septuagint, the oldest Greek translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew.

New English Bible [IV]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3091 (26 May 1961) 325

Sir, – Professor Driver, without answering my question, has provided some useful information, and tells us that *parthénos* is an "equivocal term."[1] Mr. Hunt, on the other hand, says that "Luke's word *parthénos* includes the physiological but does not isolate it" – a sentence the meaning of which I have perhaps failed to grasp. Mr. Hunt goes on to say "Luke makes the fact of Mary's virginity clear enough in the dialogue which follows."[2] St. Luke, certainly, in the Authorized Version, makes this clear enough; but to me this is what "Luke" of the N.E.B. just fails to do.

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. In the *TLS* of 19 May, Professor Sir Godfrey R. Driver (1892-1975) of Magdalen College, Oxford, and convener of the panel of scholars for the NEB edition of the Old Testament, requested space "for the facts establishing the meaning of the Hebrew and Greek words commonly mistranslated 'virgin' in theological works": The word *parthénos*, he asserts, "does not say whether the person to whom it is applied is or is not a virgin so as to leave no doubt on the point, and to use it to prove virginity is to commit a form of the fallacy of equivocation; the woman's state must be discovered from the narrative describing her"; in using such an "equivocal term," he concludes, "the modern translator ought not to give it in any passage a precision which it does not have" (309).

In an accompanying letter, Geoffrey Hunt, who went on to compile *About the New English Bible* (1970), opines that "Luke's word *parthénos* includes the physiological but does not isolate it, as 'virgin' would in modern prose. It is surely the word for the unmarried daughter of a respectable household . . . [T]here seems no doubt that the translators were right, in contemporary English, to say 'girl': . . . Luke makes the fact of Mary's virginity clear enough in the dialogue which follows, and to vote for the use of the 'virgin' in the introductory narrative is simply to vote for the archaism. The N.E.B. rendering does not displace that of the Authorized Version, which remains unaffected: it differs from it because contemporary English differs from that of 1611."

2. In the dialogue between the angel Gabriel and Mary, he predicts that she will conceive and bring forth a son, to which she says in Luke 1:34: "How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?" (KJV); "'How can this be,' said Mary, 'when I have no husband?'" (NEB).

Belief in the Existence of the Devil

To the Editor of *The Church Times*

The Church Times (9 June 1961) 12

Sir, – I wish that the Rev. David E. Jenkins would elucidate the meaning of the last paragraph of his letter in your issue of June 2. He tells us that no *belief* is authoritative "on any other grounds than that it is now a living part of the obedient and daily practice of the *believing* Christian community."[1]

This would appear to me to mean that belief is whatever believers believe – if it is a living part of their obedient and daily practice. *Obedient practice*: obedient to what or to whom? And what is the meaning of obedient and daily practice of a belief?

If I recite the Apostles' Creed at my morning and bed-time prayers, is the Creed a part of my obedient and daily practice? And is it a living part? And who is the judge of whether it is actually relevant (not merely relevant, but *actually* relevant) to the life of the twentieth century at large? And what is the difference between the twentieth century and the twentieth century *at large*?

The italics in the foregoing letter are my own.

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTE

1. Rev. David Edward Jenkins (1925-2016), then chaplain and fellow of Queen's College, Oxford (later the controversial Bishop of Durham), wrote in the *Church Times* of 2 June, under the heading "Belief in the Devil," to clarify that when in the issue of 19 May he said that "Jesus believed in the existence of the Devil," he "was not writing about belief in the Devil but about the *authority* on which we are to decide whether to include this belief in an official document for current teaching purposes." "We deceive ourselves," he wrote in his concluding paragraph, "if we imagine that any belief, however symbolised or expressed, is authoritative, i.e., demands and evokes conviction and commitment, on any other grounds than that it is now a living part of the obedient and daily practice of the believing Christian community" (14).

New English Bible [V][1]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3094 (16 June 1961) 373

Sir, – Professor Driver, in your issue of June 9th, tells us that the virginity of Our Lady "became an important point only when, without intercourse with Joseph, she was found to be with child. To anticipate the story by calling her 'virgin' at the outset spoils the climax." If we assume St. Luke to have had the dramatic intention which Professor Driver imputes to him, we are disappointed of our climax: for I cannot find anywhere in this passage the word "virgin" or the word "virginity." We are merely told, in the N.E.B. version, that Our Lady expressed astonishment on learning that an unmarried woman could conceive a child.[2]

Professor Driver leaves us wondering, moreover, why the N.E.B. allows St. Matthew to use the word "virgin," and in quoting Isaiah at that. For he appears to disapprove of the use of this term by the N.E.B. translator of St. Matthew, instead of "girl" or "young woman," on the ground that it has "the unfortunate result that the connexion with the Old Testament is obscured."[3]

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.I.

NOTES

1. Following TSE's letter to the *TLS* of 26 May (8.449), in which he stated that a reply from Professor Sir Godfrey R. Driver did not answer his general question of why the NEB translators substituted "girl" for "virgin" in Luke 1:27, Driver answered in the issue of 9 June. On 14 June, TSE wrote to Ivor Bulmer-Thomas that he had just written to the *TLS* again, "as Driver's letter seemed to me somewhat evasive. And I want to know why Saint Matthew is permitted the word which they have taken so much trouble to deny to Saint Luke."

2. In Luke 1:30-35, when the angel appears before Mary to announce, "you shall conceive and bear a son, and you shall give him the name Jesus," Mary is astonished: "How can this be," said Mary, "when I have no husband?" (NEB). Following protests, Mary's singular reply was altered in the revised 1970 edition of NEB to read: "How can this be?" said Mary; "I am still a virgin."

3. "Mr. T. S. Eliot complains of me not having answered his question," Driver wrote in his reply of 9 June. "I was . . . simply trying to supply the necessary information without which the discussion could not profitably be carried on. . . . In St. Matthew's Gospel the N.E.B. has 'the virgin will conceive and bear a son' in the quotation from Isaiah. Here again 'the young woman

will conceive and bear a son' would serve equally well; for the story in which the quotation is embedded makes it perfectly clear that Mary, to whom it was applied, had not had intercourse with Joseph when she was found with child. The use of 'virgin' instead of 'girl' or 'young woman' has the unfortunate result that the connexion with the Old Testament is obscured; for there the Hebrew word must be and is being rendered 'young woman.' // The problem is that facing all translators: how far ought they to go beyond the denotation of a word and represent it by something which reproduces what it also connotes at the cost of letting their translation be coloured by the implications of the story? Ought their rendering to be more explicit than the original text before them? . . . The difficulty is to decide the moment of transition from the meaning of a word to another" (357). Driver's quotation is from Matthew 1: 22-24: "All this happened in order to fulfil what the Lord declared through the prophet: 'The virgin will conceive and bear a son, and he shall be called 'Emmanuel'" (NEB). The quotation of the prophet is derived from Isaiah 7:14: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel" (KJV).

Memorial Tribute for Geoffrey Faber[1]

Encounter, 17 (July 1961) 81-82

The longer and the more intimately one has known a man, the more difficult it is to choose, in brief memorial phrases, the memories to evoke, the gifts and qualities to emphasise, and the achievements to celebrate. My association with Geoffrey Faber began thirty-five years ago: for nearly half my life, in business, in outside interests, in working hours and in social relaxation, I was constantly in his company. In any tribute that I can pay, however brief, I find myself inevitably recording something of my own life as well. Let me begin then by recalling the occasion of our first meeting, and one subsequent incident, both of which throw light upon his character.

In 1925 it was that I went, in some trepidation, to see Faber at his London home. For personal reasons, I had found it necessary to change my means of livelihood, and to seek a new position which should also give some assurance of permanence. Faber, on the other hand, was looking only for a writer with some reputation among the young, who could attract promising authors of the younger generation as well as of our own, towards the newly-founded firm of Faber and Gwyer. He wanted an informal adviser and, in fact, a "talent scout." My name had been suggested to him with warm commendation by my elder friend Charles Whibley, on an occasion when Whibley was a week-end guest at All Souls. I do not remember how it was, during that evening's conversation between Faber and myself, that our two designs became identical. I suspect that it was merely that we took to each other. However that may be, our meeting led to his inviting me to join his Board of Directors – not without his having difficulties to overcome. Vigorous championship, no doubt, on his part, and several testimonials from distinguished older authors, were needed to persuade his fellow-directors to accept, on those terms, a man of letters so obscure as myself. I had more reason to be grateful to Faber, at that time, than he ever knew. But the action was typical of him: once he had made up his mind about a man his confidence was unlimited. And thus he assembled round him – and more easily after Faber and Gwyer had become Faber and Faber – a happy and congenial team of colleagues.

My other illustration is an incident not generally known. We became friends very quickly. It was not so very long before he actually proposed me for a research fellowship at All Souls. Only those who are aware of Faber's intense devotion to the College will realise what a great honour he wished to do me, and what generous feeling inspired him. It was a distinction for which my qualifications were not obvious either to myself or to the College. I am happy to say that the College was spared the ignominy of electing an unscholarly member and I was spared the waste of energy involved in pretending to a scholarship which I did not possess. But I treasure the memory of Faber's generosity, his wish to take me into his beloved college as he had taken me into his business counsels, his home circle, and his personal friendship.

Faber was a man of varied interests and several occupations, and it may be said that he touched none that he did not adorn. First of all he was a poet: an admirer of George Meredith (I shall always remember one evening when he read *Love in the Valley* aloud),[2] he had most in common with another poet whose name is forever associated with Oxford. Matthew Arnold was the poet with whom he had the closest affinity. To-day I shall not speak of his poetry except to remind you that we cannot understand Faber if we ignore the poet in him. Second, Faber, again like Arnold, was also a scholar – a Double First, and not (as stated in *The Times* obituary) a First in Mods and a Second in Greats. That he had also great practical abilities is shown, not only from his conduct of a growing publishing business, but from his work as Estates Bursar of All Souls. It has struck me that his knowledge of farm administration gained as Estates Bursar may have stood him in good stead when, as a country squire, he turned his attention to the breeding of pedigree cattle. Then there is a short but distinguished list of prose works. His *Oxford Apostles* was one of the two best books to appear in the year of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement; and his biography of *Benjamin Jowett*, over which he had toiled for years, is a monumental work which illustrates his indefatigable, conscientious maintenance of the highest standards of scholarship.

During the last war I saw Faber every week, at first sharing in the middle of the week the Fabers' basement shelter, and later fire-watching with him at Russell Square; and I was privy to two of his wartime activities. The first was when, as President of the Publishers' Association, he organised the protest which obtained the remission of the purchase tax to be levied on books. The second was when he drafted the report on Secondary Schools as Chairman of a Committee appointed by the Minister of Education. At

one time Faber had thought of standing for Parliament. He had the integrity, the constancy of purpose, and the firmness of principle of the Statesman, but not, perhaps, all the arts of the Politician.

It is chiefly, however, as Publisher and as Friend that I wish to-day to remember Geoffrey Faber. Any calling that Faber had accepted would have been, with him, the occupation of a gentleman; but for him that of Publisher most certainly was. He loved good books, and what he chiefly wanted as a publisher was to publish good books. If they were good enough, they were worth losing money on. And it was not only the books that he himself liked that he was glad to publish. Having chosen his colleagues, he trusted them, and was happy to publish any book that one of them thought good enough to be worth fighting for. And I shall not forget the patience and skill with which he conducted our weekly book committee. He endured our vagaries and our divagations; he was judicious in settling our arguments, and genially tolerant of the practical jokes and horse-play with which some of us, in the early days, would occasionally disorganise the meeting.

Geoffrey Faber was endowed with many talents which he employed happily and well. He was fortunate in many ways, fortunate especially in his marriage. His wife, I know, was his wise counsellor, even in publishing, particularly in the early days when we were learning to be publishers; the partaker of all his interests and his strong rock and his bulwark in his last painful years of illness. Our thoughts and our prayers to-day must be with her and with their family, as well as with him. I remember Geoffrey Faber in many situations, in peace and in war, in work and in play, on land and on sea, at home and abroad. I loved the man, and part of my own life is in the grave with him. May he rest in peace.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Following the death of Sir Geoffrey Cust Faber on 31 Mar 1961, TSE's unsigned obituary was published in the *Times* of 1 Apr (8.437). He then delivered this personal remembrance at the memorial service held at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Holborn, on 10 May. The text, submitted to *Encounter* at the request of editor Stephen Spender, was reprinted in Dec by Faber & Faber in a limited edition of one hundred copies for private distribution to friends: *Geoffrey Faber 1889-1961*. Some of the similar references in this remembrance are noted in the *Times* obituary.

2. Meredith's "Love in the Valley," published in eleven octets in *Poems* (1851), was expanded to twenty-six octets when it appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* of Oct 1878. Some editions contain both versions, as in G. M. Trevelyan's edition of *The Poetical Works of George Meredith* (London: Constable, 1912), 230-36, 573-75.

To Criticize the Critic[1]

Of what use, or uses, is literary criticism, is a question worth asking again and again, even if we find no answer satisfactory. Criticism may be, what F. H. Bradley said of metaphysics, "the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct, but to find these reasons is no less an instinct."[2] But as I propose to talk about my own criticism my choice of subject needs to be further defended. In casting an eye over my own literary criticism of the last forty-odd years, I hope that I may be able to draw some conclusions, some plausible generalizations of wider validity, or – what is still more worth while – stimulate other minds to do so;[3] also I hope I may provoke other critics to make similar confessions. My justification must be that there is no other critic, living or dead, about whose work I am so well informed as I am about my own. I know more about the genesis of my essays and reviews than about those of any other critic; I know the chronology, the circumstances under which each essay was written and the motive for writing it, and about all those changes of attitude, taste, interest and belief which the years bring to pass.[4] For the work of those masters of English criticism whom I regard with most reverence such full information is not available to me. I am thinking especially of Samuel Johnson and of Coleridge, and not ignoring Dryden or Arnold.[5] But at this point I should distinguish between the several types of literary critic, in order to remind you that generalizations drawn from the study of the work of a critic of one type may not be applicable to that of others.

First of all among those types of critics other than mine, I should put down the Professional Critic – the writer whose literary criticism is his chief, perhaps his only title to fame. This critic might also be called the Super-Reviewer, for he has often been the official critic for some magazine or newspaper, and the occasion for each of his contributions the publication of some new book. The exemplar of this kind of criticism is of course the French critic Sainte-Beuve, who was the author of two important books, *Port-Royal* and *Chateaubriand et ses amis*, but the bulk of whose work consists of volume after volume of collected essays which had previously appeared week by week in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper.[6] The Professional Critic may be, as Sainte-Beuve certainly was, a *failed* creative writer; and in the case of

Sainte-Beuve it is certainly worth while to look at his poems, if one can come by them, as an aid to understanding why he wrote better about authors of the past than about his contemporaries. The Professional Critic however is not *necessarily* a failed poet, dramatist or novelist: so far as I know, my old friend in America, Paul Elmer More, whose *Shelburne Essays* have something of the monumental appearance of the *Causeries du lundi*, attempted no creative writing.[7] Another old friend of mine who was a Professional Critic, of both books and theatre, Desmond MacCarthy, confined his literary activity to his weekly article or review and employed his leisure in delightful conversation instead of devoting it to the books he never wrote.[8] And Edmund Gosse – a different case again: for it is not his industry as a critic, but one book of autobiography which is already a classic – *Father and Son* – that will perpetuate his name.[9]

Second, I name the Critic with Gusto. This critic is not called to the seat of judgment; he is rather the advocate of the authors whose work he expounds, authors who are sometimes the forgotten or unduly despised. He calls our attention to such writers, helps us to see merit which we had overlooked and to find charm where we had expected only boredom. Of such was George Saintsbury, an erudite and genial man with an insatiable appetite for the second-rate, and a flair for discovering the excellence which is often to be found in the second-rate. Who but Saintsbury, in writing a book on the French Novel, would give far more pages to Paul de Kock than to Flaubert?[10] There was also my old friend Charles Whibley: for example, read him on Sir Thomas Urquhart or on Petronius.[11] There was also Quiller-Couch, who must have taught many of those who attended his lectures at Cambridge, to find fresh sources of delight in English literature.[12]

Third, the Academic and the Theoretical. I mention these two together, as they can overlap; but this category is perhaps too comprehensive, since it ranges from the purely scholarly, like W. P. Ker, who could illuminate an author of one age or language by an unexpected parallel with some author of another age or another language,[13] to the philosophical critic, such as I. A. Richards and his disciple the philosophical critic William Empson. Mr. Richards and Mr. Empson are also poets, but I do not regard their work as a by-product of their poetry.[14] And where are we to place other contemporaries, such as L. C. Knights or Wilson Knight, except as men who have combined teaching with original critical work?[15] And another critic of importance, Dr. F. R. Leavis, who may be called the Critic as Moralist?[16] The critic who is also tenant of an academic post is likely to have made a

special study of one period or one author but to call him a Specialist Critic would seem a kind of abridgment of his right to examine whatever literature he pleases.

And finally we come to the critic whose criticism may be said to be a by-product of his creative activity. Particularly, the critic who is also a poet. Shall we say, the poet who has written some literary criticism? The condition of entrance into this category is that the candidate should be known primarily for his poetry, but that his criticism should be distinguished for its own sake, and not merely for any light it may throw upon its author's verse. And here I put Samuel Johnson, and Coleridge; and Dryden and Racine in their prefaces; and Matthew Arnold with reservations; and it is into this company that I must shyly intrude. I hope you need by now no further assurance that it was not laziness that impelled me to turn to my own writings for my material. It most certainly was not vanity: for when I first applied myself to the required reading for this address, it was so long since I had read many of my essays that I approached them with apprehension rather than with hopeful expectations.

I am happy to say that I did not find quite so much to be ashamed of as I had feared. There are, to be sure, statements with which I no longer agree; there are views which I maintain with less firmness of conviction than when I first expressed them, or which I maintain only with important reservations; there are statements the meaning of which I no longer understand. There may be areas in which my knowledge has increased; there are areas in which my knowledge has evaporated. On re-reading my essay on Pascal, for instance, I was astonished at the extent of the information I seem to have possessed when I wrote it.[17] And there are some matters in which I have simply lost interest, so that, if asked whether I still hold the same belief, I could only say "I don't know" or "I don't care." There are errors of judgment, and, what I regret more, there are errors of tone: the occasional note of arrogance, of vehemence, of cocksureness or rudeness, the braggadocio of the mild-mannered man safely entrenched behind his typewriter. Yet I must acknowledge my relationship to the man who made those statements, and in spite of all these exceptions, I continue to identity myself with the author.

Even in saying that, however, I think of a qualification. I find myself constantly irritated by having my words, perhaps written thirty or forty years ago, quoted as if I had uttered them yesterday. One very intelligent expositor of my work, who regarded it, furthermore, with a very favourable eye, discussed my critical writings some years ago as if I had, at the outset of my

career as a literary critic, sketched out the design for a massive critical structure, and spent the rest of my life filling in the details. When I publish a collection of essays, or whenever I allow an essay to be re-published elsewhere, I make a point of indicating the original date of publication, as a reminder to the reader of the distance of time that separates the author when he wrote it from the author as he is today. But rare is the writer who, quoting me, says "this is what Mr. Eliot thought (or felt) in 1933" (or whatever the date was). Every writer is accustomed to seeing his words quoted out of context, in such a way as to put an unintended construction upon them, by not over-scrupulous controversialists. But the quotation of pronouncements of many years ago, as if they had been made yesterday, is still more frequent, because it is most often wholly without malice. I will give one instance of a statement which has continued to dog its author long after it has ceased, in his opinion, to be a satisfactory statement of his beliefs. It is a sentence from the preface to a small collection of essays entitled *For Lancelot Andrewes*, to the effect that I was a classicist in literature, a royalist in politics, and an Anglo-Catholic in religion.[18] I ought to have foreseen that so quotable a sentence would follow me through life as Shelley tells us his thoughts followed him:

> And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
> Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.[19]

The sentence in question was provoked by a personal experience. My old teacher and master, Irving Babbitt, to whom I owe so much, stopped in London on his way back to Harvard from Paris, where he had been lecturing, and he and Mrs. Babbitt dined with me. I had not seen Babbitt for some years, and I felt obliged to acquaint him with a fact as yet unknown to my small circle of readers (for this was I think in the year 1927) that I had recently been baptized and confirmed into the Church of England. I knew that it would come as a shock to him to learn that any disciple of his had so turned his coat, though he had already had what must have been a much greater shock when his close friend and ally Paul Elmer More defected from Humanism to Christianity. But all Babbitt said was: "I think you should come out into the open." I may have been a little nettled by this remark; the quotable sentence turned up in the preface to the book of essays I had in preparation, swung into orbit, and has been circling my little world ever since. Well, my religious beliefs are unchanged, and I am strongly in favour of the maintenance of the monarchy in all countries which have a

monarchy; as for Classicism and Romanticism, I find that the terms have no longer the importance to me that they once had. But even if my statement of belief needed no qualification at all after the passage of the years, I should not be inclined to express it in quite this way.

So far as I can judge, from references, quotations and reprints in anthologies, it is my earlier essays which have made the deeper impression. I attribute this to two causes. The first is the dogmatism of youth. When we are young we see issues sharply defined: as we age we tend to make more reservations, to qualify our positive assertions, to introduce more parentheses. We see objections to our own views, we regard the enemy with greater tolerance and even sometimes with sympathy. When we are young, we are confident in our opinions, sure that we possess the whole truth; we are enthusiastic, or indignant. And readers, even mature readers, are attracted to a writer who is quite sure of himself. The second reason for the enduring popularity of some of my early criticism is less easily apprehended, especially by readers of a younger generation. It is that in my earlier criticism, both in my general affirmations about poetry and in writing about authors who had influenced me, I was implicitly defending the sort of poetry that I and my friends wrote.[20] This gave my essays a kind of urgency, the warmth of appeal of the advocate, which my later, more detached and I hope more judicial essays cannot claim. I was in reaction, not only against Georgian poetry, but against Georgian criticism; I was writing in a context which the reader of today has either forgotten, or has never experienced.

In a lecture on Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, published in one of my collections of essays and addresses,[21]* I made the point that in appraising the judgments of any critic of a past age, one needed to see him in the context of that age, to try to place oneself at his point of view. This is a difficult effort for the imagination; one, indeed, in which we cannot hope for more than partial success. We cannot discount the influence upon our formation of the creative writing and the critical writing of the intervening generations, or the inevitable modifications of taste, or our greater knowledge and understanding of the literature preceding that of the age which we are trying to understand. Yet merely to make that effort of imagination, and to have these difficulties in mind, is worth our while. In reviewing my own early criticism, I am struck by the degree to which it was conditioned by the state of literature at the time at which it was written, as well as by the stage of maturity at which I had arrived, by the influences to which I had been exposed, and by the occasion of each essay. I cannot myself bring to mind all these

circumstances, reconstruct all the conditions under which I wrote: how much less can any future critic of my work have knowledge of them, or, if he has knowledge have understanding, or if he has both knowledge and understanding, find my essays of the same interest that they had for those who read them sympathetically when they first appeared? No literary criticism can for a future generation excite more than curiosity, unless it continues to be of use in itself to future generations to have intrinsic value out of its historical context. But if any part of it does have this timeless value, then we shall appreciate that value all the more precisely if we also attempt to put ourselves at the point of view of the writer and his first readers. To study the criticism of Johnson or of Coleridge in this way is undoubtedly rewarding.

I can divide my own critical writing roughly into three periods. There was first the period of *The Egoist*, that remarkable bi-weekly edited and published by Miss Harriet Weaver. Richard Aldington had been sub-editor, and when he was called up for military service in the First World War Ezra Pound nominated me to Miss Weaver to fill his place.[22] In *The Egoist* appeared an essay called "Tradition and the Individual Talent," which still enjoys immense popularity among those editors who prepare anthological text-books for American college students. There were then two influences which are not so incongruous as might at first sight appear: that of Irving Babbitt and that of Ezra Pound. The influence of Pound at that time may be detected in references to Remy de Gourmont, in my papers on Henry James, an author whom Pound much admired, but for whom my own enthusiasm has somewhat flagged, and sundry allusions to authors, such as Gavin Douglas, whose work I hardly knew.[23] The influence of Babbitt (with an infusion later of T. E. Hulme and of the more literary essays of Charles Maurras) is apparent in my recurrent theme of Classicism versus Romanticism.[24] In my second period, after 1918, when *The Egoist* had come to an end, I was writing essays and reviews for two editors in whom I was fortunate, for they both gave me always the right books to review: Middleton Murry in the short-lived *Athenaeum*, and Bruce Richmond in *The Times Literary Supplement*.[25] Most of my contributions remain buried in the files of these two papers, but the best, and they are among the best of my essays, are reprinted in my collections. My third period has been, for one reason or another, one of public lectures and addresses rather than of articles and reviews.

And here I wish to draw what seems to me an important line of demarcation between the essays of generalization (such as "Tradition and the

Individual Talent") and appreciations of individual authors. It is those in the latter category which seem to me to have the best chance of retaining some value for future readers: and I wonder whether this assertion does not itself imply a generalization applicable to other critics of my type. But I must draw a distinction here too. Several years ago my New York publishers brought out a paper-back selection of my essays on Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. I made the selection myself, and wrote a preface explaining my choice.[26] I found that the essays with which I was still pleased were those on the contemporaries of Shakespeare, not those on Shakespeare himself. It was from these minor dramatists that I, in my own poetic formation, had learned my lessons; it was by them, and not by Shakespeare, that my imagination had been stimulated, my sense of rhythm trained, and my emotions fed. I had read them at the age at which they were best suited to my temperament and stage of development, and had read them with passionate delight long before I had any thought, or any opportunity of writing about them. At the period in which the stirrings of desire to write verse were becoming insistent, these were the men whom I took as my tutors. Just as the modern poet who influenced me was not Baudelaire but Jules Laforgue, so the dramatic poets were Marlowe and Webster and Tourneur and Middleton and Ford, not Shakespeare.[27] A poet of the supreme greatness of Shakespeare can hardly influence, he can only be imitated: and the difference between influence and imitation is that influence can fecundate, whereas imitation – especially unconscious imitation – can only sterilize. (But when I came to attempt one brief imitation of Dante I was fifty-five years old and knew exactly what I was doing.)[28] Besides, imitation of a writer in a foreign language can often be profitable – because we cannot succeed.

So much for those of my essays in literary criticism which I think have the best chance of survival, in the sense that they are those which have, I believe, the best chance of giving pleasure, and possibly enlarging the understanding, on the part of future readers, of the authors criticized. Now what of the generalizations, and the phrases which have flourished, such as "dissociation of sensibility" and "objective correlative"?[29] I think also of an article on "The Function of Criticism" written for *The Criterion*. I am not sure, at this distance of time, how valid are the two phrases I have just cited: I am always at a loss what to say, when earnest scholars, or schoolchildren, write to ask me for an explanation. The term "objective correlative" occurs in an essay on "Hamlet and his Problems" in which I was perhaps not altogether guiltless of trailing my coat: I was at that time hand-in-glove with

that gallant controversialist, J. M. Robertson, in his critical studies of Tudor and Stuart drama.[30] But whatever the future of these phrases, and even if I am unable to defend them now with any forensic plausibility, I think they have been useful in their time. They have been accepted, they have been rejected, they may soon go out of fashion completely: but they have served their turn as stimuli to the critical thinking of others. And literary criticism, as I hinted at the beginning, is an instinctive activity of the civilized mind. But I prophesy that if my phrases are given consideration, a century hence, it will be only in their historical context, by scholars interested in the mind of my generation.

What I wish to suggest, however, is that these phrases may be accounted for as being conceptual symbols for emotional preferences. Thus, the emphasis on tradition came about, I believe, as a result of my reaction against the poetry, in the English language, of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and my passion for the poetry, both dramatic and lyric, of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The "objective correlative" in the essay on *Hamlet* may stand for my bias towards the more mature plays of Shakespeare – *Timon*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* notably – and towards those late plays of Shakespeare about which Mr. Wilson Knight has written illuminatingly.[31] And the "dissociation of sensibility" may represent my devotion to Donne and the metaphysical poets, and my reaction against Milton.

It seems to me, in fact, that these concepts, these generalizations, had their origin in my sensibility. They arise from my feeling of kinship with one poet or with one kind of poetry rather than another. I ought not to claim that what I am now saying holds good of other types of critic than mine, or even of other critics of the type to which I myself belong – that is, of poets who have also written critical essays. But about any writer in the field of aesthetics I always incline to ask: "what literary works, paintings, sculpture, architecture and music does this theorist really enjoy?" We can, of course – and this is a danger to which the philosophical critic of art may be exposed – adopt a theory and then persuade ourselves that we like the works of art that fit into that theory. But I am sure that my own theorizing has been epiphenomenal of my tastes, and that in so far as it is valid, it springs from direct experience of those authors who have profoundly influenced my own writing. I am aware, of course, that my "objective correlative" and my "dissociation of sensibility" must be attacked or defended on their own level of abstraction, and that I have done no more than indicate what I believe to

have been their genesis. I am also aware that in accounting for them in this way I am now making a generalization about my generalizations. But I am certain of one thing: that I have written best about writers who have influenced my own poetry. And I say "writers" and not only "poets", because I include F. H. Bradley, whose works – I might say whose personality as manifested in his works – affected me profoundly; and Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, from one of whose sermons on the Nativity I lifted several lines of my "Journey of the Magi" and of whose prose there may be a faint reflection in the sermon in *Murder in the Cathedral*.[32] I include, in fact, any writers whether of verse or prose, whose style has strongly affected my own. I have hope that such essays of mine on individual writers who have influenced me, may retain some value even for a future generation which will reject or ridicule my theories. I spent three years, when young, in the study of philosophy. What remains to me of these studies? The style of three philosophers: Bradley's English, Spinoza's Latin and Plato's Greek.[33]

It is in relation to essays on individual poets that I come to consider the question: how far can the critic alter public taste for one or another poet or one or another period of literature of the past? Have I myself, for example, been to any degree responsible for arousing interest and promoting appreciation of the early dramatists or of the metaphysical poets? I should say, hardly at all – as critic. We must distinguish of course between *taste* and *fashion*. Fashion, the love of change for its own sake, the desire for something new, is very transient; *taste* is something that springs from a deeper source. In a language in which great poetry has been written for many generations, as it has in ours, each generation will vary in its preferences among the classics of that language. Some writers of the past will respond to the taste of the living generations more nearly than others; some periods of the past may have closer affinity to our own age than others. To a young reader, or a critic of crude taste, the authors whom his generation favours may seem to be better than those fancied by the previous generation; the more conscious critic may recognize that they are simply more congenial, but not necessarily of greater merit. It is one function of the critic to assist the literate public of his day to recognize its affinity with one poet, or with one type of poetry, or one age of poetry, rather than with another.

The critic, however, cannot create a taste. I have sometimes been credited with starting the vogue for Donne and other metaphysical poets, as well as for the minor Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. But I did not discover any of these poets. Coleridge, and Browning in turn, admired

Donne; and as for the early dramatists, there is Lamb, and the enthusiastic tributes of Swinburne are by no means without critical merit. In our own time, John Donne has lacked no publicity: Gosse's *Life and Letters*, in two volumes, appeared in 1899.[34] I remember being introduced to Donne's poetry when I was a Freshman at Harvard by Professor Briggs, an ardent admirer;[35] Grierson's edition of the Poems, in two volumes, was published in 1912; and it was Grierson's *Metaphysical Poetry*, sent me to review, that gave me my first occasion to write about Donne.[36] I think that if I wrote well about the metaphysical poets, it was because they were poets who had inspired me. And if I can be said to have had any influence whatever in promoting a wider interest in them, it was simply because no previous poet who had praised these poets had been so deeply influenced by them as I had been. As the taste for my own poetry spread, so did the taste for the poets to whom I owed the greatest debt and about whom I had written. Their poetry, and mine, were congenial to that age. I sometimes wonder whether that age is not coming to an end.

It is true that I owed, and have always acknowledged, an equally great debt to certain French poets of the late nineteenth century, about whom I have never written. I have written about Baudelaire, but nothing about Jules Laforgue, to whom I owe more than to any one poet in any language, or about Tristan Corbière, to whom I owe something also.[37] The reason, I believe, is that no one commissioned me to do so. For these early essays were all written for money, which I needed, and the occasion was always a new book about an author, a new edition of his works, or an anniversary.

The question of the extent to which a critic may influence the taste of his time I have answered, speaking for myself alone, by saying that I do not believe that my own criticism has had, or could have had, any influence whatever apart from my own poems. Let me turn now to the question: how far, and in what ways do the critic's own tastes and views alter in the course of his lifetime? To what extent do such changes indicate greater maturity, when do they indicate decay, and when must we consider them merely as changes – neither for better nor for worse? For myself, again, I find that my opinion of poets whose work influenced me in my formative stage remains unchanged, and I abate nothing of the praise I have given them. True, they do not now give me that intense excitement and sense of enlargement and liberation which comes from a discovery which is also a discovery of oneself: but that is an experience which can only happen once. And indeed it is to other poets than these that I am likely to turn now for pure delight. I turn more often

the pages of Mallarmé than those of Laforgue, those of George Herbert than those of Donne, of Shakespeare than of his contemporaries and epigoni.[38] This does not necessarily involve a judgment of relative greatness: it is merely that what has best responded to my need in middle and later age is different from the nourishment I needed in my youth. So great is Shakespeare, however, that a lifetime is hardly enough for growing up to appreciate him. There is one poet, however, who impressed me profoundly when I was twenty-two and with only a rudimentary acquaintance with his language started to puzzle out his lines, one poet who remains the comfort and amazement of my age, although my knowledge of his language remains rudimentary. I was never more than an inferior classical scholar: the poet I speak of is Dante. In my youth, I think that Dante's astonishing economy and directness of language – his arrow that goes unerringly to the centre of the target – provided for me a wholesome corrective to the extravagances of the Elizabethan, Jacobean and Caroline authors in whom I also delighted.

Perhaps what I want to say now is true of all literary criticism. I am sure that it is true of mine, that it is at its best when I have been writing of authors whom I have wholeheartedly admired. And my next best are of authors whom I greatly admire, but only with qualifications with which other critics may disagree. I do not ask to be reassured about my essays on minor Elizabethan dramatists, but am always interested to hear what other critics of poetry think, for instance, about what I have written on Tennyson or Byron. As for criticism of negligible authors, it can hardly be of permanent interest, because people will cease to be interested in the writers criticized. And censure of a great writer – or a writer whose works have had the test of time – is likely to be influenced by other than literary considerations. The personality of Milton, as well as some of his politics and theology, was obviously antipathetic to Samuel Johnson, as it is to me. (But when I wrote my first essay on Milton, I was considering his poetry as poetry and in relation to what I conceived to be the needs of my own time; and when I wrote my second essay on Milton I did not intend it to be, what Desmond MacCarthy and others took it to be, a recantation of my earlier opinion, but a development in view of the fact that there was no longer any likelihood of his being imitated, and that therefore he could profitably be studied.[39] This reference to Milton is parenthetical.) I do not regret what I have written about Milton: but when an author's mind is so antipathetic to my own as was that of Thomas Hardy, I wonder whether it might not have been better never to have written about him at all.[40]

Perhaps my judgment is less assured about writers who are contemporary or nearly so, than about writers of the past. Yet my valuation of the work of those poets contemporary with me, and of those poets younger than myself with whom I feel an affinity, remains unchanged. There is however one contemporary figure about whom my mind will, I fear, always waver between dislike, exasperation, boredom and admiration. That is D. H. Lawrence.

My opinions of D. H. Lawrence seem to form a tissue of praise and execration. The more vehement of my ejaculations of dislike are preserved, like flies in amber, or like wasps in honey, by the diligence of Dr. Leavis; but between two passages which he quotes, one published in 1927 and the other in 1933, I find that in 1931 I was wagging my finger rather pompously at the bishops who had assembled at the Lambeth Conference, and reproaching them for missing an opportunity for dissociating themselves from the condemnation of two very serious and improving writers – namely, Mr. James Joyce and Mr. D. H. Lawrence.[41] I cannot account for such apparent contradictions. Last year, in the *Lady Chatterley* case, I expressed my readiness to appear as a witness for the defence. Perhaps the counsel for the defence were well advised not to put me into the witness box, as it might have been rather difficult to make my views clear to a jury by that form of inquisition, and a really wily prosecutor might have tied me up in knots. I felt then, as I feel now, that the prosecution of such a book – a book of most serious and highly moral *intention* – was a deplorable blunder, the consequences of which would be most unfortunate whatever the verdict, and give the book a kind of vogue which would have been abhorrent to the author.[42] But my antipathy to the author remains, on the ground of what seems to me egotism, a strain of cruelty, and a failing in common with Thomas Hardy – the lack of a sense of humour.

My particular reason for referring to my response to the work of Lawrence is that it is well to remind ourselves, in discussing the subject of literary criticism, that we cannot escape personal bias, and that there are other standards besides that of "literary merit," which cannot be excluded. It was noticeable, in the Chatterley case, that some witnesses for the defence defended the book for the moral intentions of the author rather than on the ground of its being important as a work of literature.

In most of what I have been saying today, however, I have endeavoured to confine myself to that part of my own critical prose which is most nearly definable as "*literary* criticism." May I sum up the conclusions to which I

have come, after re-reading all of my writing which can be covered by that designation? I have found that my best work falls within rather narrow limits, my best essays being, in my opinion, those concerned with writers who had influenced me in my poetry; naturally the majority of these writers were poets. And it is that part of my criticism concerned with writers towards whom I felt gratitude and whom I could praise wholeheartedly, which is the part in which I continue to feel most confidence as the years pass. And as for the phrases of generalization which have been so often quoted, I am convinced that their force comes from the fact that they are attempts to summarize, in conceptual form, direct and intense experience of the poetry that I have found most congenial.

It is risky, and perhaps presumptuous, for me to generalize from my own experience, even about critics of my own type – that is, writers who are primarily creative but reflect upon their own vocation and upon the work of other practitioners. I am, I admit, much more interested in what other poets have written about poetry than in what critics who are not poets have said about it. I have suggested also that it is impossible to fence off *literary* criticism from criticism on other grounds, and that moral, religious and social judgments cannot be wholly excluded. That they can, and that literary merit can be estimated in complete isolation, is the illusion of those who believe that literary merit alone can justify the publication of a book which could otherwise be condemned on moral grounds. But the nearest we get to pure literary criticism is the criticism of artists writing about their own art; and for this I turn to Johnson, and Wordsworth and Coleridge. (Paul Valéry's is a special case.)[43] In other types of criticism the historian, the philosopher, the moralist, the sociologist, the grammarian may play a large part; but in so far as literary criticism is purely literary, I believe that the criticism of artists writing about their own art is of greater intensity, and carries more authority, though the area of the artist's competence may be much narrower. I feel that I myself have spoken with authority (if the phrase itself does not suggest arrogance) only about those authors – poets and a very few prose writers – who have influenced me; that on poets who have not influenced me I still deserve serious consideration; and that on authors whose work I dislike my views may – to say the least – be highly disputable. And I should remind you again, in closing, that I have directed attention on my literary criticism *qua* literary, and that a study in respect of my religious, social, political or moral beliefs, and of that large part of my prose writing which is directly concerned with these beliefs would be quite another exercise in self-examination. But I

hope that what I have said today may suggest reasons why, as the critic grows older, his critical writings may be less fired by enthusiasm, but informed by wider interest and, one hopes, by greater wisdom and humility.

NOTES

1. As printed in *TCC*. "To Criticize the Critic" originated as the sixth Convocation Lecture at the University of Leeds, given on 1 July 1961. It is the title piece of TSE's last collection of essays, *To Criticize the Critic and Other Writings*, published posthumously by Faber & Faber on 11 Nov 1965. His widow, Valerie, included a prefatory note, signed with her initials "V.E.": "Illness prevented my husband from revising 'To Criticize the Critic' and 'The Aims of Education' which are printed here exactly as he left them. Had he lived he would have incorporated further reflections into the former and written a similar review of his sociological writings. After delivering the Education lectures in Chicago he put them aside with the intention of expanding them into a book when the opportunity arose, but it never did. // In response to many requests he promised that 'Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry' and 'Reflections on *Vers Libre*' should be included in this collection" (*TCC* [7]).

The title essay is the only piece that had not been previously published.

Contents:

To Criticize the Critic (1961)
From Poe to Valéry (1948) (7.290)
American Literature and the American Language (1953) (7.792)
The Aims of Education (1950) (7.563, n.1)
1. *Can 'Education' be Defined?* (7.511)
2. *The Interrelation of Aims* (7.524)
3. *The Conflict between Aims* (7.537)
4. *The Issue of Religion* (7.550)
What Dante Means to Me (1950) (7.482)
The Literature of Politics (1955) (8.85)
The Classics and the Man of Letters (1942) (6.295)
Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry (1917) (1.626)
Reflections on "*Vers Libre*" (1917) (1.511)

2. In the preface to *Appearance and Reality*, Bradley quotes several sentences from his notebooks, the first of which is "Metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct, but to find these reasons is no less an instinct" (x).

3. TSE's preliminary thoughts about the Leeds lecture are revealed in a letter to Wolfgang Clemen on 24 Nov 1960. "We shall be going to Jamaica in January and February and when I come back I shall have to devote all my time to preparing a lecture to deliver at the Leeds University on the 1st of July. . . . it will be a rather personal one consisting of a review and reappraisal of my own literary criticism over the years. It will, I hope, lead to some possible generalisations about criticism which may give it a value over and above the purely autobiographical." On 27 July 1961, in conversation with Robert Giroux about repeating the lecture in the United States, TSE said "The title of my lecture is *To Criticize the Critic*, and there was a sub-title *A Retrospective View of My Own Literary Criticism*."

4. On 24 Oct 1960, TSE told his cousin Eleanor Hinkley that one goal of his lecture would be an understanding of "where my opinions have altered and whether any general truths can be elicited from studying in retrospect the critic I know most about (but I have avoided for so many years re-reading my criticism that I may get some rude jolts)." In "The Music of Poetry" (1942), he said "I can never re-read any of my own prose writings without acute embarrassment: I shirk the task and consequently may not take account of all the assertions to which I have at one time or another committed myself" (6.310).

5. Dryden, Arnold, and Coleridge are recurring reference points in TSE's early criticism, and each is given a chapter in *UPUC* (1933): "The Age of Dryden" (4.614), "Wordsworth and Coleridge" (4.625), and "Matthew Arnold" (4.668). TSE's in-depth consideration of Johnson occurs in his 1944 lectures in Wales on *The Lives of the Poets* (8.185).

6. *feuilleton*: serial writings. TSE discovered Sainte-Beuve in 1909 at Harvard in Babbitt's course in French literary criticism. In the Leeds retrospective, as in earlier references to Sainte-Beuve, TSE associates the French critic with an American counterpart, Paul Elmer More. More's *Shelburne Essays*, most written in his capacity as literary editor for the *Nation*, invite comparison with Sainte-Beuve's *feuilleton*, published weekly as *Causeries du lundi* (Monday chats) (1.408, n.2). In 1931, TSE said that "Sainte-Beuve . . . had a devouring and insatiable interest in human nature in books, and was forever brooding over problems which are perhaps insoluble" (3.308). He mentions Sainte-Beuve's "method" in *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire sous l'Empire* (1.598) and discusses *Port-Royal* in his introduction to Pascal's *Pensées* (4.341) and in a contemporaneous piece in the *Criterion* (4.308).

7. Several volumes of More's *Shelburne Essays* were reviewed by TSE, the first in 1916 (1.406). See "Mr. P. E. More's Essays" (3.585), a review of *Selected Shelburne Essays* (5.320, n.1), and a 1937 overview of More's writing, "Paul Elmer More" (5.418).

8. In the 1920s, MacCarthy worked for the *New Statesman* and from 1928 for the *Sunday Times*. Over the years, he and TSE had literary scrimmages on Machiavelli, Shaw, Milton, and others. See note 39.

9. Sir Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son* (1907) is an autobiographical account of the struggle between generations portrayed in Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* (1862). In 1931, TSE opined that "Sir Edmund . . . was interested in literature for literature's sake; and I think that people whose interests are so strictly limited, people who are not gifted with any restless curiosity and not tormented by the demon of thought, somehow miss the keener emotions which literature can give" (4.308).

10. Saintsbury was the author of major tomes on English and French literature and the editor of the forty-volume edition of Balzac's *La Comédie humaine*. In "Beyle and Balzac," a review of vol 2 of Saintsbury's history of the French novel (1919), TSE praised his erudition and charm while noting that he "has assigned a short chapter to Flaubert, run Stendhal and Balzac together into one, and devoted the greater part of a long one to Paul de Kock" (2.49). TSE was pleased when Saintsbury agreed to contribute the first essay ("Dullness") to the inaugural issue of the *Criterion*, and in a letter of Feb 1923, wrote to thank him for giving "the *Criterion* such a triumphant start" (*L2* 18).

11. In "The Local Flavour," TSE describes Whibley as a man who "convinces us that if we read the books he has read we should find them delightful . . . and if we read them we can form

our own opinions" (2.176). Whibley edited the translation of Rabelais by the seventeenth-century Scot Sir Thomas Urquhart. TSE read his edition of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (2.96, n.5). Whibley's essays on Petronius appeared in *Studies in Frankness* (1898).

12. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, editor of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* (first published in 1900), was the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at the University of Cambridge from 1912 until his death in 1944.

13. The scholarship of Oxford Professor of Poetry W. P. Ker ranged from medieval to modern in several languages. Tolkien and Auden are among the modern writers who have said that Ker's work on Anglo-Saxon literature was a formative influence. On 17 July 1923, while hiking in the Italian Piedmont, Professor Ker died suddenly of a heart ailment. Before leaving for Italy, he submitted a promised essay to TSE for the *Criterion*. Ker's "Byron: An Oxford Lecture" appeared in the Oct 1923 issue (1-15) and, in the same issue, an obituary by Whibley (103). Ker's *Collected Essays*, edited by Whibley, appeared in 1925.

14. In the Clark Lectures, TSE discusses the "psychologism" underlying Richards's analysis of emotion in *The Principles of Literary Criticism* (2.636, 640-41). Like his teacher and mentor, Empson in *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (1930) and other works anchored his criticism in the social sciences.

15. L. C. Knights, a Professor of Literature at Sheffield and the King Edward VII Professor of Literature at Cambridge, was an influential Shakespearean and a founding editor of *Scrutiny*. G. Wilson Knight was also a noted Shakespearean. TSE praised his *Myth and Miracle* (1929), a study of the mystical pattern in Shakespeare's late comedies, and contributed the introduction to *The Wheel of Fire* (1930) (4.145; 153, n.20). He observed that Knight, who was an actor and a director, took "Shakespeare's work as a whole," and in so doing, he was able to perceive patterns "below the level of 'plot' and 'character'" (4.149-50). Knight was at the University of Leeds from 1946 to 1962 and thus may have been in the audience for TSE's lecture.

16. According to René Wellek, Leavis "constantly returns to the moral . . . implications of literature. While he rejects ordinary didacticism, he emphasizes that the critical act implies moral discrimination and judgment. . . . [Leavis] even asserts that the critic will be compelled to become a moralist" (*English Criticism: 1900-1950*. Vol 5 of *A History of Modern Criticism*. [New Haven: Yale University Press, 1986], 248).

17. "The *Pensées* of Pascal" (4.338)

18. Regarding the essays collected in *For Lancelot Andrewes*, TSE says, "The general point of view may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion. I am quite aware that the first term is completely vague, and easily lends itself to clap-trap; I am aware that the second term is at present without definition, and easily lends itself to what is almost worse than clap-trap, I mean temperate conservatism; the third term does not rest with me to define" (3.513).

19. Lines 278-79 of "Adonais," Shelley's elegy for Keats

20. In 1942, TSE remarked that "the poet, at the back of his mind, . . . is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing" (6.310).

21*. TSE's note: "*On Poetry and Poets* (Faber & Faber, 1957)." (8.221)

22. TSE was appointed assistant editor of the *Egoist* in June 1917, and, by the end of 1918, he had contributed twenty-three items, more than he wrote for any other little magazine (1.lviii). In 1917, the Egoist Press also published *Prufrock and Other Observations*.

23. Pound, who was translating Gourmont's aphorisms, called TSE's attention to the French writer's criticism (2.210, n.7). In "The Perfect Critic," TSE uses a quotation from Gourmont's *Le Problème du style* for the epigraph and says that "of all modern critics, he had most of the general intelligence of Aristotle" (2.262, 269). TSE published several pieces on James in the *Egoist*, including "In Memory of Henry James" (1.648) and "The Hawthorne Aspect" (1.736). Gavin Douglas was a fifteenth-century Scottish bishop and poet (2.96, n.4) admired by Pound.

24. As a student in Babbitt's course on French literary criticism, TSE absorbed views his teacher was to publish in *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919). In comments on Hulme's *Speculations* (1924), a collection that contains the landmark "Romanticism and Classicism" (1914), he says that Hulme is "the forerunner of . . . the twentieth-century mind. . . . classical, reactionary, and revolutionary" (2.521). In a letter to the editor of the *TLS* regarding Basil de Sélincourt's characterization of Maurras as a "French Romantic," TSE objects to "mutually exclusive" definitions of "romantic" and "classic" (2.275-76).

25. TSE began writing for Murry's *Athenaeum* in 1919 and continued to contribute occasional pieces after it was absorbed by the *Nation* in 1921. Between Apr 1919 and Aug 1920, he contributed thirty reviews, several of which are among his finest work (2.xv-xvi). In Sept 1919, TSE was invited to write for Bruce Richmond, editor of the *TLS*, and published his first piece, "Ben Jonson," in Nov and one of his last and most important, "Lancelot Andrewes," in 1926 (2.160, n.1).

26. *Elizabethan Essays*, published by Harcourt, Brace as a Harvest paperback in 1956, is a reprint of the 1934 Faber edition, with an added dedication ("In memoriam Donald Brace") and a preface by TSE (vii-x). This reprint omitted three essays – "Four Elizabethan Dramatists," "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca," and "Hamlet" – and added one, "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation."

27. TSE clarifies his relative indebtedness to Laforgue and Baudelaire in "What Dante Means to Me" (7.482-83) and to the lesser Elizabethans in such essays as "Christopher Marlowe" (2.97), "John Webster" (3.326), "Cyril Tourneur" (4.197), and "Thomas Middleton" (3.122). In regard to Shakespeare, he adds, "When I was young I felt much more at ease with the lesser Elizabethan dramatists than with Shakespeare: the former were, so to speak, playmates nearer my own size" (4.484).

28. In his 1950 talk to the Italian Institute in London, TSE discussed his attempt in *Little Gidding* II (ll. 25-96) to imitate Dantean terza rima. "Twenty years after writing *The Waste Land*, I wrote, in *Little Gidding*, a passage which is intended to be the nearest equivalent to a canto of the *Inferno* or the *Purgatorio* . . . that I could achieve" (7.484).

29. TSE's formulation of the "dissociation of sensibility" occurs in his 1921 essay on the metaphysical poets (2.380); his formulation of the "objective correlative" is in his 1919 essay on *Hamlet* (2.125).

30. Robertson's *The Problems of Hamlet* (1919) influenced TSE's understanding of the objectification of emotion in drama and poetry (2.xvi).

31. In *Myth and Miracle: An Essay on the Mystic Symbolism of Shakespeare* (1929), Knight argues that Shakespeare's last plays, both individually and as a whole, reveal a pattern that is essentially religious and mystical.

32. The first five lines of "Journey of the Magi" incorporate lines from Andrewes's 1622 Christmas Sermon (*CPP* 103 / *Poems1* 761).

33. As a graduate student in the Harvard Philosophy Department from 1911 to 1914, TSE read Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, Spinoza's *Ethics*, and Plato's *Dialogues* (1.xxxiv). As a student at Merton College in 1914 and 1915, he had weekly tutorials on Bradley and Plato, primarily with H. H. Joachim (1.xliii).

34. In 1906-07, TSE was a student in the English Literature survey course (Eng 28f) taught by Professors LeBaron Russell Briggs, George Lyman Kittredge, and two others. In 1923, TSE remarked that "Donne's popularity is neither recent nor limited; he has been approved, for many years, by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Professor Le Roy Barron Briggs" (2.442). In 1931, TSE recalled how "Professor Briggs used to read, with great persuasiveness and charm, verses of Donne to the Freshmen assembled at Harvard" (4.369). Briggs was also the Harvard dean to whom TSE reported while completing his studies at Merton College (I.xliii). Briggs was usually referred to as L. B. R. Briggs, an appellation TSE consistently misremembers as Le Roy Barron Briggs.

35. Gosse's two-volume biography, *The Life and Letters of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's*, was published in 1899.

36. Grierson's critical edition of *The Poems of John Donne* (vol 1, texts; vol 2, introductions and commentary) was published in 1912. His *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century: Donne to Butler*, was published in 1921, and the same year, TSE's review appeared in the *TLS* (2.375).

37. TSE wrote three essays on Baudelaire: "The Lesson of Baudelaire" (1921; 2.306), "Baudelaire in our Time" (1927; 3.71), and "Baudelaire" (1930; 4.155). In 1950, TSE said that Corbière was an important early influence and that Laforgue "was the first to teach me how to speak, to teach me the poetic possibilities of my own idiom" (7.482).

38. TSE's long interest in Herbert would culminate in *George Herbert*, an essay published separately as a pamphlet by the British Council in its "Writers and their Work Series" in 1962 (8.498).

39. In 1947, MacCarthy suggested in the *Sunday Times* that TSE had repudiated his early criticism of Milton, a claim that provoked TSE to protest in a letter to the editor (7.65).

40. In "Poetry and Propaganda" (1930), TSE asks of Hardy: "has he not exploited determinism to extract his esthetic values from the contemplation of a world in which values do not count?" (4.22). In a 1933 lecture at Harvard, he refers to Hardy as "a Sadist" (4.790), a charge he elaborates in his Page-Barbour Lectures: "What again and again introduces a note of falsity into Hardy's novels is that he will leave nothing to nature, but will always be giving one last turn of the screw himself . . . . the author seems to be deliberately relieving some emotion of his own at the expense of the reader. It is a refined form of torture on the part of the writer, and a refined form of self-torture on the part of the reader" (5.41).

41. F. R. Leavis's initial praise of TSE's criticism began to shift after reading TSE's passage on Lawrence in the *Nouvelle Revue française* of May 1927, which Leavis quoted with contempt in "D. H. Lawrence & Professor Irving Babbitt" (1932): "When his characters make love . . . they not only lose all the amenities, refinements and graces which many centuries have built up in order to make love-making tolerable; they seem to reascend the metamorphoses of evolution, passing backward . . . to some hideous coition of protoplasm" (3.90). Leavis's essay, originally in *Scrutiny*, was reprinted in his *For Continuity* (Cambridge, 1933), 149-59; here 156.

In "Mr. Eliot and Lawrence," a review of *D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence* (1951) by Father William Tiverton (pseudonym of Martin Jarrett-Kerr), Leavis focuses on TSE's foreword

(7.583). Decrying the negative criticism of Lawrence, Leavis underscores his case by quoting TSE's characterization in 1933 (*ASG*, 1934) of Lawrence as a man controlled by "violent prejudices and passions, and lack of intellectual and social training. . . . It would seem that for Lawrence any spiritual force was good, and that evil resides only in the absence of spirituality. . . . In some respects, he may have progressed . . . But I cannot see much development in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. . . . The author of that book seems to me to have been a very sick man indeed" (5.43-44). Writing to Jarrett-Kerr on 8 Dec 1960, TSE admitted that some of his earlier opinions of Lawrence "were expressed with too much violence. That, however, doesn't to my mind excuse Dr. Leavis for printing a supposed review of your book which was merely an attack on myself." Leavis had included his review of Jarrett-Kerr's book as an appendix to his *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist* (1955).

TSE defended the "recognised ability and position" of Joyce and Lawrence against the disapproval of bishops in "Thoughts after Lambeth" (4.225).

42. On 12 Aug 1960, Sir William Emrys Williams, a director of Penguin Books, wrote to TSE to inform him that the firm would be publishing the unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* on 25 Aug and that he anticipated prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act of 1959: "If you feel that the book is innocent of any obscene element or intention, I wonder whether you would be willing to give me a few sentences of comment in that sense?" TSE replied on 19 Aug: "I do not regard LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER as obscene, and I should regard its suppression as deplorable. . . . The book is in no particular pornographic. It is on the ground of the author's serious intention as evinced in this and in all of his works, that I should object to its suppression." He agreed to sit for a deposition on 16 Sept under the firm's counselor, Michael B. Rubinstein, whom he had supplied with copies of his previous criticism of Lawrence, and to testify in answer to that criticism – "Perhaps I now understand better," he said, "that Lawrence's vision concerned a spiritual morality for men and women which he regarded as so important that it entitled him to disregard ordinary social morality." TSE asserted that the merit of the novel "outweighs by far any desire to protect from shock or dismay readers for whom sex has long been a subject which arouses guilty feelings. . . . This attitude towards sex Lawrence called the 'dirty little secret.' I believe," he concluded, "that from the publication of this book good should come, and I am certain that its suppression fixing in the minds of an ignorant public the impression that it is obscene would do great harm."

TSE appeared in court at the Old Bailey on 28 Oct but was not called to testify. "I felt that it would have been a duty to go into the witness box for the Defence had I been called," he wrote on 15 Dec to Father Martin Jarrett-Kerr: "One of my strong reasons . . . was my conviction that what seemed to me definitely immoral literature passed by without question, whereas Lawrence at least had a very serious and laudable intention." A copy of TSE's full deposition is in the Lawrence Collection at the University of Nottingham.

43. TSE's comments on the "special case" of Valéry's literary criticism in his introduction to *The Art of Poetry*, the 1958 Bollingen edition of the French poet's essays on poetry (8.263-64).

Preface to an Exhibition Catalog for E. McKnight Kauffer

On 27 June 1961 Gerald Gross, publisher of Pantheon Books (NY), wrote to inform TSE that the American Institute of Graphic Arts (AIGA) was exploring the "possibility" of a retrospective exhibition of E. McKnight Kauffer's work and that Yale University Press was interested in publishing a related book with his preface. On 14 Sept TSE's secretary replied for him "to tell you that he is at this moment preparing a preface." When Gross received the preface on 27 Sept, he sent a copy to graphic designer Alvin Eisenman of Yale, stating that he thought it "exceedingly sweet and personal" and wanted "to be certain that there will be some form of a printed catalog." On 3 Oct Gross sent a copy to Joyce Morrow, director of AIGA, "for the forthcoming show on McKnight Kauffer," asking to be informed when "the decision on the catalog is resolved." On the same day he wrote to Jack Rau of AIGA, asking for assurance that "there definitely will be a McKnight Kauffer show early in '62. Since T. S. Eliot has gone to the trouble of writing a special preface just for the Institute, I am sure that Alvin Eisenman will see to it that the show is held," admitting, however, that "adequate display material may be something of a problem." Here all correspondence ends: there was to be no AIGA exhibition or printed catalog. See Textual Note.

Some years ago I was invited to open a retrospective exhibition of the poster art of McKnight Kauffer, arranged at the Victoria and Albert Museum, a little after his death.[1] As advance publicity for that exhibition I made my one and only appearance on television; but when the time for the exhibition arrived I found myself in a clinic, and was obliged to tape-record my opening speech for delivery, so to speak, in absentia.

The present occasion is the first, however, on which I have ever written an introduction to the catalogue of an exhibition of the work of an artist. I do this with diffidence, as I cannot claim to possess the authority as an art critic which is expected of the author of a printed preface. It is something, perhaps, that Kauffer was a friend of mine for whom I felt a warm affection. Kauffer had many friends, and I cannot conceive of anyone knowing him well without becoming very much attached to him. But I think that he and I felt that our relationship was particularly brotherly. People remarked on our likeness, and I remember with delighted amusement that three hall porters, in the apartment-house in New York where he lived, took it for granted, independently of each other and on seeing me for the first time, that I was indeed his brother. I felt very much flattered, for Kauffer was not

only handsome and distinguished in appearance, but always beautifully dressed and knew how to wear his clothes.

All this is quite irrelevant. What is more relevant is the fact that he designed for me the cover illustrations for several of my "Ariel" poems, and the jacket for the American edition of my *Four Quartets*.[2] I feel competent to give high praise to his mastery and the art of illustration, and his mastery of poster art. In the former branch of art he was brilliant: in the latter he was supreme.

I forget how many years ago it was that a design of a rooster, crowing at sunrise, appeared on the London hoardings to draw our attention to Eno's Fruit Salt.[3] That rooster, announcing the break of day, also announced the dawn of a new era of poster art in England. It showed, to those who had the sensibility to recognize it, that a real artist was at work, and that a design of genuine artistic merit could be also highly effective as advertising. This advertisement was followed by others still more daring and equally effective. A few more advertisers of taste recognized the possibilities; and the work of other artists of distinction began to appear in public places. But in my opinion McKnight Kauffer was not only a pioneer in this work, but remains unequalled for his poster designs. The period during which he was active in poster work, and which ended with his return to America, was one in which poster art in England was in its high summer.[4] This we owed to Kauffer more than to any other artist.

For Kauffer's poster art I am only saying what is of common agreement. As for his work as an illustrator, I can testify not only by my having chosen him for so much of my own work, but by calling attention to one of his last achievements before his death: his illustrations to an edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, including the two terrifying portraits of Poe.[5] It is very exceptional for an artist to be able to enlarge our understanding of a poet: I cannot think of any similar instance. My assurance on this point gives me, as a poet, my credentials for praising an artist

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE's address at the memorial exhibition of Kauffer's work on 6 Oct 1955 was a revision and expansion of his comments on the BBC television program, *Panorama* (8.101). Although TSE recalls in an after-dinner speech in 1960 that the television appearance on 3 Oct was "being filmed for use several days later" (8.392), it is clear in the speech itself and in the present paper that the tape-recorded speech was not a replay of the BBC program.

2. For a list of Kauffer's illustrations of TSE's work, see 8.103, n.6. Holding a conservative view about illustrations of his own poems, TSE wrote to Kauffer on 24 July 1930 on having "Marina" sent to him for illustration in the Ariel series: "Yours is the only kind of decoration I can endure" (*L5* 270).

3. Kauffer's colored lithograph poster for Eno's Fruit Salt ("The Evervescent Saline" of J. C. Eno Ltd.) with the prominent rooster crowing the slogan "First thing every morning," was printed by the Westminster Press (London) in 1924 (www.moma.org/collection/works/6615).

4. At the beginning of WWI, Kauffer at age twenty-five left his endeavors as a bookseller and art student in California and moved to London, where he began designing wartime publicity posters for the Underground. During the 1920s and 1930s, he employed his skills in avant-garde graphic design in the creation of advertising posters for prominent companies and publishing houses. In 1924, he published, with illustrations and plates, *The Art of the Poster: Its Origin, Evolution & Purpose*, a work reprinted eleven times by 1928. In 1940, the beginning of WWII forced his return to the United States, where he lived in New York as a painter, book illustrator, theater set designer, and poster designer for American Airlines until his death in 1954.

5. TSE refers to the two-volume edition known as "The Borzoi Poe," *The Complete Poems and Stories of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Arthur Hobson Quinn and Edward H. O'Neill; illustrated by E. McKnight Kauffer (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946). The illustrations include five portraits of Poe, the most haunting of which is that of Kauffer. He had wanted to illustrate Poe since TSE introduced him to Poe's "The Assignation" in 1929.

TEXTUAL NOTE

TSE's two-page typescript with holograph signature is in the Chapin Library of Rare Books and Manuscripts, Williams College, Williamstown, MA. The typescript and the archive of related letters quoted in the headnote were purchased as a lot from Bromer Booksellers in Boston in Oct 1993.

Mögen Sie Picasso?[1]

Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, 245 (21 Oct 1961); Supplement, [1]-[2]

Ich danke Ihnen für Ihr Schreiben vom 22. August und für die schmeichelhafte Einladung, an einem Symposion über Picassos Werk teilzunehmen. Jedoch habe ich mir nie Kunstkritik in der Öffentlichkeit erlaubt, weil ich mich nicht berechtigt fühle, in diesen Dingen mitzusprechen. Ich weiß, dass Picasso ein großer Maler ist, aber ich habe Vorbehalte gegenüber einem beträchtlichen Teil seines Werkes und seiner vermutlichen Auswirkung. Allerdings war ich von der Schönheit der „Gaukler" („Les Saltimbanques"), die ich vor einigen Jahren in der Art Gallery in Chicago sah, einfach überwältigt. Es gibt einige wirklich großartige Gemälde, die einen völlig überraschen, wenn man sie zum ersten Mal sieht, selbst dann, wenn man sie oft in Reproduktionen gesehen hat.

ORIGINAL ENGLISH TEXT[1]

I thank you for your letter of 22 August, and for the flattering invitation to participate in a symposium about the work of Picasso. But I have never indulged in art criticism in public, as I don't feel that I can speak with any authority on such matters. I know that Picasso is a great painter, but I have reservations about a good deal of his work, and about his possible influence. But I was indeed overwhelmed by the beauty of *Les Saltimbanques* when I saw it in the Art Gallery in Chicago some years ago. There are some really great paintings which are a complete surprise when one sees them for the first time, even though one has often seen reproductions of them.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. On 22 Aug 1961, the German journalist, dance critic, and historian of ballet Otto Friedrich Regner (1913-63) invited TSE to participate in a printed symposium in anticipation of the eightieth birthday of Pablo Picasso on 25 Oct, "Mögen Sie Picasso?" [Do you like Picasso?] TSE's reply of 25 Aug was published in a special supplement of the German daily newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, with brief testimonies from twenty-two established international figures, including Theodor Adorno, Hannah Arendt, Heinrich Böll, Yehudi Menuhin, Léonide Massine, and Max Picard.

The spelling of the German translation has been modernized following the orthography reform of 1996 (revised in 2004 and 2006).

A Note of Introduction to *In Parenthesis*, by David Jones[1]

London: Faber & Faber, 1961. Pp. xv + 224; Introduction, vii-viii.[2]

In Parenthesis was first published in London in 1937. I am proud to share the responsibility for that first publication. On reading the book in typescript I was deeply moved. I then regarded it, and I still regard it, as a work of genius.

A work of literary art which uses the language in a new way or for a new purpose, does not call for many words from the introducer. All that one can say amounts only to pointing towards the book, and affirming its importance and permanence as a work of art. The aim of the introducer should be to arouse the curiosity of a possible new reader. To attempt to explain, in such a note as this, is futile. Here is a book about the experiences of one soldier in the War of 1914-18.[3] It is also a book about War, and about many other things also, such as Roman Britain, the Arthurian Legend, and divers matters which are given association by the mind of the writer.[4] And as for the writer himself, he is a Londoner of Welsh and English descent. He is decidedly a Briton. He is also a Roman Catholic, and he is a painter who has painted some beautiful pictures and designed some beautiful lettering.[5] All these facts about him are important. Some of them appear in his own Preface to this book; some the reader may discover in the course of reading.

When *In Parenthesis* is widely enough known – as it will be in time – it will no doubt undergo the same sort of detective analysis and exegesis as the later work of James Joyce and the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound. It is true that *In Parenthesis* and David Jones's later and equally remarkable work *The Anathemata*, are provided by the author with notes; but author's notes (as is illustrated by *The Waste Land*) are no prophylactic against interpretation and dissection: they merely provide the serious researcher with more material to interpret and dissect. The work of David Jones has some affinity with that of James Joyce (both men seem to me to have the Celtic ear for the music of words) and with the later work of Ezra Pound, and with my own.[6] I stress the affinity, as any possible influence seems to me slight and of no importance. David Jones is a representative of the same literary generation as Joyce

and Pound and myself, if four men born between 1882 and 1895 can be regarded as of the same literary generation. David Jones is the youngest, and the tardiest to publish. The lives of all of us were altered by that War, but David Jones is the only one to have fought in it.

Those who read *In Parenthesis* for the first time, need to know nothing more than this and what the author tells us in his own Preface, except that *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata* have been greatly admired by a number of writers whose opinions usually command attention.[7] The commentaries, as I have said, will follow in time. Good commentaries can be very helpful: but to study even the best commentary on a work of literary art is likely to be a waste of time unless we have first read and been excited by the text commented upon even without understanding it. For that thrill of excitement from our first reading of a work of creative literature which we do not understand is itself the beginning of understanding, and if *In Parenthesis* does not excite us before we have understood it, no commentary will reveal to us its secret. And the second step is to get used to the book, to live with it and make it familiar to us. Understanding begins in the sensibility: we must have the experience before we attempt to explore the sources of the work itself.[8]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The cloth-bound edition of *In Parenthesis* was published by Faber in 1937 without an introduction. In Dec 1961, a limited special edition of seventy numbered copies was published with TSE's introduction and with illustrations and autographs by both Jones and TSE. The 1961 edition was reprinted in 1963 as a "Faber paper covered Edition," with TSE's introduction but without the autographs, frontispiece, and plates of the limited edition. TSE discussed *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata* in a 1955 BBC broadcast on the Welsh Home service (8.44).

2. On 26 Apr 1961, TSE sent Jones a copy of the introduction to *In Parenthesis*, with a note: "I don't think you will find anything to object to, but if I seem to you to have on the first page misrepresented the subject matter of the book I am open to suggestions. I think that the rest of the paragraph is not only correct but relevant."

3. As a member of the fifteenth battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Jones was among the soldiers who fought in July 1916 in the disastrous Battle of the Somme. He was wounded but recuperated and returned to the front, eventually serving longer than any other British poet of WWI. A decade after the war, working from memory, he wrote *In Parenthesis*.

4. Jones uses the mythology of ancient England and Wales, including the Arthurian legends, to frame his experience in the war.

5. Both TSE and his wife admired Jones's work as an artist. On 6 Jan 1960, TSE wrote Jones, "Thank you for the copy of your very beautiful lettering and for all your explanation on the back,

which adds to its value, but I am somewhat jealous that you should have signed this but never signed the beautiful original which you gave us. That now hangs in our front hall, where it is the first object to catch the eye of any one entering our flat." In Apr 1961, TSE wrote to request that Jones design a bookplate. "We want an elephant's head in profile, which is the family crest . . . and we want both our names in full."

6. TSE discusses obscurity and notes in modern works in his 1955 broadcast on Jones (8.000). In the introduction to the 1961 edition, he associates *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata* with *The Waste Land* and other works which have inspired "detective analysis" – Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and Pound's *Pisan Cantos*.

7. In addition to TSE, well-known admirers of *In Parenthesis* would include Graham Greene, who placed it among "the great poems of the century," and Auden, who praised it "the greatest book about the First World War that I have read" (both quoted in Thomas Dilworth, *The Shape of Meaning in the Poetry of David Jones* [Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1988], 3).

8. "We had the experience, but missed the meaning, // And approach to the meaning restores the experience // In a different form, beyond any meaning // We can assign to happiness." (*The Dry Salvages*, II.45-48; *CPP* 186 / *Poems1* 196).

Memorial Tribute for Harriet Weaver

Encounter, 18 (Jan 1962) 101

Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, whose death at the age of eighty-five was announced in *The Times* of October 16th, was so modest and self-effacing a woman that her generous patronage of men of letters was hardly known beyond the circle of those who benefited by it. And of these persons, now that James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis are dead, there is no writer living who owes her as great a debt of gratitude as I do.[1] On reading the announcement of her death, I immediately wrote a letter to *The Times*, which was not published. So I hope you will allow me the space to offer my tribute at somewhat greater length.[2]

As proprietor of *The Egoist Press*, Miss Weaver was the first publisher of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, of Wyndham Lewis's first novel *Tarr*, of poems by Miss Marianne Moore, and of my own first book of poems *Prufrock and Other Observations*.[3] In these publishing ventures, she was guided by the counsel of Ezra Pound, himself the first champion and impresario of Joyce, Lewis, Marianne Moore, and myself.[4] But Miss Weaver's support, once given, remained steadfast. Her great disappointment was her failure to persuade any printer in this country to take the risk of printing *Ulysses*; her subsequent generosity to James Joyce, and her solicitude for his welfare and that of his family, knew no bounds.[5] I presume that she possessed ample means, but she lived very frugally: I imagine that her publishing usually showed a deficit; and the money that she devoted to the cause of literature must have amounted to a substantial part of her fortune.

Miss Weaver also published a fortnightly periodical, which began as *The New Freewoman*, but which in my time and to the end was called *The Egoist*. I succeeded Richard Aldington as assistant editor for the last year or two of its existence. Aldington had gone off to the war, and Pound nominated me to be his successor. As editor-in-chief, Miss Weaver limited her control to publishing instalments of a philosophical work by her friend Miss Dora Marsden.[6] An instalment occupied the first half of each issue; and the assistant editor was allowed to fill up the remaining pages with whatever matter he liked or could obtain. I deeply regret my folly in throwing away my file

copies many years ago, and I cannot now remember how I filled the pages at my disposal. Two or three of my own early essays appeared there, notably "Tradition and the Individual Talent";[7] and at least once I filled a column with Letters to the Editor – of my own composition, and under fictitious names.[8] I also enjoyed the use of the office, a small room in some building in the Adelphi, occasionally visited, I believe, by a charwoman. It was all great fun, my first experience of editorship.

In 1932 I dedicated my *Selected Essays* to this good, kind, unassuming, courageous, and lovable woman, to whom I owe so much.[9] What other publisher in 1917 (the *Hogarth Press* was not yet in existence) would, I wonder, have taken *Prufrock*?

T. S. ELIOT

ORIGINAL LETTER

Miss Harriet Weaver

Sir, – Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, whose death at the age of 85 is announced in your issue of Oct. 16th, was so modest and self-effacing a woman that her generous patronage of men of letters was hardly known except to those who benefited by it. And of these persons, I am the only survivor at this moment in a position to speak of her. As proprietor of the *Egoist Press*, she was the first publisher of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, of Wyndham Lewis's first novel *Tarr*, of poems by Miss Marianne Moore, and of my own first book of poems *Prufrock and Other Observations*. She also issued a fortnightly paper *The Egoist*: I succeeded Mr. Richard Aldington as assistant editor for the last year or two of its existence.

In her publishing ventures, Miss Weaver was guided by the counsel of Mr. Ezra Pound, himself the first champion and impresario of the writings of Joyce, Lewis and myself. But Miss Weaver's support, once given, remained steadfast. Her great disappointment was her failure to persuade any printer in this country to print *Ulysses*; her subsequent generosity to James Joyce, and her solicitude for his welfare and that of his family, knew no bounds.

My book of *Selected Essays*, first published by Fabers' in 1932, is dedicated to this good, kind, courageous and lovable woman to whom I owe the publication of my first book.

Your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The publisher and activist Harriet Shaw Weaver was one of TSE's first and most loyal supporters in England. Her Egoist Press published his first collection of poems, *Prufrock and Other Observations*, and her short-lived magazine, the *Egoist*, provided a platform for his earliest literary essays.

2. For TSE's original letter to the *Times*, see the textual note.

3. Joyce's first novel, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, was serialized in the *Egoist* from 2 Feb 1914 to 1 Sept 1915, and Lewis's first was serialized between Apr 1916 and Nov 1917. In 1917, Weaver founded the Egoist Press and published both *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Prufrock*, and in 1918, she published *Tarr*, which TSE reviewed twice in the *Egoist* (1.718, 745). In 1921, Weaver published Marianne Moore's *Poems*, in spite of the fact that Moore had declined to give permission. Weaver was aware of Moore's reluctance, but at the urging of Moore's friends, she went ahead with the publication.

4. Acting as her informal literary adviser, Pound encouraged Weaver to publish the work of his friends, and she in turn published his work, including in 1918 his translation of Bernard de Fontenelle's *Dialogues of Fontenelle* and in 1919 his *Quia Pauper Amavi*, a collection of poems that included "Homage to Sextus Propertius" and "Three Cantos."

5. Aware of Joyce's poverty and convinced of his genius, in 1917 Weaver began to send him money, anonymously at first and later through gifts of stock; she assisted with other expenses, including the cost of his eye surgery; and most of all, she promoted and published his work.

6. When Richard Aldington, who had been serving as assistant editor of the *Egoist*, left for military service, TSE agreed to replace him, beginning in June 1917. Writing to his mother on 13 May, he announced his position with "a monthly paper called *The Egoist* – the same which is publishing my poems" (*L1* 198). In June, the Egoist Press published *Prufrock and Other Observations*. The philosopher and activist Dora Marsden (1882-1960) was the founding editor of the *New Freewoman* and Weaver's partner in the *Egoist*.

7. Between 1917 and 1919, TSE published more prose in the *Egoist* than in any other periodical: twenty-three items, including in Nov/Dec 1919 Part II of "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1.lviii).

8. For TSE's fictitious correspondence and pseudonyms in the *Egoist* of Dec 1917, see 1.613.

9. The dedication to TSE's *Selected Essays* (1932) reads: "TO / HARRIET SHAW WEAVER / IN GRATITUDE, AND IN RECOGNITION / OF HER SERVICES / TO ENGLISH LETTERS" (4.497, n.1).

TEXTUAL NOTE

When TSE's letter of 16 Oct did not appear in the *Times* as expected, he wrote to Stephen Spender on 20 Oct: "If they do not print it I shall hope that *Encounter* will print it in its correspondence section, as I am very anxious to pay my tribute," ending the letter with a postscript: "I have now written to *The Times* withdrawing my letter from publication. I shall now enlarge it a bit with more about my connection with *The Egoist* etc. So I hope you will take it." "Here it is," he wrote on 26 Oct, "made rather more personally reminiscent. I hope you will like it."

New English Bible [VI]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (24 Mar 1962) 9

Sir, – May I, speaking merely as a Christian layman, be allowed to express in your columns my cordial support of the letter from Rabbi Dr. Solomon Schonfeld in your issue of March 20?

The Old Testament is the common heritage of Jews and Christians. That the New Testament cannot be properly appreciated by anyone unacquainted with the Old Testament is, I should have thought, a commonplace from which no one could dissent.[1]

I was sorry indeed that the new translation of the New Testament should be published by itself, before the new translation of the Old Testament was ready. I understand that the translation of the New Testament will eventually be revised, and I hope that when such a revised text appears, the new translation of the Old Testament may appear with it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1, March 22.

NOTE

1. In the *Times* of 20 Mar, the British Rabbi Solomon Schonfeld (1912-84), who organized the rescue of thousands of Jews during the Holocaust, responded to a report in the issue of 14 Mar that stated "that the Old Testament is not considered so vital but that people might want it as a companion to the New Testament which they have acquired" (13). "A general British (and American) defection from the established reverence for the Old Testament," Schonfeld wrote, "would surely represent a grave change in the moral and intellectual climate that has pervaded English-speaking civilization for many centuries. . . . It were indeed a sorrowful development if yesterday's stalwarts of loyalty to the Old Testament were to lose their succession. *They* not only studied what has always been the *first* part of every English Bible – the Pentateuch – they sensed the wonderful forcefulness of its definite commands. . . . One hopes that the estimated seven years' wait for the new Old Testament will be substantially reduced. . . . In any event, would it not be both practicable and wholesome to publish shortly the Pentateuch as a separate early installment? . . . Finally, one is entitled to express the hope that the new Pentateuch and Old Testament will be desired not only by 'a lot of Jews,' but also by hosts of loyal Christians throughout English-speaking lands." The NEB translation of the Old Testament appeared with the revised New Testament in 1970; that edition was subsequently revised and published as the *Revised English Bible with the Apocrypha* in 1989.

The Rules of English

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (13 June 1962) 11

Sir, – Mr. Douglas Day, in your issue of June 9, asks why *program* should be denounced as an Americanism.[1] I think I can supply one answer: there are some words, of which a simplification of the spelling may lead to an alteration of the pronunciation.

In my childhood in the United States *programme* was spelt as it is here. It was also pronounced as it is here, giving equal value to both syllables. Since the spelling *program* has become common usage there, I have often heard it pronounced with a strong stress on the first syllable, so that it rhymes, to my ear, with *Elijah Pogram*.[2]

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1, Whitsunday.[3]

NOTES

1. Writing under the heading "The Rules of English" in the issue of 9 June, Douglas Day observed of American spellings: "In the nineteenth century what we now call the American spellings were commonly preferred by English authors and printers. // Then we have a frequently used word like *programme* breaking the rule (for no better reason than that it came to us from the French), observed in *diagram*, *monogram*, *telegram*, and such like. Why should *program* be denounced as an Americanism? What do we gain by the prim observance of obsolete and irrelevant spelling habits? . . . Who can lead us gently forward one or two steps towards more rational spelling?" (9).

2. TSE refers to the Dickens character Elijah Pogram in chapter 34 of *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843): "'You are fortunate, sir in having an opportunity of beholding our Elijah Pogram, sir.' / 'Your Elijahpogram!' said Martin, thinking it was all one word, and a building of some sort." In *American Literature and the American Language* (1953), TSE wrote: "I distrust simplifications of spelling that tend to alter pronunciation, as, for example, the shortening of 'programme' to 'program,' which throws the stress onto the first syllable" (7.795).

3. Whitsunday (Pentecost) fell on 10 June in 1962.

Memorial Tribute for Violet Schiff[1]

The Times (9 July 1962) 18

The death of Violet Schiff, after a long illness, will cause great grief to relatives and to many friends, among whom I and my wife are proud to be numbered. I write, however, not only to express a personal sorrow but because of my memories of Violet and her husband, the late Sydney Schiff, in the world of art and letters 40 years ago. In the 1920s the Schiffs' hospitality, generosity, and encouragement meant much to a number of young artists and writers of whom I was one.[2] The Schiffs' acquaintance was cosmopolitan, and their interests embraced all the arts. At their house I met, for example, Delius and Arthur Symons, and the first Viscountess Rothermere, who founded *The Criterion* under my editorship. Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield knew their house, and Wyndham Lewis and Charles Scott-Moncrieff, and many others.[3]

When I married in 1957, Violet Schiff welcomed me and my wife, whom she took to her heart at once. She was already an invalid and could not be persuaded to pay visits, but was always happy to receive her friends.[4] Her mind was as active as ever, and her interest in people and in the arts was undiminished. It was, indeed, in her last years when she was house-bound and, I suspect, often in pain, that her qualities impressed me most deeply: the vigour of her speech, the animation of her face, and the warmth of her sympathy. Hers was a sympathy which made one feel that she understood much more than had been, or could be, put into words; that she was aware of, and responded to, that which could not be spoken. In consequence of this sensitiveness she could regard people with a gentle, clear-sighted charity.

I write primarily to pay homage to a beloved friend, but also in the hope that some future chronicler of the history of art and letters in our time may give to Sydney and Violet Schiff the place which is their due.

NOTES

1. TSE's text was included with the unsigned obituary notice in the *Times*, with the notice "Mr. T. S. Eliot writes:" just below. The opening text by the *Times* follows:

Mrs. Violet Schiff, who died in London on July 2 at the age of 86, was the youngest daughter of S. H. Beddington and the sister of Mrs. Ada Leverson, whom Oscar Wilde always called the Sphinx.

In her youth she was an outstanding musician, studying singing under Tosti and often accompanying Caruso on the piano. In 1911 she married Sydney Schiff, who wrote under the name of Stephen Hudson (he died in 1944). She and her husband were close friends of many artists and writers, including Marcel Proust, with whom they corresponded at length, and Sydney Schiff translated the final volumes of Proust's masterpiece into English. During the Second World War, the Schiffs housed Max Beerbohm and his wife at their home at Abinger. In the days of her widowhood Violet Schiff herself translated a number of books from the French, including *Marie Donadieu*, by Charles-Louis Phillipe, and *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel*, by Raymond Radiguet.

2. Violet and Sydney Schiff were among TSE's earliest and most helpful London friends. A patron of the arts, Sydney Schiff was also a novelist and a translator of Proust, Stendhal, and other French writers. He subsidized the "little magazine" *Art & Letters* (1918-20), which published TSE's "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar" and four of his essays on French, English, and Greek drama.

3. The glitterati associated with the Schiffs included Arthur Symons, Viscountess Rothermere (Mary Lilian Harmsworth), John Middleton Murry, Katherine Mansfield, Wyndham Lewis, Charles Scott-Moncrieff (1889-1930), and English composer Frederick Delius (1862-1934). The *Criterion*, for which Viscountess Rothermere provided initial funding (1922-25), was launched in part as a successor to Schiff's *Art & Letters*. A generous patron of Wyndham Lewis, Schiff commissioned portraits of both himself and his wife Violet. Scott-Moncrieff, like Schiff, was a champion of Marcel Proust. He translated Proust's story "The Death of Albertine," which TSE published in July 1924 in the *Criterion* (376). Between 1913 and 1927, he translated seven of the eight volumes of *À la recherche du temps perdu* under the title *Remembrance of Things Past*. The final volume was translated by Schiff. A new translation did not appear until the 1980s, so for most of the twentieth century, readers of English would have read Proust in the Scott-Moncrieff/Schiff translation.

4. In Mar 1957, some six weeks after his marriage, TSE responded to Violet Schiff's congratulatory telegram with an explanation of the delay in visiting her. "We had 3 weeks at Mentone, and on return [were] very busy and Valerie had to nurse me through bronchitis, train a new secretary, and buy the necessary minimum of furniture, all at once. We hope to move in (Kensington Court Gardens) in a fortnight or so, and then I want to bring Valerie to see you. . . . I am madly happy in being her husband."

New English Bible [VII]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (21 Aug 1962) 9

Sir, – I infer from the letter of Canon Dawson of Salisbury which appeared in your issue of August 17 that he entertains the possibility that the New English Bible may be turned to liturgical use in our houses of worship.[1]

Before such substitution becomes common practice, it is to be hoped that the style of this translation may be improved so as to be more worthy of its subject-matter. I am not here raising any doctrinal question, but write simply as a lover of the English language.

Your obedient servant,
T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1, Aug. 20.

NOTE

1. Writing under the heading "For Divine Reading" in the *Times* of 17 Aug, Canon R. S. (Ralph Sigismund) Dawson (1899-1968), Residentiary Canon and treasurer of Salisbury Cathedral, stated: "In any consideration of lessons from the Old Testament to be read in church it is important to estimate what effect the publication of the Old Testament in the New English Bible is likely to have in a few years' time. This, without any question, must be considerable. It will probably make it almost impossible to read most, if not all, of the lessons which are now of doubtful suitability, for the modern translation will underline heavily their shortcomings. // On the other hand, many lessons from the Prophets and Job which are now obscure to the average hearer will become more valuable for public reading because their message and meaning will be brought out intelligibly. It would seem, then, that the latter could well take the place of the former – but if this is to be done in time it is certainly not too early to begin planning now for such a partial revision of the lectionary. It will inevitably be required" (9).

Shakespeare's Tomb [I]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (4 Sept 1962) 11

Sir, – I cannot forbear writing to express my entire agreement with Professor Dover Wilson's letter objecting to the opening of Shakespeare's grave, which you published in your issue of September 1.[1]

Your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square. W.C.1, Sept. 2.

NOTE

1. The letter of objection by the Shakespearean scholar J. Dover Wilson (1881-1969) to opening the grave appeared under the heading "Shakespeare's Tomb" on 1 Sept: "In asking you to be good enough to register my extreme repugnance to this proposal, I can assure . . . that I am actuated, not by any superstitious fear of what might happen to the sexton, or even out of reverence and affection for the 'mighty poet of the human heart' whose plays I have spent most of my life studying, but simply from a sense of decency and respect for our common humanity" (7).

Shakespeare's Tomb [II]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (14 Sept 1962) 11

Sir, – Mr. J. C. C. Holder, whose letter appears in your issue of September 11, is under a misapprehension if he supposes that it is the inscription on Shakespeare's grave that leads me to object to what I consider desecration.[1] He cannot have read the letter from Professor Dover Wilson, with which I expressed *entire* agreement.[2]

My objection would be the same to the opening of the grave, on grounds such as those put forward, of any man or woman who had been given Christian burial.

I am assuming that I am the correspondent to whom Mr. Holder refers as "the Poet."

Your obedient servant,
T. S. ELIOT.

24, Russell Square W.C.1

NOTES

1. J. C. C. Holder wrote under the heading "Shakespeare's Tomb" in the issue of 11 Sept: "Objective and accurate reconstruction of past events, using all available data, is the sole purpose of historical research. Will no professional historian defend this fundamental principle of his trade and so answer the Poet and the Herald? // Personal attitudes, strongly and reverently held, have often obscured historical truth. Have we proof that Shakespeare himself approved the inscription on his grave? Should this epitaph be used possibly to distort posterity's image of his life and death?" (11). The curse inscribed on Shakespeare's grave in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, reads: "Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare, / To digg the dust encloased heare. / Blese be the man that spares thes stones, / And curst be he that moves my bones."

2. See 8.490, n.1

Tribute to Victoria Ocampo[1]

. . . I would be glad to be recorded as one who recognized the place occupied by Victoria Ocampo in the literary world, for her services to literature and culture in the Argentine Republic and in South America generally. I know the distinction of *Sur* and have had the pleasure of meeting Victoria Ocampo on several occasions when she visited this country. I am glad to place myself on record as one of those who recognized her international services to literature.

T. S. ELIOT

London, June 1962.[2]

NOTES

1. As printed in *Testimonios sobre Victoria Ocampo*. Buenos Aires: Imprenta Lopez, 1962. Pp. 375; 94. The Argentine author Victoria Ocampo (1890-1979) founded the cultural magazine *Sur: Revista mensual* in 1931. On 16 Dec 1931, TSE asked Marguerite Caetani: "Have you come across an extraordinary woman from Buenos Ayres named Victoria Ocampo, who runs a review there which seems to be modelled on *Commerce*? She came to see me the other day. I believe she is a friend of the Huxleys" (*L5* 773). In *Sur* she published Jorge Luis Borges, José Ortega y Gasset, Albert Camus, and Gabriela Mistral among other international authors. The multilingual hostess of prominent artists and national leaders, she welcomed to her Villa Ocampo in San Isidro such notables as Igor Stravinsky, André Malraux, Rabindranath Tagore, Indira Gandhi, and Graham Greene. In common with TSE, she had attended Bergson's lectures at the Collège de France, and in her love of Dante wrote her first book, *De Francesca a Beatrice* (1924), a commentary on the *Divine Comedy*, followed by studies of Emily Brontë, Virginia Woolf, and T. E. Lawrence. In the 1960s, she was made an honorary CBE (Commander of the Order of the British Empire), received the Gold Medal of the Académie française and honorary degrees from Harvard and Columbia, and became the first woman to be admitted to the Argentine Academy of Letters.

2. In his letter of 28 June to the secretary of the Commission of Homage to Victoria Ocampo, TSE prefaced his tribute with an apology: "I must apologize for my failure to answer your letter of February 22nd, which arrived during my absence in the West Indies. I presumed that it had already waited too long for a reply to be of any use to you, but I am very sorry you were put to the necessity of writing again with a copy of your first letter. I regret also that I am not qualified to reply in your own language."

Memorial Tribute for Sylvia Beach

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (13 Oct 1962) 10

I made the acquaintance of Sylvia Beach, and at the same time of her friend Adrienne Monnier, on a visit to Paris early in the nineteen twenties, and thereafter saw them frequently during that decade.[1] Only the scattered survivors of the Franco-Anglo-American literary world of Paris of that period, and a few others like myself who made frequent excursions across the Channel, know how important a part these two women played in the artistic and intellectual life of those years. To Adrienne Monnier, with *Navire d'Argent*, I owe the introduction of my verse to French readers; and so I became a visitor to her bookshop and to that of Shakespeare and Company.[2] A guest of Mlle. Monnier, or a guest of Miss Beach, would meet men of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* or of the group associated with *Commerce*: Gide, Schlumberger, Valéry, Fargue, Larbaud and Groethuysen are among those I encountered there.[3] I dined with Sylvia Beach for the last time two years before the last war; I remember that Gide and Schlumberger were there also.

I did not see either Sylvia Beach or Adrienne Monnier again until 1945, when I was sent to Paris after the evacuation but only a few days before VE Day. I found them at Adrienne's and gave them the tea and the soap which I had brought for them from England. They told me that I was their first visitor from this side of the Channel.[4]

Some of us in England, who appreciated the service which Sylvia, at her *librairie*, had rendered to contemporary English and American literature in France, would have liked to see Shakespeare and Company put on its feet again. But the British Council was powerless to help, as Sylvia was an American citizen; and the Americans had no organization comparable to the British Council. Nor were the auspices for such an undertaking so propitious as they had been 25 years before. Nor, I suspect, did Sylvia, after the hardships she had endured, and the imprisonment which she had suffered, have the resiliency or the physical strength to resume her former role.[5]

No tribute to Sylvia Beach would do her justice that did not stress her services to James Joyce. But for two generous and devoted women – Harriet Weaver and Sylvia Beach – I do not know how Joyce could have survived

or how his works could have got published.[6] In the early thirties Joyce discovered that for reasons connected with the legality of his testamentary disposition he needed to spend a period of two or three consecutive months in England. Being the man he was, he rented, for this brief sojourn, an unfurnished flat: a dreary little flat, for which he then proceeded to buy some still drearier necessary pieces of furniture. (How he eventually disposed of flat and furniture I do not remember.) It then transpired that he had no bank account: it was Sylvia who acted as his banker. When he needed money he wrote to Sylvia, who promptly sent a banker's draft, which he would then give to me to cash for him at my bank. What the financial arrangement may have been between those two, or what accounts were kept, I never knew.

In 1960 Sylvia Beach came to London, at the time of the publication of her book.[7] She passed through London again this summer on her way to and from Dublin, but my wife and I were out of town and missed her.[8] The last glimpse we had of her was on the television screen being interviewed by Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge.[9] And very delightfully she talked; and very charming she appeared, gay and youthful for her age. It was all the greater shock to read of her death the other day.[10] A brave, generous and very lovable woman.[11]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE met Sylvia Beach, the American expatriate and proprietor of the bookshop Shakespeare & Company, in Paris in Aug 1920 or Jan 1922. The French writer and publisher Adrienne Monnier (1892-1955) was Beach's longtime personal and business partner. Her bookshop, La Maison des amis des livres [The Home of the Friends of Books], was located across the street from Shakespeare & Company. After meeting TSE, Beach wrote to her mother in America that he "was the old fashioned type of American and very good looking. . . . He is our only modern writer I like after Joyce" (Noel Riley Fitch, *Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation: A History of Literary Paris in the Twenties and Thirties* [New York: W. W. Norton, 1983], 158).

2. Monnier committed suicide in 1955, and on 31 July, in response to an invitation to contribute to a memorial volume, TSE wrote to Françoise Hartmann: "My memories of Mlle. Monnier go back to the years immediately after the first world war. . . . she was the first editor to publish, as she did in the *Navire d'Argent*, translations of any of my poems. I have several memories of her and of her bookshop in the period between the wars." "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," translated into French by Beach and Monnier, appeared in the first issue of *Le Navire d'argent* [*The Silver Ship*] in June 1925.

3. In addition to Gide, Valéry, and Larbaud, the writers that TSE met at Shakespeare & Company included the playwright and journalist Jean Schlumberger (1877-1968), the philosopher and translator Bernard Groethuysen (1880-1946), and Léon-Paul Fargue (1876-1947), the poet

and journalist associated with the Symbolist movement. All of these French writers were part of the avant-garde arts scene in Paris in the 1920s and 1930s.

4. In the letter to Hartmann, on 31 July, TSE recalled his visit to La Maison des amis des livres after the war: "When I revisited Paris in June 1945, I took the first opportunity of returning to that shop, to bring an offering of tea and soap, and to partake of a magnificent cake which Adrienne had baked for the occasion. With the death of Adrienne Monnier another large part of the Paris that I knew has been transferred from the world of actuality to the world of memory." In Nov, he wrote to Maurice Saillet of the *Mercure de France* that "I really did not know Adrienne Monnier very well, though I had a high regard for her, as well as recognising her as an important figure in the literary world of Paris that I knew."

5. Beach was born Nancy Orbison in Baltimore, Maryland, and lived in New Jersey in her youth. Her family lived in Paris from 1902 to 1905, and after WWI, she changed her name to Sylvia Beach and settled in Paris. In 1941, Beach was forced to close Shakespeare & Company, and in the winter of 1941-42, she was imprisoned for six months in an internment camp for citizens of neutral countries in Vittel, France.

6. Beach claimed that her three great "loves were Adrienne Monnier and James Joyce and Shakespeare & Company" (quoted in Fitch, 11). In 1922, she published *Ulysses* under the imprint of her bookstore, and in 1929, Monnier published the French translation. Beach was indefatigable in the financial and moral support she provided for Joyce and his family. In Apr 1922, TSE wrote to thank Beach for her work on behalf of Joyce and for "sending the beautiful *broché* copy of *Ulysses*" (*L1* 658, n.1). For her role in the *Ulysses* censorship controversy, see 3.180, n.2.

7. Beach's memoir, *Shakespeare and Company*, was published by Faber & Faber in 1959, and in 1960, Beach was honored with an exhibition in London. On 24 June 1960, TSE wrote to the cultural attaché of the American Embassy to express his "regret . . . at missing the opening of the Shakespeare and Company Exhibition. At that time my wife and I were about to leave for a visit to Yorkshire. . . . I have a great esteem for Miss Sylvia Beach, whom I regard as an old friend, and am delighted that you should be holding this Exhibition to do her honour. Her work on behalf of contemporary English and American literature in Paris in her time was invaluable."

8. On 31 May 1962, writing to Dorothy Cole, TSE expressed regret at missing another opportunity to see Miss Beach: "I thank you for . . . the invitation for my wife and myself to the reception at the Martello Tower at the opening of Sylvia Beach . . . on June 16th, but as we cannot be away on that date we send . . . our affectionate regards to Sylvia Beach."

9. Muggeridge's 1962 BBC interview, "Appointment with Sylvia Beach," focused on the history of Shakespeare & Company and the struggle to bring *Ulysses* to print; it was televised on 6 Aug.

10. Sylvia Beach died in Paris on 5 Oct 1962, as reported in the *Times* of 11 Oct 1962 (17).

11. TSE's memorial tribute was reprinted in the *Mercure de France*, 349 (Aug / Sept 1963), 9-10, together with a French translation by Pierre Leyris, 11-12; the issue was published separately in Dec 1963 as *Sylvia Beach 1887-1962*.

Poetry and Criticism [I]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3165 (26 Oct 1962) 825

Sir, – I am grateful to the Reverend Peter Levi for having written the letter which you published in your issue of October 19 as it impelled me to obtain a copy of *The Penguin Book of Contemporary Verse*.[1] In consequence I write to assure Father Levi of my sympathy and to say that I believe that he would have the same response from several other poets if they inspected the editor's notes about themselves and their friends.

It seems to me that Mr. Kenneth Allott has mistaken the nature of the task of the editor of an anthology.

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

NOTE

1. The priest, poet, and critic Peter Levi, SJ (1931-2000), writing under the heading "Poetry and Criticism" in the *TLS* of 19 Oct, made a "public and formal protest" against the "obnoxious critical packaging" of the biographies and editorial assessments of poets included in the new *Penguin Book of Contemporary Verse 1918-1960* (1962), edited with an introduction and notes by the Anglo-Irish poet Kenneth Allott (1912-73). "It must by now appear to many writers," Levi complained, "that this sort of nonsense has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished" (809).

"For the sake of the audiences," Allott wrote in description of his editorial principles, "I have made my commentaries full and informative in a popular way. The usual biographical facts are given, but I have gone beyond this in supplying biographical information about a poet's publications, or in listing studies of his or her work. . . . I have also committed myself in the commentaries to saying what I felt about the work of particular poets. This may be to invite the contempt of those who do not recognize the difficulty of giving summary judgment on a writer in a few lines, or who deny the use of such judgments altogether" (16-17). In Allott's four-page introduction to his selections from TSE's poems and plays, Allott comments and makes judgments on TSE's biography, publications, prose criticism, and critical studies of his poems and plays.

Poetry and Criticism [II]

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 3166 (2 Nov 1962) 841

Sir, – In my letter which you kindly printed in your issue of October 26 I am afraid that in my desire to be brief I failed to make the grounds of my criticism of *The Penguin Book of Contemporary Verse* quite clear.[1] I do not take specific objection to the biographical information in itself or to the editor's expressions of opinion either of my work or that of any other author. My point is simply this: that for an anthology of contemporary verse such information, however accurate, and such criticism, however valid, is undesirable. It is enough to give the date of birth, and of course the date of death of any poet who is no longer living. Copious biographical notes, and the editor's critical opinions, merely stand between the reader and his first acquaintance with a poem. If he is delighted by the poem, he will want to read more by the same poet. Later, perhaps, he will be curious to know something about the author and even about the opinions of critics. But he should read the poem first, before he reads either biography or criticism.

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, London. W.C.1.

NOTE

1. See 8.496

George Herbert[1]

London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1962. Pp. iv + 36.

I

The family background of a man of genius is always of interest. It may show evidence of powers which blaze forth in one member, or it may show no promise of superiority of any kind. Or it may, like that of George Herbert, show distinction of a very different order. There is a further reason for knowing something of the ancestry of George Herbert: it is of interest to us because it was important to him.

The family of Herbert was, and still is, notable among the British aristocracy. I say British rather than English, because one branch of the family, that to which the poet belonged, had established itself in Wales and had intermarried with Welsh landed families. The Herberts lay claim to being of Norman-French origin, and to having been land-holders since the Norman conquest. At the time of the Wars of the Roses the Herberts of Wales had supported the Yorkist cause; but after the battle of Bosworth they transferred their allegiance to the new monarch, the Lancastrian Henry Tudor, himself a Welshman on his father's side, who ascended the throne as Henry VII. Under the new dynasty the Herberts continued to flourish. Henry VII was determined to exert in Wales the same authority that he enjoyed in England – a control to which the local chieftains of Wales were not accustomed. Among those Welshmen of position and authority who supported and advanced King Henry's law and order in Wales was Sir Richard Herbert of Montgomery Castle. Montgomery lies in North Wales; in the South another Herbert was (and is) Earl of Pembroke; and still another branch of the family is represented by the Earl of Carnarvon.[2]

George Herbert's ancestors and kinsmen were active both in the service of the King and in local affairs. Their rank was among the highest. Several of the family were distinguished for their courage, their prowess in war and duel and their astonishing feats of arms. An exceptional race, but giving no indication of literary tastes and ability before the time of George Herbert and his brother Edward. That two poets, brothers, should appear in a

family so conspicuous for warlike deeds, administrative gifts and attendance at Court, can only be accounted for by the fact that their mother, the wife of Sir Richard Herbert of Montgomery, was a woman of literary tastes and of strong character and of exceptional gifts of mind as well as beauty and charm. She was Magdalen, daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Newport, a wealthy landowner in Shropshire.[3]

George Herbert was born in 1593. Three years later his father died, leaving the mother with ten children, seven boys and three girls. Edward was the eldest son; the younger sons would have, of course, to make their own way in life – presumably, as other Herberts had done, in the wars or in some public service – but Lady Herbert's standards were high and she was determined to give them all a good education. The eldest, Edward, the other poet of the family and the heir to the estates, was thirteen and already an undergraduate at Oxford when his father died. At fifteen Edward was married off to an heiress (a Herbert of another branch) but continued at Oxford, where his mother moved her family to be near him and to supervise his education. There she made friends, and even held a kind of salon, among the more brilliant of the learned dons.

It is worth while to say something of Edward Herbert, the eldest brother, not merely to mention his poetry but to point the striking contrast between the two gifted brothers. Edward was ambitious to live abroad, to enjoy court life in foreign capitals and to engage in rather dilletante diplomacy; and to this end he learned French, Italian and Spanish. He seems to have been a man of great physical strength, and was noted for his address at sports and success in lovemaking: in short, he was a man of abounding vitality. He was later raised to the peerage as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by which name he is known as author of at least two very fine poems familiar to readers of anthologies.[4] He was not only a poet, but something of a philosopher, and entertained distinctly heretical views in religious matters. On the other hand, John Donne spoke well of him, and Ben Jonson was a friend and correspondent. For he enjoyed the society of men of letters, among whom he moved as an equal as well as among the courtiers of Europe and among ladies and gentlemen of fashion. In Edward the characteristic traits of the Herberts and some of the particular traits of Magdalen Herbert, his mother, appear to have been combined. In George, of frailer constitution and contemplative mind, we seem to find more of Magdalen; yet he was as proudly conscious of being a Herbert as any other Herbert, and at one period had the family inclination to life in the world of public affairs.

By far the most important for our study of George Herbert, of the men of letters and the scholars who delighted in the company of Magdalen Herbert, was John Donne.[5] He was enough older in years to have the admiration of the younger man and to influence him: he was enough beneath Lady Herbert in rank to be almost a protégé. The friendship between Donne and Lady Herbert is commemorated in one of Donne's best known and most loved poems, "The Autumnal", in which is found the couplet which every lover of Donne's poetry knows by heart:

> No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in one Autumnal face.[6]

To the influence of Donne's poetry upon that of Herbert we shall return presently. Meanwhile it is in place to provide a brief survey of Herbert's life and a sketch of his character.

At the age of twelve George Herbert was sent to Westminster School, where he became proficient in the usual disciplines of Latin and Greek, and gained also what is equally important for mention here – an advanced practice in music: not only in the choral singing for which that famous school was well known because of its association with the services in Westminster Abbey, but also with a difficult instrument – the lute. If we remember Herbert's knowledge of music, and his skill at the instrument we appreciate all the better his mastery of lyric verse. From Westminster he went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, being one of three boys of Westminster School who were given scholarships to that College at that time.

At Westminster School Herbert had an exemplary record. The relation of the school to the Abbey had also familiarized him with the church offices, in which the boys took part. (Their close attention to the sermon was ensured by the requirement that they should afterwards compose a summary of it in Latin.) At the university Herbert was equally forward; sober and staid in his conduct and diligent in his studies, he was given particular attention by the Master. It was said of him, however, that he was careful to be well, even expensively dressed; and that his attitude towards his fellow undergraduates of lower social position was distant, if not supercilious. Even Isaac Walton (his most nearly contemporary biographer) who tends to emphasize Herbert's saintliness, admits that Herbert, at this stage of his life, was very much aware of the consideration which he thought due to his exalted birth.[7]

At the age of twenty-three Herbert was made a Fellow of his own college of Trinity. He began by instructing the younger undergraduates in Greek grammar; later he taught rhetoric and the rules of oratory. His health was never good; and the climate of Cambridge was somewhat harsh for a young man of frail constitution. His income as Fellow and Tutor was eked out by a small allowance from his brother Edward (the head of the family) and occasionally by gifts from his step-father. For his mother had, in middle age, married again, and was now the wife of Sir John Danvers. But Herbert's poor health meant doctors' bills and occasional absences from Cambridge; as a learned scholar of an active and curious mind he needed constantly to purchase books, and books were expensive especially those which had to be imported from the continent. He therefore sought to improve his finances, and at the same time attain a position of considerable dignity, by obtaining appointment as Public Orator to the University.

Herbert had not yet formed the design of passing his life as a country parson. Indeed, the post of Public Orator was one which would bring him into the great world and even into contact with the court of James I. He achieved his aim; and during his tenure of this office acquired an extensive acquaintance which his family connections and his own wide sympathies helped to enlarge. He greatly admired Sir Francis Bacon, a man of a type of mind very different from his own; another elder friend with whom he was on affectionate terms was the saintly Bishop Lancelot Andrewes. Nor did a wide divergence of religious attitude and belief diminish the warm regard between him and his elder brother Edward.

A Fellow of a College was expected to take holy orders in the Church of England within seven years of his appointment, or resign his Fellowship. Herbert was, like his mother, a practising and devout Anglican, but at this time his ambition looked toward the world of Court and Government. His violent attack, in the form of a Latin thesis, upon the Puritan position in the person of one of its most outrageous zealots, Andrew Melville, was his only sortie into religious controversy; though undoubtedly wholly sincere, Herbert probably aimed at winning the approval of King James.[8] He would certainly have liked public office, but had neither the wiles of ingratiation, nor the means or the wish to buy his way in. His next step was to become Member of Parliament for Montgomery – an election which came to him almost as a matter of course as a member of the Herbert family. But this period of his life was not marked by success: two great noblemen of whose

patronage he felt assured died, and the death of King James himself, in the following year, seems to have left him with little hope of a Secretaryship of State.[9]

It was necessary to review this much of Herbert's early life to make the point that Herbert, though from childhood a pious member of the Anglican Church, and a vigorous opponent of the Puritans and Calvinists, felt no strong vocation to the priesthood until his thirty-first year. There were at least four persons in his life who may, by precept or example, have influenced him to this decision. His mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, was, we know, a woman not only of strong character, but of great piety. Two friends much older than himself have already been mentioned: Dr. John Donne and Bishop Andrewes. And finally, there was his dear friend Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding, an exemplar of High Churchmanship, whose domestic life approached that of a religious community. To Ferrar it was that he consigned, upon his death, the manuscript collection of verse upon which his fame is founded,[10] the collection *The Temple* which we should not know had Ferrar not chosen to publish it; this he did in the same year in which Herbert died.[11]*

Herbert's mother died in 1626. George Herbert was for a time a guest in the house of his step-father's elder brother, Lord Danvers, and in 1629, having already taken holy orders, he married Jane Danvers, the daughter of a cousin of Lord Danvers. It was a happy marriage. Six years after Herbert's death, his widow married Sir Robert Cook. In her widowhood, Isaac Walton says:

> . . . She continued mourning, till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy Wife of Sir Robert Cook of Higham in the County of Gloucester, Knight. And, though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body; and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a Master, but as an affectionate Husband; yet, she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, That name must live in her memory, till she put off mortality.[12]

George Herbert died of consumption at the age of forty.[13] For the last years of his life he had been Rector of the parish of Bemerton in Wiltshire. That he was an exemplary parish priest, strict in his own observances and a loving and generous shepherd of his flock, there is ample testimony. And we should bear in mind that, at the time when Herbert lived, it was most

unusual that a man of George Herbert's social position should take orders and be content to devote himself to the spiritual and material needs of a small parish of humble folk in a rural village. From Walton's *Life* I must quote one anecdote:

> In another walk to *Salisbury*, he saw a poor man, with a poorer horse, that was fall'n under his Load; they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. *Herbert* perceiving, put off his Canonical Coat, and help'd the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse: The poor man blest him for it; and he blest the poor man; and was so like the *good Samaritan*, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, *That if he lov'd himself, he should be merciful to his Beast*. Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at *Salisbury*, they began to wonder that Mr *George Herbert*, which us'd to be so trim and clean, came into the company so soyl'd and discompos'd; but he told them the occasion: And when one of the company told him, *He had disparag'd himself by so dirty an employment*; his answer was, *That the thought of what he had done, would prove Musick to him at Midnight; and that the omission of it, would have upbraided and made discord in his Conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for, if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound so far as it is in my power to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion*: And now let's tune our Instruments.[14]

In this context is worth mention a prose treatise of Herbert's entitled *A Priest to the Temple Or The Country Parson His Character etc*. In this treatise he sets forth the duties and responsibilities of the country parson to God, to his flock, and to himself; and from what we know of Herbert we can be sure that he practised, and always strove to practise, what he here prescribes to other priests. The story of the poor man and his horse is all the more touching when we read that the Parson's apparell should be

> plaine, but reverend, and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating it selfe even to his body, cloaths, and habitation.[15]

We are told elsewhere in the same treatise that a priest who serves as domestic chaplain to some great person is not to be

> over-submissive, and base, but to keep up with the Lord and Lady of the house, and to preserve a boldness with them and all, even so farre as reproofe to their very face, when occasion calls, but seasonably and discreetly.[16]

The pride of birth natural to Herbert is transformed into the dignity of the Servant of God. The parson, he continues, should be a man of wide reading: Herbert mentions the Church Fathers and the Scholastics, and tells us that the parson should be attentive to later writers also. The parson must give careful attention to his sermon, taking due account of the needs and capacities of his parishioners, and keeping their attention by persuading them that his sermon is addressed to this particular congregation and to one and all of them. And he should, especially when visiting the sick, or otherwise afflicted, persuade them to particular confession, "labouring to make them understand the great good use of this antient and pious ordinance."[17]

We are not to presume, however, that George Herbert was naturally of a meek and mild disposition. He was, on the contrary somewhat haughty; proud of his descent and social position; and, like others of his family, of a quick temper. In his poems we can find ample evidence of his spiritual struggles, of self-examination and self-criticism, and of the cost at which he acquired godliness.

> I struck the board, and cry'd, No more;
> I will abroad.
> What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
> My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
> Loose as the winde, as large as store.
> Shall I be still in suit?
> Have I no harvest but a thorn
> To let me bloud, and not restore
> What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
> Sure there was wine
> Before my sighs did drie it; there was corn
> Before my tears did drown it;
> Is the yeare onely lost to me?
> Have I no bayes to crown it,
> No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
> All wasted?

Not so, my heart; but there is fruit
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which pettie thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Childe!*
And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

(*The Collar*)[18]

To think of Herbert as the poet of a placid and comfortable, easy piety is to misunderstand utterly the man and his poems. Yet such was the impression of Herbert and of the Church of England given by the critic who wrote the introduction to the World's Classics edition of Herbert's *Poems* in 1907. For this writer, the Church of England, in Herbert's day as well as in his own, is typified by a peaceful country churchyard in the late afternoon:

> Here, as the cattle wind homeward in the evening light, the benign, white-haired parson stands at his gate to greet the cowherd, and the village chime calls the labourers to evensong. For these contented spirits, happily removed from the stress and din of contending creeds and clashing dogmas, the message of the gospel tells of divine approval for work well done. . . . And among these typical spirits, beacons of a quiet hope, no figure stands out more brightly or more memorably than that of George Herbert.[19]

This rustic scene belongs to the world of Tennyson and Dickens; but no more to the world of George Herbert than to our world to-day. It is well that the latest World's Classics edition (the text based on that established by F. E. Hutchinson) has a new introduction by a learned and sensitive critic, Miss Helen Gardner.[20] The earlier introduction gave a false picture both of Herbert and his poetry, and of the Church itself in an age of bitter religious conflict and passionate theology: it is worth quoting in order to point out how false a picture this is.

II

The poems on which George Herbert's reputation is based are those constituting the collection called *The Temple*. About *The Temple* there are two points to be made. The first is that we cannot date the poems exactly. Some of them may be the product of careful re-writing. We cannot take them as being necessarily in chronological order: they have another order, that in which Herbert wished them to be read. *The Temple* is, in fact, a structure, and one which may have been worked over and elaborated, perhaps at intervals of time, before it reached its final form. We cannot judge Herbert, or savour fully his genius and his art, by any selection to be found in an anthology; we must study *The Temple* as a whole.

To understand Shakespeare we must acquaint ourselves with all of his plays; to understand Herbert we must acquaint ourselves with all of *The Temple*. Herbert is, of course, a much slighter poet than Shakespeare; nevertheless he may justly be called a major poet. Yet even in anthologies he has for the most part been underrated. In Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse*, which was for many years unchallenged in its representative character, George Herbert was allotted five pages – the same number as Bishop King and much less than Robert Herrick, the latter of whom, most critics of to-day would agree, is a poet of very much slighter gifts. For poetic range Herbert was commonly considered more limited than Donne; and for intensity he was compared unfavourably with Crashaw.[21] This is the view even of Professor Grierson, to whom we are greatly indebted for his championship of Donne and those poets whose names are associated with that of Donne.[22]

And here we must exercise caution in our interpretation of the phrase "the school of Donne." The present writer once contemplated writing a book under that title; and lately the title has been used by a distinguished younger critic for a study covering the same ground.[23] The phrase is legitimate and

useful to designate that generation of men younger than Donne whose work is obviously influenced by him, but we must not take it as implying that those poets who experienced his influence were for that reason lesser poets. (Professor Grierson, indeed, seems to consider Andrew Marvell the greatest, greater even than Donne.)[24] That Herbert learned directly from Donne is self-evident. But to think of "the school of Donne," otherwise "the metaphysical poets," as Donne's inferiors, or to try to range them on a scale of greatness, would be to lose our way. What is important is to apprehend the particular virtue, the unique flavour of each one. Comparing them with any other group of poets at any other period, we observe the characteristics which they share: when we compare them with each other, their differences emerge clearly.

Let us compare a poem by Donne with a poem by Herbert; and as Herbert's poetry deals always with religious matter, we shall compare two religious sonnets. First, Donne:

> Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
> As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
> That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,' and bend
> Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
> I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due,
> Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
> Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
> But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,
> Yet dearely'I love you,'and would be loved faine,
> But am betroth'd unto your enemie:
> Divorce mee,'untie, or breake that knot againe,
> Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
> Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
> Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.[25]

And here is George Herbert:

> *Prayer* (1)
> Prayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
> Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
> The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
> The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;
> Engine against th' Almightie, sinners towre,

Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud,
The land of spices; something understood.[26]

The difference that I wish to emphasise is not that between the violence of Donne and the gentle imagery of Herbert, but rather a difference between the dominance of intellect over sensibility and the dominance of sensibility over intellect. Both men were highly intellectual, both men had very keen sensibility: but in Donne thought seems in control of feeling, and in Herbert feeling seems in control of thought. Both men were learned, both men were accustomed to preaching – but not to the same type of congregation. In Donne's religious verse, as in his sermons, there is much more of the *orator*: whereas Herbert, for all that he had been successful as Public Orator of Cambridge University, has a much more intimate tone of speech.[27] We do not know what Herbert's sermons were like; but we can conjecture that in addressing his little congregation of rustics, all of whom he knew personally, and many of whom must have received both spiritual and material comfort from him and from his wife, he adopted a more homely style. Donne was accustomed to addressing large congregations (one is tempted to call them "audiences") out of doors at Paul's Cross, Herbert only the local congregation of a village church.

The difference which I have in mind is indicated even by the last two lines of each sonnet. Donne's

. . . for I
Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chast, unless you ravish mee.

is, in the best sense, *wit*. Herbert's

Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

is the kind of poetry which, like

magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn[28]

may be called *magical*.

Of all the poets who may be said to belong to "the school of Donne," Herbert is the only one whose whole source of inspiration was his religious faith. Most of the poetry upon which rests the reputation of Donne is love poetry, and his religious verse is of a later period in his life; his reputations and his influence upon other poets would have been as great had he written no religious poetry at all. Richard Crashaw, who had himself frequented the community of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding before his conversion to the Church of Rome, might still have been a notable poet had he written no religious verse – even though his devotional poems are his finest. Herbert, before becoming Rector of Bemerton, had never been a recluse: he had, in his short life, wide acquaintance in the great world, and he enjoyed a happy marriage. Yet it was only in the Faith, in hunger and thirst after godliness in his self-questioning and his religious meditation, that he was inspired as a poet. If there is another example since his time of a poetic genius so dedicated to God, it is that of Gerard Hopkins. We are certainly justified in presuming that no other subject-matter than that to which he confined himself could have elicited great poetry from George Herbert. Whether we regard this as a limitation, or as the sign of solitary greatness, of a unique contribution to English poetry, will depend upon our sensibility to the themes of which he writes.

It would, however, be a gross error to assume that Herbert's poems are of value only for Christians – or, still more narrowly, only for members of his own church. For the practising Christian, it is true, they may be aids to devotion. When I claim a place for Herbert among those poets whose work every lover of English poetry should read and every student of English poetry should study, irrespective of religious belief or unbelief, I am not thinking primarily of the exquisite craftmanship, the extraordinary metrical virtuosity, or the verbal felicities, but of the *content* of the poems which make up *The Temple*. These poems form a record of spiritual struggle which should touch the feeling and enlarge the understanding of those readers also who hold no religious belief and find themselves unmoved by religious emotion. Professor L. C. Knights, in an essay on George Herbert in his *Explorations*, both expresses this doubt on the part of the non-Christian and dispels it:

> Even Dr. Hutchinson, whose superbly edited and annotated edition of the complete *Works* is not likely to be superseded, remarks that "if to-day there is a less general sympathy with Herbert's religion, the beauty and sincerity of its expression are appreciated by those who do not share it." True; but there is much more than the "expression" that we appreciate, as I shall try to show. Herbert's poetry is an integral part of the great English tradition.[29]

Whether the religious poems of Donne show greater profundity of thought, and greater intensity of passion, is a question which every reader will answer according to his own feelings. My point here is that *The Temple* is not to be regarded simply as a collection of poems, but (as I have said) as a record of the spiritual struggles of a man of intellectual power and emotional intensity who gave much toil to perfecting his verses. As such, it should be a document of interest to all those who are curious to understand their fellow men; and as such, I regard it as a more important document than all of Donne's *religious* poems taken together.

On the other hand, I find Herbert to be closer in spirit to Donne than is any other of "the school of Donne." As the personal bond, through Lady Herbert, was much closer, this seems only natural. Other powerful literary influences formed the manner of Crashaw, the Roman Catholic convert: the Italian poet Marino and the Spanish poet Gongora, and, we are told,[30*] the Jesuit poets who wrote in Latin. Vaughan and Traherne were poets of mystical experience: each appears to have experienced early in life some mystical illumination which inspires his poetry. And the other important poet of the "metaphysical" school, Andrew Marvell, is a master of secular and religious poetry equally. In my attempt to indicate the affinity of Herbert to Donne, and also the difference between them, I have spoken earlier of a "balance" between the intellect and the sensibility. But equally well (for one has recourse to diverse and even mutually contradictory metaphors and images to express the inexpressible) we can speak of a "fusion" of intellect and sensibility in different proportions. In the work of a later generation of "metaphysicals" – notably Cleveland, Benlowes and Cowley – we encounter a kind of emotional drought, and a verbal ingenuity which, having no great depth of feeling to work upon, tends towards corruption of language, and merits the censure which Samuel Johnson applies indiscriminately to all the "school of Donne."[31]

To return to the import of *The Temple* for all perceptive readers whether they share Herbert's faith or no. Professor Knights quotes with approval Dr. Hutchinson's description of the poems as

> colloquies of the soul with God or self-communings which seek to bring order into that complex personality of his which he analyses so unsparingly,

but goes on to make a qualification which seems to me very important. Dr. Hutchinson believes that Herbert's principal temptation was *ambition*. We need not deny that Herbert had been, like many other men, ambitious; we know that he had a hot temper; we know that he liked fine clothes and fine company, and would have been pleased by preferment at Court. But beside the struggle to abandon thought of the attractions offered to worldly ambition, Professor Knights finds "a dejection of spirit that tended to make him regard his own life, the life he was actually leading, as worthless and unprofitable." Mr. Knights attributes the cause partly to ill-health, but still more to a *more ingrained distrust*.[32] It was perhaps distrust of himself, or fear of testing his powers among more confident men, that drove him to the shelter of an obscure parsonage. He had, Mr. Knights suggests, "to rid himself of the torturing sense of frustration and impotence and to accept the validity of his own experience."[33] If this is so, Herbert's weakness became the source of his greatest power, for the result was *The Temple*.

I have called upon Mr. Knights's testimony in evidence that Herbert is not a poet whose work is significant only for Christian readers; that *The Temple* is not to be taken as simply a devotional handbook of meditation for the faithful, but as the personal record of a man very conscious of weakness and failure, a man of *intellect and sensibility* who hungered and thirsted after righteousness. And that by its *content*, as well as because of its technical accomplishment, it is a work of importance for every lover of poetry. This is not, however, to suggest that it is unprofitable for us to study the text for closer understanding, to acquaint ourselves with the liturgy of the Church, with the traditional imagery of the Church, and identify the Biblical allusions. One long poem which has been subjected to close examination is "The Sacrifice." There are sixty-three stanzas of three lines each, sixty-one of which have the refrain "Was ever grief like Mine?" I mention this poem, which is a very fine one, and not so familiar as are some of the shorter and more lyrical pieces, because it has been carefully studied by Professor William

Empson in his *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, and by Miss Rosemond Tuve in her *A Reading of George Herbert*.[34] The lines are to be taken as spoken by Christ upon the Cross. We need, of course, enough acquaintance with the New Testament to recognise references to the Passion. But we are also better prepared if we recognize the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Reproaches in the Mass of the Presanctified which is celebrated on Good Friday.[35]

> *Celebrant*: I led thee forth out of Egypt, drowning Pharaoh in the Red Sea: and thou hast delivered me up unto the chief priests.
> *Deacon & Subdeacon*: O my people, what have I done unto thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against me.[36]

It is interesting to note that Mr. Empson and Miss Tuve differ in their interpretation of the following stanza:

> *O, all ye who passe by, behold and see;*
> Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree;
> The tree of life to all, but onely me:
> Was ever grief like mine?[37]

Mr. Empson comments: "He climbs the tree to repay what was stolen, as if he were putting the apple back"; and develops this explanation at some length. Upon this interpretation Miss Tuve observes rather tartly: "All (Mr. Empson's) rabbits roll out of one small hat – the fact that Herbert uses the time-honoured 'climb', for the ascent of the Cross, and uses the word 'must', to indicate a far deeper necessity than that which faces a small boy under a big tree."[38] Certainly, the image of *replacing* the apple which has been plucked is too ludicrous to be entertained for a moment. It is obvious that Christ "climbs" or is "lifted" up on the Cross in atonement for the sin of Adam and Eve; the verb "climb" being used traditionally to indicate the *voluntary* nature of the sacrifice for the sins of the world. Herbert was, assuredly, familiar with the imagery used by the pre-Reformation Church. It is likely also that Donne, learned in the works of the scholastics, and also in the writings of such Roman theologians contemporary with himself as Cardinal Bellarmine, set a standard of scholarship which Herbert followed.[39]

To cite such an instance as this, however, is not to suggest that the lover of poetry needs to prepare himself with theological and liturgical knowledge before approaching Herbert's poetry. That would be to put the cart

before the horse. With the appreciation of Herbert's poems, as with all poetry, enjoyment is the beginning as well as the end. We must enjoy the poetry before we attempt to penetrate the poet's mind; we must enjoy it before we understand it, if the attempt to understand it is to be worth the trouble.[40] We begin by enjoying poems, and lines in poems, which make an immediate impression; only gradually, as we familiarize ourselves with the whole work, do we appreciate *The Temple* as a coherent sequence of poems setting down the fluctuations of emotion between despair and bliss, between agitation and serenity, and the discipline of suffering which leads to peace of spirit.

The relation of enjoyment to belief – the question whether a poem has more to give us if we share the beliefs of its author, is one which has never been answered satisfactorily: the present writer has made some attempt to contribute to the solution of the problem, and remains dissatisfied with his attempts.[41] But one thing is certain: that even if the reader enjoys a poem more fully when he shares the beliefs of the author, he will miss a great deal of possible enjoyment and of valuable experience if he does not seek the fullest understanding possible of poetry in reading which he must "suspend his disbelief."[42] (The present writer is very thankful for having had the opportunity to study the *Bhagavad Gita* and the religious and philosophical beliefs, so different from his own, with which the *Bhagavad Gita* is informed.)[43]

Some of the poems in *The Temple* express moods of anguish and sense of defeat or failure:

> At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
> I had my wish and way:
> My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;
> There was no moneth but May.
> But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
> And made a partie unawares for wo. . . .
>
> Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
> In weaknesse must be stout.
> Well, I will change the service, and go seek
> Some other master out.
> Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,
> Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.[44]

The foregoing lines are from the first of five poems all of which bear the title "Affliction." In the first of two poems both of which are entitled "The Temper," he speaks of his fluctuations of faith and feeling:

How should I praise thee, Lord! how should my rymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If, what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel![45]

The great danger, for the poet who would write religious verse, is that of setting down what he would like to feel rather than be faithful to the expression of what he really feels. Of such pious insincerity Herbert is never guilty. We need not look too narrowly for a steady progress in Herbert's religious life, in an attempt to discover a chronological order. He falls, and rises again. Also, he was accustomed to working over his poems; they may have circulated in manuscript among his intimates during his lifetime. What we can confidently believe is that every poem in the book is true to the poet's experience. In some poems there is a more joyous note, as in "Whitsunday":

Listen, sweet Dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with Thee. . . .

Lord, though we change, thou art the same,
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.[46]

In "The Flower" we hear the note of serenity, almost of beatitude, and of thankfulness for God's blessings:

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

. . . .

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.[47*]

I cannot resist the thought that in this last stanza – itself a miracle of phrasing – the imagery, so apposite to express the achievement of faith which it records, is taken from the experience of the man of delicate physical health who had known much illness. It is on this note of joy in convalescence of the spirit in surrender to God, that the life of discipline of this haughty and irascible Herbert finds conclusion: *In His will is our peace*.[48]

III

Of all the "school of Donne" Herbert is the closest to the old Master. Two other fine poets of the group might just as well be said to belong to the "school of Herbert." The debt of Vaughan to Herbert can be shown by quotation; Herbert's most recent and authoritative editor, Dr. F. E. Hutchinson, says: "There is no example in English literature of one poet adopting another poet's work so extensively."[49] As for Crashaw, he undoubtedly admired Herbert. Nevertheless, in spite of a continuity of influence and inspiration, we must remember that these four poets, who form a constellation of religious genius unparalleled in English poetry, are all highly individual, and very different from each other.

The resemblances and differences between Donne and Herbert are peculiarly fascinating. I have suggested earlier that the difference between the poetry of Donne and Herbert shows some parallel to the difference between their careers in the Church. Donne the Dean of St Paul's, whose sermons drew crowds in the City of London; Herbert the shepherd of a little flock of rustics, to whom he laboured to explain the meaning of the rites of the Church, the significance of Holy Days, in language that they could understand. There are, however, lines which might have come from either, where we seem to hear the same voice – Herbert echoing the idiom or reflecting the imagery of Donne. There is at least one poem of Herbert's in which he plays with extended metaphor in the manner of Donne. It is "Obedience" where he uses legal terms almost throughout:

My God, if writings may
Convey a Lordship any way
Whither the buyer and the seller please;
Let it not thee displease,
If this poore paper do as much as they.

. . . .

He that will passe his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this Deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.[50]

Such elaboration is not typical of Herbert. But there is *wit*, like that of Donne, in "The Quip." One feels obliged to quote the whole poem:

The merrie world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at me.

First, Beautie crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and clinking still,
What tune is this, poore man? said he:
I heard in Musick you had skill.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allow'd me half an eie.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an Oration:
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large; say, I am thine:
And then they have their answer home.[51]

Professor Knights observes very shrewdly: "The personifications here have nothing in common either with Spenser's allegorical figures or with the capitalized abstractions of the eighteenth century: 'brave Glorie puffing by in silks that whistled' might have come straight from *The Pilgrim's Progress*."[52] How audible are these silks "that whistled"! "Puffing" is equally apt: the same participle is used, to produce another but equally striking effect, elsewhere:

Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the dust about the floore.

(*The Church Floore*)[53]

Herbert is a master of the simple everyday word in the right place, and charges it with concentrated meaning, as in "Redemption," one of the poems known to all readers of anthologies:

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
    Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
    And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th'old.
In heaven at his manour I him sought:
    They told me there, that he was lately gone
    About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.
I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
    Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
    In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
    Of theeves and murderers: there I him espied,
    Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, & died.[54]

The phrase "ragged noise and mirth" gives us, in four words, the picture of the scene to which Herbert wishes to introduce us.

There are many lines which remind us of Donne:

What though my bodie runne to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting evr'y grain
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

(*Faith*)[55]

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

(*Mattens*)[56]

. . . learn here thy stemme
And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. . . .

(*Church-monuments*)[57]

Lord, how can man preach thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazie glasse . . .

(*The Windows*)[58]

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie asunder:

(*Deniall*)[59]

Herbert must have learned from Donne the cunning use of both the learned and the common word, to give the sudden shock of surprise and delight.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee:
When thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly,
In his poore cabinet of bone

Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

(*Ungratefulnesse*)[60]

The fleet Astronomer can bore,
And thred the sphere with his quick-piercing minde:
He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

(*Vanitie I*)[61]

My thoughts are all a case of knives . . .

(*Affliction IV*)[62]

The following lines are very reminiscent of Donne:

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Those clouts are little winding sheets,
Which do consigne and send them unto death.

(*Mortification*)[63]

Here and there one can believe that Herbert has unconsciously used a word, or a rhythm of Donne, in a very different context from that of the original, as perhaps in the first line of "The Discharge":

Busie enquiring heart, what would'st thou know?[64]

Donne begins "The Sunne Rising" with the line

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne . . .[65]

If Herbert's line be an echo and not a mere coincidence – the reader must form his own opinion – it is all the more interesting because of the difference in subject matter between the two poems. If Herbert, in writing a poem of religious *mortification*, could echo a poem of Donne which is an *aubade*

of the lover's complaint that day should come so soon, it suggests that the literary influence of the elder man upon the younger was profound indeed.

Herbert's metrical forms, however, are both original and varied. To have invented and perfected so many variations in the form of lyrical verse is evidence of native genius, hard work and a passion for perfection. Two of his poems are such as would be considered, if written by a poet to-day, merely elegant trifles: "The Altar" and "Easter Wings." In each, there is a disposition of longer and shorter lines so printed that the poem has the shape, the one of an altar and the other of a pair of wings. Such a diversion, if employed frequently, would be tedious, distracting and trying to the eyesight and we must be glad that Herbert did not make further use of these devices: yet it is evidence of Herbert's care for workmanship, his restless exploration of variety, and of a kind of gaiety of spirit, a joy in composition which engages our delighted sympathy. The exquisite variations of form in the other poems of *The Temple* show a resourcefulness of invention which seems inexhaustible, and for which I know no parallel in English poetry. Here, we can only quote a stanza from each of a brief selection to suggest the astonishing variety:

> O my chief good,
> How shall I measure out thy bloud?
> How shall I count what thee befell,
> And each grief tell?
>
> (*Good Friday*)[66]

> O Blessed bodie! Whither are thou thrown?
> No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone!
> So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
> Receive Thee?
>
> (*Sepulchre*)[67]

Poems in such measures as these, and more obviously "The Sacrifice," which we have quoted earlier, seem to indicate an ear trained by the music of liturgy.

> Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
> Without delayes,
> Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
> With him mayst rise:

That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, just.

(*Easter*)[68]

The slow movement of the last line quoted above has something of the movement of the exquisite line which ends Donne's "Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day":

Both the yeares, and the dayes, deep midnight is.[69]

Somewhat similar to the movement of "Good Friday" (quoted above) is:

Since, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancie
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

(*Holy Baptisme II*)[70]

Close enough to the form of "Holy Baptisme" for its difference to be all the more striking is

Lord, I confesse my sinne is great;
Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom,
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe.

(*Repentance*)[71]

The next quotation has a solemn liturgical movement suited to the subject-matter and the title:

O Do not use me
After my sinnes! look not on my desert,
But on thy glorie! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me: for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a sillie worm;
O, do not bruise me!

(*Sighs and Grones*)[72]

Herbert knows the effect of denying a rhyme where it is expected:

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse:
My breast was full of fears
And disorder:

(*Deniall*)[73]

The roughness of metre of the line

Then was my heart broken, as was my verse

is exactly what is wanted to convey the meaning of the words. The following stanza has an apparent artlessness and conversational informality which only a great artist could achieve:

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name:
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
Folly and Sinne play all his game.
His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grasse,
He knows it, fill the glasse.

(*Miserie*)[74]

The next poem to be quoted is one of several poems of Herbert which, while being, like all the rest of his work, personal, have been set to music and sung as hymns:

King of Glorie, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

(*Praise II*)[75]

The same masterly simplicity is visible in:

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

(*Discipline*)[76]

I wish to end by giving in full the poem which, significantly, I think, ends *The Temple*. It is named "Love III," and indicates the serenity finally attained by this proud and humble man:

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I, the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.[77]

NOTES

1. The first English edition of *George Herbert* was published on 26 Nov 1962 as no. 152 in the British Council and National Book League series, "Writers and their Work." TSE's text was followed by "A Select Bibliography" (35-36) compiled by the series editors. The pamphlet was reprinted in an American series entitled "British Writers and their Work No. 4" (Lincoln: U of Nebraska Press, 1964), [49]-82. TSE's previous work on Herbert includes a brief essay in the *Spectator* in 1932 (4.412) and a speech at Salisbury Cathedral in 1938 (5.617).

2. TSE's outline of Herbert's ancestry is drawn largely from Izaac Walton's *The Life of Mr. George Herbert* (London: Thomas Newcomb, 1670).

3. Lady Magdalen Herbert (afterward Danvers) (ca. 1560-1627) was an inspiration to her sons and also the center of a brilliant circle of friends that included John Donne.

4. As the eldest son, Herbert's brother Edward held the title of 1st Baron Herbert of Cherbury. Two of Edward's poems – "Elegy over a Tomb" and "An Ode upon a Question moved, whether Love should continue for ever?" – are included in Grierson's *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century*, reviewed by TSE in 1921 (2.375, 383, n.3).

5. Donne's admiration for Magdalen Herbert is fully documented in his letters. He dedicated his *Holy Sonnets* to her and preached the sermon at her funeral. Walton, who walked from London

to hear Donne preach, recalls, "I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Pauls) weep, and preach her funeral Sermon, in the Parish-Church of Chelsey near London, where she now rests" (*Life*, 27). Donne's "portrait of his dead friend is far fuller and more intimate than any to be found on his other funeral sermons" (R. C. Bald, *John Donne: A Life* [Oxford: Oxford UP, 1970], 496).

6. Donne, "The Autumnall," ll. 1-2. TSE quotes from memory: *read*: "No *Spring*, nor *Summer* Beauty hath such grace, / As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face." From H. J. C. Grierson, *The Poems of John Donne*, Vol I (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912), 92.

7. Herbert died in 1633; Walton's *Life* appeared in 1670.

8. In 1604, the year after James I ascended to the throne, the Scottish Presbyterian minister Andrew Melville published a tract criticizing the universities of Oxford and Cambridge for passing resolutions hostile to the Puritans. In 1620, Herbert responded with a series of anti-Puritan satires, collectively known as *Musae responsoriae*. These pieces, composed in Latin and dedicated to King James, were published posthumously in 1662.

9. Herbert became a member of Parliament in 1624. After the death of King James in 1625, he appears to have given up on political preferment and redirected his ambitions toward the church. In 1626, he accepted the offer of the Prebendary of Leighton Bromswold in the Diocese of Lincoln and, in 1629, was ordained and began his service as rector of a rural church at Bemerton, near Salisbury, where he remained for the three years left in his life.

10. Herbert referred to Nicholas Ferrar (1593-1637) of nearby Little Gidding as his "most entire friend and brother" (A. L. Maycock, *Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding* [1938]. Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans, 1980, 234). Walton describes the scene in which, as Herbert lay dying, he handed a packet of manuscripts to a friend and said: "Sir, I pray deliver this little Book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my Soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it and then, if he think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor Soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it, are less than the least of God's mercies" (*Life*, 109). Ferrar was deeply impressed by the gift, declaring it "a rich jewel and most worthy to be in the hands and hearts of all true Christians." Three weeks after Herbert's untimely death, Ferrar printed a few copies of *The Temple* for private circulation, and months later, published it with a short preface by himself (Maycock, 235).

11*. TSE's note: "Four editions of *The Temple* appeared within three years of its first publication; its popularity continued to the end of the century. In the eighteenth century Herbert's poems were generally disparaged: Cowper, for instance, though he found in them a strain of piety which he admired, regarded them as 'gothick and uncouth,' and this was the universal opinion of that age. The restoration of Herbert's reputation was begun by Coleridge who, in a letter to William Collins, dated 6 December 1818, writes: '. . . I find more substantial comfort now in pious George Herbert's "Temple," which I used to read to amuse myself with his quaintness – in short, only to laugh at – than in all the poetry since the poems of Milton. If you have not read Herbert, I can recommend the book to you confidently. The poem entitled "The Flower" is especially affecting; and, to me, such a phrase as "and relish versing" expresses a sincerity, a reality, which I would unwillingly exchange for the more dignified "and once more love the Muse" &c. And so, with many other of Herbert's homely phrases.' ([*Collected*] *Letters* [*of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*], vol. IV, edited by Earl Leslie Griggs [Oxford: Clarendon Press], 1959, [19].)

Writing to Lady Beaumont in 1826, Coleridge says: "My dear old friend Charles Lamb and I differ widely (and in point of taste and moral feeling this is a rare occurrence) in our estimate and liking of George Herbert's sacred poems. He greatly prefers Quarles – nay he dislikes Herbert." (*The Letters of Charles Lamb*, edited by E. V. Lucas, vol. [III] 1935, [35-36].)"

12. Izaac Walton, *The Life of Mr. George Herbert* (London: Thomas Newcomb, 1670), 118-19. The page numbers given for quotations in this essay are from Walton's *Life of Herbert*, rather than from the omnibus edition of his *Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert*, also published by Thomas Newcomb in 1670.

13. Herbert died at the age of thirty-nine, five weeks before his fortieth birthday.

14. Walton, *Life*, 91-92. TSE quotes the last line in the introduction to his Clark Lectures (2.611).

15. George Herbert, *A Priest to the Temple; or, The Country Parson, his Character, and Rule of Holy Life* (1652) (London: Benjamin Tooke, 1671), 7-8.

16. Herbert, *A Priest to the Temple*, 4

17. Herbert, *A Priest to the Temple*, 55

18. Herbert, "The Collar." TSE's quotations from Herbert in this essay are from *The Works of George Herbert* (here, 153-54), ed. with notes by F. E. Hutchinson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1941), a copy of which, with his bookplate, is in TSE's library.

19. *The Poems of George Herbert*, ed. with an introduction by Arthur Waugh (London: Oxford UP, 1907), iv.

20. The Hutchinson edition of Herbert's *Poems* was reprinted in 1961 with a new introduction by Helen Gardner.

21. The first edition of *The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1918*, ed. Arthur Quiller-Couch (London: Oxford UP, 1900) was reprinted sixteen times between 1901 and 1930, and a new edition in 1939 was reprinted three times between 1943 and 1949. Admitting in "The Metaphysical Poets" that minor poets often write major poems, TSE praised Bishop King's "Exequy" as "one of the finest poems of the age" (2.377).

22. Before editing *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century* (1921), reviewed by TSE in 1921 (2.375), Grierson edited *The Poems of John Donne* (2 vols) in 1912.

23. TSE considered revising and extending his Clark lectures at Cambridge (1926) into a triptych with the overall title *The Disintegration of the Intellect*, the first volume of which would be called *The School of Donne* (2.xxxv). In 1961, Alfred Alvarez published *The School of Donne* (London: Chatto and Windus).

24. Grierson: "But the strongest personality of all is Andrew Marvell. Apart from Milton he is the most interesting personality between Donne and Dryden, and at his very best a finer poet than either" (*Metaphysical Lyrics*, xxxvii).

25. Grierson, *The Poems of John Donne*, I, 328

26. Herbert, "Prayer (I)"; Hutchinson, 51-52

27. Herbert was Public Orator at Cambridge from 1620 until 1627.

28. In "Ode to a Nightingale" (stanza 7), Keats addresses the nightingale as an "immortal bird" whose song is "The same that oft-times hath / Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam / Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

29. L. C. Knights, "George Herbert," in *Explorations: Essays in Literary Criticism* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1946), 112. This essay was first published in 1933 in *Scrutiny*.

30*. TSE's note: "By Mario Praz, whose *Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra* is essential for the study of Crashaw in particular." TSE reviewed the book in the *TLS* (2.596) and drew upon it in his Clark Lectures (2.623). Praz maintains that the Italian poet Giambattista Marino (1569-1625) and the Spanish poet Luis de Góngora (1561-1627) had a formative influence on seventeenth-century English poetry.

31. TSE discusses the metaphysical poets in his review of Grierson's anthology (2.376); in the Clark Lectures, focused on Donne, Crashaw, and Cowley (2.609); and in various essays devoted to individual seventeenth-century poets. In the *Life of Cowley*, Johnson says that the metaphysical poets were "men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavor." TSE discusses Johnson's opinion of the metaphysical poets in his 1944 lectures in Wales (8.187-89).

32. "Behind the more obvious temptation of 'success' was one more deeply rooted – a dejection of spirit that tended to make him regard his own life, the life he was actually leading, as worthless and unprofitable." In regard to Herbert's poor health, Knights continues with "It is . . . difficult to resist the impression that his agues and consumption only intensified a more ingrained self-distrust" (Knights, *Explorations*, 122).

33. Knights, *Explorations*, 123

34. William Empson, *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1930); Rosemond Tuve, *A Reading of George Herbert* (Chicago: U of Chicago Press, 1952).

35. The Old Testament book of *Lamentations*, traditionally ascribed to the prophet Jeremiah, consists of five structured poems lamenting the fall of Jerusalem to the Babylonians in 587 BC. The Mass of the Presanctified, celebrated on Good Friday, commemorates the most solemn day in the Christian calendar, focused on the Passion of Christ as he moves toward the crucifixion. The Roman Catholic service includes the Veneration of the Cross, which begins with the Reproaches (in Latin, the Improperia), a series of verses sung antiphonally by the celebrant and the cantors expressing the remonstrance of Jesus with his people. Although the Reproaches were discontinued in some Protestant churches following the Reformation, they remain integral to the Good Friday service in Anglican, Lutheran, and Methodist churches.

36. The line spoken by the Celebrant combines common phrases from the Old and New Testaments. The line spoken by the Deacon is a direct quotation of Micah 6:3 in the Old Testament (KJV). "O my people, what have I done unto thee" is quoted twice in *Ash-Wednesday* V.

37. Herbert, "The Sacrifice," stanza 41; Hutchinson, 33

38. Empson, 232; Tuve, 91

39. As noted by Walton in *The Complete Angler*, Donne admired the Counter-Reformation theologian Robert Bellarmine: Donne "believed Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons" (191) (2.642, n.6). TSE argues in "Donne and the Middle Ages" (Clark Lecture II) that Donne's attention to Bellarmine's work enabled him to distinguish more clearly between the Roman Catholic and the Reformed branches of Christianity (2.629).

40. TSE often comments, as here, that poetry begins and ends in feeling. As he says of his 1929 essay on Dante, "genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood" (3.701).

41. TSE's most extensive discussion of the relation of enjoyment to belief is contained in a "Note to Section II" in the 1929 Dante essay (3.727).

42. TSE alludes to Coleridge's claim that his goal in *Lyrical Ballads* was "to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith" (*Biographia Literaria*, Chap. XXII).

43. In 1911, TSE began work in the Harvard Philosophy Department. In 1911 and 1912, he was enrolled in several courses in the language and religion of ancient India, including two in Sanskrit and one in Pali, taught by Professors James H. Woods and Charles Lanman. These courses included attention to the most famous of the Hindu scriptures, the *Bhagavad Gita* (1.xxxiv).

44. Herbert, "Affliction (I)," ll. 19-24, 61-66; Hutchinson, 47-48

45. Herbert, "The Temper (I)," ll. 1-4; Hutchinson, 55

46. Herbert, "Whitsunday," ll. 1-4, 27-32; Hutchinson, 59-60

47*. TSE's note: "A. Alvarez in *The School of Donne* says justly of this stanza: 'This is, I suppose, the most perfect and most vivid stanza in the whole of Herbert's work. But it is, in every sense, so natural that its originality is easily missed.' (See also Coleridge on this poem)." TSE cross-references this note to his quotation of Coleridge in an earlier note, here note 11 above.

Herbert, "The Flower," ll. 1-7, 36-42; Hutchinson, 165-66

48. See *Paradiso* III.85: "la sua volontate è nostra pace"; *trans*: "his will is our peace" (*DC3* 30-31), quoted twice in "Dante" (1929) (3.724, 729) and adapted in English in the concluding lines of *Ash-Wednesday*: "Our peace in His will" (*CPP* 98 / *Poems1* 97).

49. Hutchinson, xlii; *read*: "another poet's words so extensively."

50. Herbert, "Obedience," ll. 1-5, 40-45; Hutchinson, 104-05

51. Herbert, "The Quip"; Hutchinson, 110-11

52. Knights, *Explorations*, 115

53. Herbert, "The Church Floore," ll. 16-17; Hutchinson, 67

54. Herbert, "Redemption"; Hutchinson, 40

55. Herbert, "Faith," ll. 41-44; Hutchinson, 51

56. Herbert, "Mattens," ll. 5-8; Hutchinson, 62

57. Herbert, "Church-monuments," ll. 17-22; Hutchinson, 65

58. Herbert, "The Windows," ll. 1-2; Hutchinson, 67

59. Herbert, "Deniall," ll. 6-7; Hutchinson, 80

60. Herbert, "Ungratefulnesse," ll. 25-30; Hutchinson, 82

61. Herbert, "Vanitie (I)," ll. 1-7; Hutchinson, 85

62. Herbert, "Affliction (IV)," line 7; Hutchinson, 90

63. Herbert, "Mortification," ll. 1-6; Hutchinson, 98

64. Herbert, "The Discharge," line 1; Hutchinson, 144

65. Donne, "The Sunne Rising," line 1; Grierson, *The Poems of John Donne*, I, 11

66. Herbert, "Good Friday," ll. 1-4; Hutchinson, 38

67. Herbert, "Sepulchre," ll. 1-4; Hutchinson, 40

68. Herbert, "Easter," ll. 1-6; Hutchinson, 41

69. Donne, "A Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day, Being the shortest day," line 45; Grierson, *Poems of John Donne*, I, 45

70. Herbert, "Holy Baptisme (II)," ll. 1-5; Hutchinson, 44

71. Herbert, "Repentence," ll. 1-6; Hutchinson, 48

72. Herbert, "Sighs and Grones," ll. 1-6; Hutchinson, 83
73. Herbert, "Deniall," ll. 1-5; Hutchinson, 79
74. Herbert, "Miserie," ll. 1-6; Hutchinson, 100
75. Herbert, "Praise (II)," ll. 1-4; Hutchinson, 146
76. Herbert, "Discipline," ll. 1-4. Hutchinson, 178
77. Herbert, "Love (III)"; Hutchinson, 188-89

Going into Europe: A Symposium

Encounter, 19 (Dec 1962) 65[1]

On the precise terms which Britain can accept, or on which Britain can be accepted into the Common Market, I do not consider myself competent to pronounce. There are obviously economic, political, and legal problems to be solved. Nor does this seem to me a matter to be decided by a plebiscite. Nor does it seem to me that it should be an issue between political parties.

You seek to obtain the views of "writers, scholars, and intellectuals generally." I am neither a scholar nor an intellectual generally; but, as a writer, I believe that all that any member of these three categories can offer of value is a statement of his personal bias for or against our joining, prior to any consideration of the possible terms.

I have always been strongly in favour of close cultural relations with the countries of Western Europe. For this reason my personal bias is in favour of Britain's entering into the Common Market. And I have not been impressed by the emotional appeals of some of those who maintain that to take this course would be a betrayal of our obligations to the Commonwealth.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. Beginning with this issue of *Encounter*, editors Stephen Spender and Marvin J. Lasky published the first batch of replies to a survey of the attitudes of more than a hundred writers, scholars, and intellectuals toward Britain's entry into the European Common Market (56-65). "We had no formal questions to put, but preferred brief statements of attitude or analysis, possibly in reply to the questions one puts to oneself. . . . Of each writer we asked only how he personally felt about the 'Britain and Europe' issues and controversy." The replies in this issue included those of Leonard Woolf, Kingsley Amis, E. M. Forster, Philip Toynbee, A. J. Ayer, and TSE, among others.

After applying to join the EEC on 1 Aug 1961, and having admission blocked by Charles de Gaulle on 15 Jan 1963, the United Kingdom formally joined on 1 Jan 1973.

T. S. Eliot on the Language of the New English Bible [VIII]

The Sunday Telegraph (London), 98 (16 Dec 1962) 7[1]

There are three points of view from which any translation of the Bible may be examined: that of doctrine, that of accuracy of translation, and that of English prose style. In what follows I am concerned only with the question of style.

The translation of the Bible undertaken over 350 years ago at the suggestion of King James I was made by the best scholars in the kingdom. It was a revision of previous translations; the task was parcelled out between six committees, and a general committee spent over two years in revising the work of the six.

In the preparation of THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE, of which only the New Testament has been completed and published, an equally careful procedure has been followed. There have been four "panels," of which one has been responsible to the New Testament, and another is responsible for "the literary revision of the whole."[2]

Again, the committees have been enlisted from among the best scholars in the kingdom, and, this time, with complete freedom of choice: for denominational considerations have played no part.

ERRORS OF TASTE

The age covered by the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I was richer in writers of genius than is our own, and we should not expect a translation made in our time to be a masterpiece of our literature or, as was the Authorised Version of 1611, an exemplar of English prose for successive generations of writers.

We are, however, entitled to expect from a panel chosen from among the most distinguished scholars of our day at least a work of dignified mediocrity. When we find that we are offered something far below that modest level, something which astonishes in its combination of the vulgar, the trivial and the pedantic, we ask in alarm, "What is happening to the English language?"

I shall give a few quotations in illustration, before examining the principles of translation adopted by the translators, as set forth in the Introduction: principles which seem to me to take us some way towards understanding the frequent errors of taste in the translation itself.

The translation of a passage may be subjected to criticism on several grounds. I can illustrate this very well by examining a sentence in St. Matthew (hereinafter referred to as "Matthew," in conformity with "The New English Bible") the earlier version of which will be a familiar quotation to many even of those who are ignorant of the Scriptures: "Do not feed your pearls to pigs."[3]

We notice, first, the substitution of "pigs" for "swine." The Complete Oxford Dictionary says that "swine" is now "literary" but does not say that it is "obsolete." I presume, therefore, that in substituting "pigs" for "swine" the translators were trying to choose a word nearer to common speech, even if at the sacrifice of dignity.

I should have thought, however, that the word "swine" would be understood, not only by countryfolk who may have heard of "swine fever," but even by the urban public, since it is still applied, I believe, to human beings as a term of abuse.

Next, I should have thought that the sentence would be more in accordance with English usage if the direct and indirect objects were transposed, thus: "Do not feed pigs upon your pearls," To make "pearls" the direct object is, if I am not mistaken, an Americanism, and my belief is confirmed, rather than dispelled, by the examples of this usage given in the Oxford English Dictionary.

The most unfortunate result, however, is that the substitution of "feed" for "cast" makes the figure of speech ludicrous. There is all the difference in the world between saying that pigs do not *appreciate* the value of pearls, and saying, what the youngest and the most illiterate among us know, that they cannot be *nourished* on pearls.

TOO LITERAL

This is not the only instance in which a figure of speech or illustration, has been ruined; though in some other places rather by literalness, as "no man can be slave to two masters," which ceases to carry any admonition, and becomes merely a flat statement about the condition of slavery.[4]

"Or how can you say to your brother, 'Let me take the speck out of your eye,' when all the time there is that plank in your own?" may be literally

accurate but will certainly, if it is read in church, raise a giggle among the choirboys.[5] As for the house built upon sand, "down it fell with a great crash!"[6]

As for clarity, I find some passages more puzzling in "The New English Bible" than in the Authorised Version. Surely others besides myself will take no comfort from being told as the first beatitude: "How blest are those who know that they are poor." (The translator of Luke is more nearly in accord with the Authorised Version here).[7]

And the unlearned, on being told that "a man who divorces his wife must give her a note of dismissal," will marvel at the apparent facility with which the Hebrews could get rid of their wives. "Bill of divorcement," even though it gives no clear notion of the process required by Jewish law, at least sounds ceremonious.[8]

The foregoing examples are all taken from "the Gospel according to Matthew,"[9] an Evangelist who seems to have been especially unlucky in his translator. The other Gospels, however, conform to the same style (or absence of style) in their monotonous inferiority of phrasing.

I wish nevertheless to quote one brief passage in order to give the translator of "Luke" his due (Luke iii, 14-15). To the soldiers who ask what they should do John the Baptist replies: "No bullying; no blackmail; make do with your pay!"[10]

I admit gladly that lapses of taste are less offensive when committed against a "Letter" – that is to say, against what we have known heretofore as an "Epistle" – than when committed against a Gospel.[11] And there is much more justification, I will even say *need*, for modern translations of the Epistles than for modern translations of the Gospels.

A DIFFICULT WRITER

Some years ago Dr. J. H. Oldham lent me the translation of St. Paul's Epistles made by Gerald Warre Cornish (who fell in action, I believe, in the First World War).[12] It struck me as admirable and very useful. To imagine, however, that a modern translation can make St. Paul's meaning clear is an exaggeration: what it can make clear is what the familiarity of the Authorised Version may disguise from us – the fact that St. Paul is a difficult writer.

A modern translation makes it easier for us to get to grips with the thought of St. Paul: it does not relieve us of the necessity of using our own minds, any more than can a translation of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

And if the translations of Paul in "The New English Bible" did not offend our taste with Boeotian absurdities similar to those in the translations of the Gospels (e.g. Paul "formulated the charge" that Jews and Greeks alike are all under the power of sin),[13] they might take a respectable place among modern translations.

I do not propose to prolong my inventory of verbal infelicities in "The New English Bible." The *Times Literary Supplement* of March 24, 1961, had as excellent article on "Language in the New Bible"; and the Trinitarian Bible Society has issued, as a leaflet, a useful list of specimens of bad taste, compiled by the Rev. Terence H. Brown and available at the price of one penny.[14]

TRANSLATORS' AIMS

The instances I have given will suffice to prepare the way for an examination of the principles which the translators have set before themselves. These find their statement in the Introduction. I do not think that this Introduction has yet received enough attention.

According to the Introduction, the translators have set before themselves several aims: fidelity to what the author wrote; clarity; finer shades of idiom (than in the Authorised Version); to say in our own native idiom what they believed the author to be saying in his; and contemporaneity [NEB vii-ix].

We are told that the language of the Authorised Version is "even more definitely archaic, and less generally understood, than it was eighty years ago" (when the Revised version was prepared) "*for the rate of change in English usage has accelerated*" [viii].

I put this clause in italics, because it seems to me significant – and ominous. The English usage of 80 years ago, we are told, is out of date. And if the rate of change has accelerated, is it not likely to continue the acceleration? What is likely to be the fate of "The New English Bible" 80 years hence?

We are then told that for a version more modern than that of 1881 "an attempt should be made consistently to use the idiom of contemporary English to convey the meaning of the Greek" [viii]. This requirement of contemporaneity is emphasised at the end of the same paragraph: "The present translators were *enjoined* (italics mine) to replace Greek constructions and idioms by those of contemporary English" [ix].

CHANGE FOR WORSE

No attempt is made to substantiate the assertion that the rate of change of English usage has accelerated, or to inform us in what respects English usage is changing. It does not seem to have occurred to the mind of the anonymous author of this Introduction that change can sometimes be for the worse, and that it is as much our business to attempt to arrest deterioration and combat corruption of our language, as to accept change.

Nor are we given any definition of "contemporaneity." Is it to be found in the writing of the best contemporary writers of English prose, and if so, who are they and who is to decide who they are? Or is it to be found in colloquial speech, and if so at what level of literacy?

Will the readers who find "sweated all day in the blazing sun" suits them better than "borne the burden and heat of the day" be the same as those who find "extirpate" more "contemporary" than "destroy"?[15]

When we turn to the description on the jacket we find that the aim was "to be in style neither traditional nor modernistic." If style is to be contemporary without being modernistic, the words "contemporary" and "modernistic" should be carefully defined.

FOR WHOSE USE?

At the time when "The New English Bible" was published, it seems that Dr. Dodd appeared in a television programme and explained the purposes for which it was designed. As I did not hear him on that occasion, I quote from the article in the *Times Literary Supplement* to which I referred earlier:

> In a helpful television programme . . . Dr. Dodd, the director of the enterprise, told viewers whom the new Bible was intended for: It was, he said, for people who do not go to church, for a rising generation less well educated than formerly in classical and literary traditions, and for churchgoers so well accustomed to the language of the Authorised Version that they may have come to find it soothing rather than meaningful.[16]

So long as "The New English Bible" was used only for private reading, it would be merely a symptom of the decay of the English language in the middle of the 20th century. But the more it is adopted for religious services the more it will become an active agent of decadence.

There may be Ministers of the Gospel who do not realise that the music of the phrase, of the paragraph, of the period is an essential constituent of

good English prose, and who fail to understand that the life of a reading of Gospel and Epistle in the liturgy is in this music of the spoken word.

The first appearance of "The New English Bible" in churches has, I believe, been in the reading of the Epistle for the day. Nothing will be gained, for the new version will be just as hard to grasp, when read in church, as the Authorised Version, and it will lack the verbal beauty of the Authorised Version.

To understand any version we must study it at home, or under direction. And if use of "The New English Bible" "Letters" in churches is followed by adoption of "The New English Bible" Gospels, must we not look forward to the day when the Collects of Cranmer are revised for use in Anglican churches, to make them conform to "contemporary English"?[17]

It is good that those who aspire to write good English prose or verse should be prepared by the study of Greek and Latin. It would also be good if those who have authority to translate a dead language could show understanding and appreciation of their own.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. An editorial statement precedes TSE's text: "A master of the English language finds much to deplore in the latest translation of the New Testament now being used in many churches."

2. Introduction to NEB (v). The panels formed by the Joint Committee of the NEB, including the New Testament Panel, were the Old Testament Panel, the Apocrypha Panel, and the Literary Panel. For members of the Literary Panel, see 8.442, n.1. The members of the New Testament Panel were Professor Sir Godfrey Driver, Convener of Panel and Joint Director; The Rev. Professor W. D. McHardy; The Rev. Professor B. J. Roberts; The Rev. Professor A. R. Johnson; The Rev. Professor J. A. Emerton; The Very Rev. Dr. C. A. Simpson; The Rev. L. H. Brockington; The Rev. Dr. N. H. Snaith; The Rev. Professor N. W. Porteous; The Rev. Professor H. H. Rowley; and The Rev. Professor C. H. Dodd, *ex officio* as Joint Director.

3. Matthew 7:6: "Do not give dogs what is holy; do not feed your pearls to pigs: they will only turn and trample on them, and turn and tear you to pieces" (NEB); "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you" (KJV).

4. Matthew 6:24; *read*: "No servant can be slave to two masters" (NEB); "No man can serve two masters" (KJV).

5. Matthew 7:4-5 (NEB); "Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?" (KJV).

6. Matthew 7:26-27: "The rain came down, the floods rose, the wind blew, and beat upon that house; down it fell with a great crash" (NEB); "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it" (KJV).

7. Matthew 5:3: "How blest are those who know that they are poor; the kingdom of Heaven is theirs" (NEB); "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (KJV); Luke 6:20: "Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God" (KJV).

8. Matthew 5:31: "They were told, 'A man who divorces his wife must give her a note of dismissal" (NEB); "It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement" (KJV).

9. "The Gospel According to Matthew" (NEB); "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (KJV).

10. Luke 3:14-15 (NEB); "And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse *any* falsely; and be content with your wages" (KJV).

11. "LETTERS" (separate page); "The Letter of Paul to the ROMANS / *The Gospel according to Paul*" (NEB); "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the ROMANS" (KJV).

12. Joseph Oldham, TSE's friend in the Moot and in the *Christian News-Letter* during the war, loaned him Captain Gerald Warre Cornish's *St. Paul from the Trenches: A Rendering of the Epistles to the Corinthians and Ephesians Done in France during the War*, published posthumously in 1937. Cornish, Anglican minister, teacher of Greek, Chaplain of the 6th Battalion, and author of short stories, was killed in action at the Battle of the Somme (6.176, 7.364, 366, n.7).

13. Romans 3:9: *read*: "What then? Are we Jews any better off? No, not at all! For we have already formulated the charge that Jews and Greeks alike are all under the power of sin" (NEB); "What then? are we better *than they*? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin" (KJV).

14. See New English Bible [II] (8.445, n.2). On 9 Aug 1962, TSE ordered twelve copies of the leaflet from the Trinitarian Bible Society "for myself and for distribution to friends." Rev. Brown concluded the leaflet: "This translation will be a great embarrassment to those professedly evangelical societies and literature distribution organisations which have committed themselves to accept and circulate a version so utterly alien to the faith of our fathers and unacceptable to those who still cherish some respect for the old paths."

15. Matthew 20:12: "These late-comers have done only one hour's work, yet you have put them on a level with us, who have sweated the whole day long in the blazing sun!" (NEB); "These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal to us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day" (KJV). The word "extirpate" does not appear in the translation of the NEB.

16. The Reverend Professor C. H. (Charles Harold) Dodd (1884-1973), theologian, general director and editor of the NEB, introduced the translation on the 350th anniversary of the Authorized Version in ceremonies at Westminster Abbey on 15 Mar. TSE quotes the passage paraphrased from Dodd in the *TLS* review titled "Language in the New Bible" in the issue of 24 Mar 1961 (184), cited by TSE in his letter to the *TLS* of 28 Apr (8.445). Professor Dodd had previously discussed the principles in "The Translation of the Bible: Some Questions of Principle," printed in the *TLS* of 20 Mar 1959 (viii).

17. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury under Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary I, wrote and compiled from Scriptures the first two editions of the Book of Common Prayer (1549, 1552). His "Collects" (short prayers) were retained in the 1662 revision, which was adopted as the official Book of Common Prayer and used throughout the British Empire.

Words and Meaning in the New [English] Bible [IX]

To the Editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*

The Sunday Telegraph (6 Jan 1963) 7

Sir, – I have a few comments to make on Bishop Williams's rejoinder, last Sunday, to my article on the New English Bible.[1]

I checked every quotation I made by reference to the Greek text of Westcott and Hort (1911 edition) with its lexicon.[2] Even had I been unaware that there were differences between the text of the Beatitudes in Matthew and in Luke, I should have discovered them in this way.

It may have been for this reason that I misquoted the New English Bible "no servant can be slave to two masters" for my rendering "no man" is nearer to the Greek "no one."

What interests me most in Dr. Williams's article is the following sentence: "We deliberately did not call it the Holy Bible, because the word 'holy' unfortunately suggests to many minds nowadays a limited range of life in which many people are not particularly interested."

If the defence he has given is the strongest that can be made, I think I shall rest my case.

T. S. ELIOT

London, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. Writing under the heading "New English Bible Defended" in the issue of 10 Dec 1962 (5), Dr. A. T. P. Williams (1888-1968), former Bishop of Winchester and chairman of the Joint Committee of the NEB, took issue with certain aspects of TSE's review: "Mr. Eliot complains of the translation of the first beatitude in Matthew: 'How blest are those who know that they are poor.' // Then to hold up the parallel version in Luke as being more in accord with the Authorised Version (as Mr. Eliot does) is just a mistake. Luke's words ('How blest are you who are poor' in the new translation) are different from Matthew's. // It was not for the translators to decide whether Matthew or Luke gives a truer version of the actual words on the Sermon on the Mount. Their task was to translate the text, and that text differs in the two Gospels as Mr. Eliot could have seen by referring to the Greek New Testament. // Mr. Eliot naturally has had to confine himself to only a few examples. It is all the more a pity, then, that in selecting these extracts for criticism he does not always quote accurately or in context. He has not always . . . done his homework very thoroughly. // Mr. Eliot ridicules 'No man can be a slave to two masters.' He misquotes. The actual version, 'No *servant* can be slave to two masters,' is surely not ridiculous at all."

2. See 8.446, n.4

Revision of the Prayer Book: New English Bible [X]

To the Editor of *The New Daily*

The New Daily, London (11 Mar 1963) 6

Sir, – I sympathise with Commander S. A. Brooks, whose letter appears in your issue of March 2, though his suggestion that the prayer book of 1662 and the revised version to be prepared should be used on alternate Sundays seems to me both impracticable and undesirable.[1]

There is a plausible case for some revision of the prayer book, if the revisers will respect the style of the original and endeavour to harmonise their innovations with what is preserved. To *revise* is not necessarily to *rewrite* in a wholly different idiom. There is, however, reason to fear that the latter course might prevail.

Even the Bishop of Llandaff, whose pamphlet, *The Landmark*, published by the Church Union, suggests some good reasons for revision, has to say that "the great multitudes . . . are not likely to be won back by the rotundities of Cranmer's prose."[2] The notion that the debased English of the New English Bible will bring flocking into the churches those "young married couples and teenagers on the new housing estates" to whom the Bishop of Winchester, speaking recently in the Church Assembly, has referred, seems to have captivated the imagination of some of our clergy.[3]

T. S. ELIOT

London, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. Commander S. A. Brooks (b. 1893) of Southampton, self-described as a seventy-year-old Communicant member of the Church of England brought up on the 1662 Prayer Book, wrote in the *New Daily* of 2 Mar 1963: "Prayer Book revision of some sort may well be really essential to get to the soul of modern youth brought up with little or no religious background . . . When it comes could it not be ruled by our Church of England that the new forms of service and those of 1662 *must* be used in every parish on alternate Sundays? The same could well be applied of course to the use of the Authorised Version of the Bible and the New English Bible for the lessons" (7).

2. The Bishop of Llandaff, Rt. Rev. W. G. H. (Glyn) Simon (1903-72), writing in *The Landmark: A Lent Look at the Prayer Book* (London: The Church Union Literature Association,

1962), 22; TSE has dog-eared this page and placed a question mark in the margin opposite this sentence; there are marginal scorings throughout.

3. The Bishop of Winchester, Rt. Rev. Falkner Allison (1907-93) speaking to the Church Assembly on the New English Bible, was quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* of 21 Feb 1963, under the heading "'Near-Slang' in New Bible, Church Assembly Told": "Dr. Allison . . . said innumerable people were returning to the reading of the Bible because of the new translation. // Among young married couples and teenagers on the new housing estates it was a medium of evangelism. Intelligibility was more important than dignity, beauty, or tradition."

Response to the Catholic Book Club Campion Award

In a letter of 22 June 1963, Dr. Francis X. Connolly of the Catholic Book Club in New York informed TSE that he had been awarded the Club's annual Campion Award for presentation at its ninth Annual Dinner on 24 Oct at the Roosevelt Hotel. In his reply on 26 June, TSE wrote that he was "particularly honoured by being in such a distinguished succession of medalists, the first of whom was my old friend Jacques Maritain," but regretted that his health prevented travel and attendance. Informed that he could receive the award in absentia, he sent the following message to Dr. Connolly on 31 July and invited Robert Giroux of Farrar, Strauss publishers to read it at the banquet and accept the award for him, followed by a reading of *The Dry Salvages*. As reported in the *New York Times* of 26 Oct, Dr. Connolly "said that although Mr. Eliot is not a Roman Catholic the club 'takes great pride, in this year of the Ecumenical Council, Vatican II and his own 75th birthday' in making the award 'for long and eminent service in the cause of Christian letters'" (24).

I should like to express to the Committee of your Society some indication of the pleasure I take in the award of the Campion Medal. I had already, several years ago, the gratification of hearing that your great Pope, John XXIII, had commanded a special performance in the Vatican of the opera of Pizzetti (based on my play *Murder in the Cathedral*)[1] and to learn that His Holiness had commended my service to the Christian Faith in writing this play. Furthermore, he graciously commanded the Apostolic Delegate to this country to write to me conveying his approval of the performance.

It is no desire to exaggerate the importance of my own work or the extent of my influence, when I say that I have had at heart for many years the cause of true oecumenicity. When I say "true," I mean that I have always looked askance at premature attempts at re-union between any two separated parts of Christendom which might, by a form of re-union, merely have the effect of separating the joined bodies still further from the rest.[2] Reciprocal understanding must be our first aim, and common action where common action is possible and needed to combat the forces of Antichrist.[3] But the gladness with which Christian churches of every description recognize the activities of Pope John testifies to a universal longing for unity.

I wish that I could express my pleasure by word of mouth, at the banquet of the Society. But I am still only convalescent from a long and severe illness of last winter, and my medical men advise me against any public appearance

before next spring. I highly appreciate the kindness of the Society in making the Award in absentia.

Yours sincerely,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The Italian composer Ildebrando Pizzetti (1880-1968) created an operatic version of *Murder in the Cathedral* in the Italian translation by Alberto Castelli (*Assassinio nella cattedrale*); the two-act opera premiered on 1 Mar 1958 at La Scala in Milan with Nicola Rossi-Lemeni as the Archbishop and Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting. Pizzetti then arranged a command performance before Pope John XXIII at the Vatican in the fall. Though TSE was unable to attend the performances due to illness, he met Pizzetti in Rome in March and received an inscribed copy of the two-volume *Assassinio nella cattedrale* with the libretto and piano score.

2. TSE expresses his opposition to schemes for Christian reunion in *Reunion by Destruction* (6.447) and in *NTDC* (7.235).

3. "Antichrist" is a term in Christian eschatology (doctrines associated with "last times") to refer either to an individual who will rise up and claim to be Christ, or to groups or individuals who will rise up in opposition to Christ. The term is used several times in the first and second epistles of John. For example: I John 2:18: "ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time." I John 2:22: "Who is the liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son." 2 John 1:7: "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist" (KJV).

The "Cambridge School" and the New Morality

To the Editor of *The Church Times*

The Church Times (28 June 1963) 12

Sir, – I have no desire to add to the already abundant correspondence in the Press about the Profumo case, *Honest to God*, popular theology and popular morals, nor am I doing so on this occasion.[1] But the denial by Professor MacKinnon (*Church Times*, June 21) that there is a "current trend" of theology at Cambridge has led me to return to *Objections to Christian Belief*, which consists of four lectures delivered at Cambridge, three by deans of Cambridge colleges and the fourth by Professor MacKinnon himself.[2] And, in particular, to "Psychological Objections," by the Rev. H. A. Williams, Dean of Trinity.

In the course of this lecture the Dean instances the case of a devout and rather High Church Anglican whom he knows. After a horrifying nightmare this man was led to see that "the monster of the nightmare was the god he was really worshipping." As a result of this revelation he

> was seen, about two years after the nightmare, drunk among the bars and brothels of Tangier. He was learning that for him evil was not what the priests had told him it was, but rather that evil was the disguised slavery which had led him to go to Mass every day and to confession every month. And he told me that words of Jesus rang in his ears like bells of victory . . . 'Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.' Now I am not suggesting that it is a good or morally desirable thing to spend one's time drunk among the bars and brothels of any city. What I am suggesting with all the emphasis at my command is that there are worse, much worse, evils than that.[3]

Now I am no psychologist, and I am not prepared to deny that there may be, for theology, truth behind Mr. Williams's words. But, if so, it is esoteric truth, not a truth of the kind that can be conveyed in a single public lecture. Furthermore, though I do not know for what audience these lectures were intended, I presume that undergraduates were not excluded. And I am sure that if I, as a serious undergraduate of twenty, eager for

religious enlightenment, had been among the audience, I would have left at the close in a state of bewilderment.[4]

Mr. Williams tells us that "life and behaviour based on feelings of guilt excludes (*sic*) charity." I trust that he will show charity towards me if I point out that he twice writes *straight* (once in quoting St. Matthew vii) for *strait*.[5]

T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTES

1. When news of the political scandal over the sexual affair between Secretary of State John Profumo (1915-2006) and model Christine Keeler (1942-2017) broke in Mar 1963 and led to his resignation on 5 June, the *Church Times* published on 14 June a letter from the avid churchman George Goyder (1908-97), under the title "Mr. Profumo & the New Morality." Goyder blamed the lowering of moral standards and a growing disbelief in the Law of God "on a whole group of Anglican clergy centred on Cambridge": the Ely Professor of Divinity, Geoffrey Lampe (1912-80), "who, in his recent essay . . . rejects the law as the work of Christ and substitutes his own brand of antinomianism"; the Dean of Trinity, H. A. Williams (1919-2006), "with his justification of fornication in particular cases"; and the Bishop of Woolwich, John A. T. Robinson (1919-83), who in his latest book *Honest to God* "advances the thesis that, apart from the interest of a particular person in a particular situation, there is no such thing as right and wrong" (14).

In *Honest to God* (London: SCM Press, 1963), the controversial Bishop Robinson states in the introduction that a hundred years ago "the guardians of traditional orthodoxy all but rendered impossible the true defence of the Gospel. When we consider the distance we have all moved since then, we can see that almost everything said from within the Church at the time has since proved too conservative. What I have tried to say . . . may seem to be radical, and doubtless to many heretical. The one thing of which I am fairly sure is that . . . it will be seen to have erred in not being nearly radical enough" (9-10). TSE's copy has much marginal scoring and commentary, with a holograph personal summary on the final page (140): "Too confused for the intellectual / Too confusing for the simple-minded / and what does Dr. R believe? / Much better to read Tillich – and Meister Eckhart, the man behind Tillich. This is muddled thought, expressed in a wearisomely ranting idiom."

2. In the issue of 21 June the Norris-Hulse Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, Donald M. MacKinnon (1913-94), defended his colleagues in the Faculty of Divinity against George Goyder's charges and denied his assertion regarding "the current trend of Cambridge theology" (12). "There is no such 'current trend,' only a common preoccupation with certain questions of faith and morals which every generation has to face anew. . . . But criticism is one thing, and base representation another; surely serious theologians and philosophers have a right to expect from someone in Mr. Goyder's position that their considered efforts to deal with fundamental difficulties should receive proper respect."

Objections to Christian Belief (London: Constable, 1963), with an introduction by A. R. Vidler, contains the essays of MacKinnon ("Moral Objections"), H. A. Williams ("Psychological Objections"), A. R. Vidler ("Historical Objections"), and J. S. Bezzant ("Intellectual Objections").

3. *Objections to Christian Belief*, 52-54; page 53 is dog-eared and scored in the margin of TSE's copy.

4. As Vidler writes in his introduction: "This course of lectures was given in Cambridge in February 1963 under the auspices of the Divinity Faculty. But they were *open* lectures, i.e. addressed to the University as a whole, not to theological students" (7). Dean Williams replied to TSE's remarks in the issue of 5 July: "Unlike Mr. T. S. Eliot, I did not have to imagine myself a serious undergraduate of twenty and deduce from this imaginary picture what would have been my reactions to 'Psychological Objections.' During the weeks after my lecture I met a considerable number of undergraduates . . . and heard their comments and suggestions. I am afraid they found my lecture considerably less esoteric than Mr. Eliot supposes." The Dean then turned to criticize TSE's *Four Quartets*: "Their greatness never consisted in their compelling lucidity. But as far as I can judge, they seemed considerably less esoteric to undergraduates of my generation than they do (should I say – it does?) to undergraduates to-day" (12).

TSE wrote to the Anglican theologian T. M. Heron on 26 July that the dean's rejoinder "seems to show that the Dean completely misunderstood my complaints about his essay and obviously does not know what the word 'esoteric' means. That seems to me in itself significant. . . . The book *Objections to Christian Belief* seems to me very hastily compiled and, even if suitable for lectures to undergraduates, should never in my opinion have been put forward so quickly or in the same form."

5. In Dean Williams's essay TSE inserts "(sic)" in the margin after "excludes" (53); in the following sentences, he underlines "straight" with a question mark in the margin: "'Straight is the gate and narrow is the way' said Jesus, 'which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it'" (49); "But later he was certain that, although he was much less religious in the usual sense, he had been brought to the straight gate and narrow way" (53). TSE writes on the front free page: "strait. Matt. vii. 13-14": "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: / Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (KJV).

Introduction for the Poetry Book Society's Festival of Poetry[1]

For the last thirty-eight years I have been concerned with the publication of poetry, and during that time I have, I believe, acquired as much knowledge of the public for poetry, and of the market for the work of new poets, as anyone still active in the world of letters.[2] Interest in poetry, and in the work of younger poets, is certainly more widespread than it was in the twenties. Poetry prizes get more attention, and, owing to the wireless as well as to public poetry readings, many more people must have become accustomed to the sound of verse. But it remains true, that the number of people capable of appreciating the new and unusual – capable of distinguishing between the significant and the negligible – and, what is more, with confidence in their own taste – remains very small. The reputation of a poet spreads very slowly: a younger generation may never realise that some poet now famous in their eyes, may have waited for years before his work was known to more than a very small audience, and that it may have had to be fought for by a very few enthusiasts.

In the early stages a poet may have had the advantage of two supports: the "little magazine" and the "little publisher." By the latter, I mean the small press which confines itself to the publication of new poets still unknown – the press which, owing perhaps to the devotion of one generous person, is on the lookout for new talent and is prepared to back it at a loss. Little magazines and little publishers come and go, but it would be a sad day when they vanished altogether. For the larger public capable of enjoying the work of young poets needs some assurance, not necessarily of notable success, but at least of the approval of critics in high places.

It was with such reflections in mind that I welcomed the foundation of the Poetry Book Society and became one of its original directors.[3] It is with such reflections in mind that, having taken no part in the conduct of the Society for some years, I am happy to associate myself with its Festival by attesting my enduring interest in the cause for which it was founded.

NOTES

1. As printed in *Festival of Poetry 1963: Souvenir Programme*, directed by Patric Dickinson (London: John Roberts Press, 1963). Pp. [60]. TSE's untitled introduction appears with facsimile signature [9]-[10].

The festival was held 15-20 July at the Royal Court Theatre under the auspices of the Poetry Book Society (PBS) in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain. The program consisted of twenty-eight poets reading their poems, together with settings of poems and dramatic verse by composers, musicians, and readers at twelve evening sessions over the six days. TSE's message was reprinted in *Thirty Years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986*, ed. Jonathan Barker (London: Hutchinson, 1988), 46-47.

2. TSE refers to the year 1925, in which he began work with Faber & Gwyer.

3. Although TSE served as the first director of the PBS, it was founded by Eric Walter White (1905-85), music critic and literature director of the Arts Council of Great Britain, with the assistance of John Hayward. As White wrote in a personal obituary notice for Hayward in the *Times* of 21 Sept 1965, under the heading "Mr. John Hayward / The Poetry Book Society," "Hayward played an important part in the preliminary negotiations that led to the setting up" of the PBS. "He was responsible for securing T. S. Eliot's interest in the scheme and persuading him to serve on the board of management. He himself accepted an invitation to serve as one of the society's three initial selectors, the other two being Edwin Muir and Janet Adam Smith; and it was largely due to the high critical standards they set that got the society off to such a good start" (12). For TSE's address, "Poetry and the Schools," delivered at the first press conference of the Poetry Book Society held on 10 Apr 1956, see 8.117.

Landlord's Identity

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (24 July 1963) 13

Sir, – Is it not time that the law was amended so that landlords should be compelled to disclose their identity to their tenants? Secrecy appears to be a boon to the unscrupulous, as witness the kind of abuses to which Mr. Parkin has drawn our attention.[1]

Your obedient servant,
T. S. ELIOT

24, Russell Square, W C. 1, July 23.

NOTE

1. TSE read the account in the *Times* of 23 July, "Wider Powers to Stop Housing Racket?" (10, 14) regarding the efforts of Benjamin Theaker Parkin (1906-69), Labour Party MP, to expose the misdeeds of property magnates who were exploiting a provision in the Rent Act of 1957, which allowed that any property vacated by a setting tenant becomes free of rent control, a measure that had brought an increasing number of evictions by unscrupulous landlords hiding under large company names. Parkin collected and presented evidence of abusive evictions to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan (1894-1986), who opened the House of Commons on 22 July with a motion: "That this House deplores the intolerable extortion, evictions, and property profiteering which have resulted from the Rent Act of 1957 and demands that Her Majesty's Government take immediate and drastic action to restore security for threatened tenants" (14). Parkin then submitted his Ownership of Premises Bill, which provided for the licensing of private landlords and for the compulsory acquisition by local authorities of housing properties whose ownership was disguised. As reported in the *Times* of 25 July, under the subheading "Mr. Parkin Refused his Bill," it was defeated by a vote of 208 to 140 (14).

Memorial Tribute for Louis MacNeice

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (5 Sept 1963) 14

There is little that I can add to the encomiums of Louis MacNeice which have already appeared in the press, except the expression of my own grief and shock.[1] The grief one must feel at the death of a poet of genius, younger than oneself, and the shock of his unexpected death just as my firm had ready for publication a new volume of his verse.

MacNeice was one of several brilliant poets who were up at Oxford at the same time, and whose names were at first always associated,[2] but the difference between whose gifts shows more and more clearly with the lapse of time. MacNeice in particular stands apart. If the term "poet's poet" means a poet whose virtuosity can be fully appreciated only by other poets, it may be applied to MacNeice. But if it were taken to imply that his work cannot be enjoyed by the larger public of poetry readers, the term would be misleading. He had the Irishman's unfailing ear for the music of verse, and he never published a line that is not good reading. I am very proud of having published the first volume he had to offer after coming down from the university.[3]

As for the radio plays, no other poet, with the exception of the author of *Under Milk Wood*, has written works as haunting as MacNeice.[4]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Following MacNeice's death on 3 Sept, an anonymous full obituary, which TSE draws upon, appeared in the *Times* the next day: "It might be said that Louis MacNeice was a poet's poet. . . . None of his poems could ever have been mistaken for another man's; few of his fellow-poets could match him in either fecundity or ingenuity. Yet all was done with such artistic tact that that his sheer skill was seldom apparent except to a colleague in the art" (14).

2. In his Oxford days (1926-30), MacNeice was associated with the "Auden group," which also included Stephen Spender and Cecil Day Lewis.

3. After TSE published MacNeice's *Poems* in Sept 1935, Faber & Faber remained his publisher. Ten days after his death, the firm brought out his final volume, *The Burning Perch*, on 13 Sept, the day after his fifty-sixth birthday.

4. After joining the BBC in 1941 as a writer and producer, MacNeice wrote and broadcast eleven radio plays, including *The Dark Tower* (1946), *Prisoner's Progress* (1954), and, five days before his death, *Persons from Porlock* (1963). "A recurring theme in his radio work," wrote his first obituarist in the *Times*, "was the dilemma of the contemporary hero faced with the pressures of authority, whether those of a profession, a class or an authoritarian police state" (14).

After public readings and stage performances of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* in 1952-53, the BBC commissioned it as a radio drama; Thomas delivered the script on 15 Oct 1953, less than a month before his death on 9 Nov. The first broadcast in the United Kingdom was aired on 25 Jan 1954, with the First Voice read by Richard Burton.

Anti-Semitism in Russia[1]

To the Director of the 92nd Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association

Tradition: A Journal of Orthodox Jewish Thought, 6 (Fall 1963) 317-18

17 February 1953

Dear Dr. Kolodney,

As one of the poets who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Poetry Center, I cannot fail to respond to your request of the 12th instant. But a mere expression of agreement with "a public stand against the present anti-semitic policy of the Soviet Government" is not enough – for what decent individual could decline to support such a protest? One ought, I think, to say a little more than that.

The only striking difference between the present anti-Semitism in Russia, and the anti-Semitism of Hitler's Germany, seems to me this: that the Russians have learned from the mistakes of the Germans, and are much shrewder propagandists. The Nazis persecuted Jews for being Jews, and thereby incurred at once the antipathy of all civilized people. The Russians refrain from any overt doctrine of racial superiority, which would too flatly contradict their supposed principles, and interfere with their foreign policy. Just as they have condemned and destroyed their more important Christian victims, not on the ground of their being Christians, but always on some pretext of treason or civil crime, so the Jews who are condemned to death – or worse – are condemned on some other ground, than that of being Jews. But it comes to the same thing in the end.

In all anti-Semitic movements there is a similar pattern of *policy* and *hysteria*. The hysteria of the crowd is aroused by deliberate calculations. But there is an element of hysteria in the calculation itself. True anti-Semitism – as distinguished from anti-Semitism in Arab countries, which has much more of the nature of ordinary racial, nationalistic and religious conflict – is a movement *within* a country, of a government against Jews who are its own citizens. It is a symptom of profound difficulty, disorder, and maladjustment in the economy and in the spiritual life of that nation; and is exploited by rulers as a desperate remedy which only aggravates, in the end,

the malady of which it is a symptom. This reflection provides a more rational ground for the belief which I hold anyway, that any government which persecutes and stigmatizes any body of its own nationals – and most notably the Jews – will in the end have to pay the full penalty for so doing; and the unfortunate people whom it rules will have to make expiation for having such a government.

Yours sincerely,
T.S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. An editorial statement preceded TSE's letter: "Recent disclaimers of anti-Semitism on the part of Russian authorities lend added contemporary relevance to a heretofore unpublished letter by T. S. Eliot, one of the foremost literary figures of our time. Dr. William Kolodney, to whom the letter is addressed, is the Educational Director of the 92nd Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association." This was followed by a brief "Introduction" by Kolodney (1899-1976), the Russian-born director of educational programs, including The Poetry Center, at the 92nd Street Y from 1935 to 1969: "1953 was the year of the famous Slánský trial in Russia. At that time I wrote prominent poets who had read at the 'Y' Poetry Center to give me their reaction. It was planned to have the Poetry Center publish a pamphlet containing these statements in response to my letter but for various reasons, the pamphlet was not published. T. S. Eliot sent the following reply" (317).

Kolodney had written to TSE on 24 Apr 1962: "Several years ago during Stalin's regime, the Slánský 'Trials' were accompanied by a heightening of anti-Semitism in Russia. At that time you were kind enough to send me a letter which I thought I could use . . . to help counteract anti-Semitism everywhere. When Dr. Slánský was cleared, it did not seem the right moment to use your very strong letter. In view of the recent revival of anti-Semitism . . . I am wondering whether you would permit me to use it now, since the general climate in Russia is still the same, even though it has not been accompanied by the murder of Jewish literary figures as in the days of Stalin. . . . I wish to take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation of the many times you have accepted our invitation to appear at The Poetry Center."

In his reply of 3 May, TSE wrote that he was "very willing that you should publish my letter . . . in connection with a protest against the revival of anti-Semitism in Russia . . . I shall be interested to hear more of this protest." He concluded by saying that "there is no place in America where I more enjoy giving a reading or a lecture than the Poetry Center. I am speaking both of the quality of the audience and of the discretion and efficiency with which your management handle such occasions."

A Note on *The Tower*

Selected Plays and Libretti, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal

New York: Pantheon Books, 1963. Pp. lxxiv + 839; "A Note," lxxiii-lxxiv.[1]

The longest and much the most important single piece in the present collection is the difficult and little-known *The Tower*; and to this strange play I wish to call special attention. I doubt whether this play can be called a "success," but if not, it is at least a failure grander and more impressive than many successes. In a postscript to an edition of the German text of the play,[2*] Herr Gerhard Meyer-Sichting tells us that the poet spent nearly ten years – from 1918 to 1927, the last years of his life – in writing and rewriting this play. *The Tower* is written in prose; but here also I speak of Hofmannsthal as "the poet," for the play is essentially poetic drama. I do not know whether it has ever been presented on the stage; but the latter part, with the episodes of the Gipsy and the King of the Children, becomes so phantasmagoric that one can only imagine its representation in terms of a dream-film such as Jean Cocteau might devise. The plot is suggested by that of Calderón's *Life Is a Dream*;[3] but Calderón's play is for Hofmannsthal hardly more than a point of departure; two plays could hardly be more different in spirit and intention than these of the Spaniard and the Austrian. Hofmannsthal was well practised in the craft of the theatre, and if *The Tower* is unplayable, we must attribute this not to failure of skill but to the fact that what the author wished here to express exceeded the limits within which the man of the theatre must work. For the surface meaning, the real or apparent reason for human behaviour which must be immediately apprehensible by the audience if a play is to hold their interest, Hofmannsthal cares less and less as the play proceeds. He seems to have loaded this play, in symbolism which perhaps has more than one level of significance, with all the burden of his feelings about the catastrophe of the Europe to which he belonged, the Europe which went down in the wreck of empires between 1914 and 1918. As Herr Meyer-Sichting justly says, there is much in the play which cannot be "understood," but only "intuited."[4*] The play expresses not only the author's suffering during those years that remained to him, but also his ultimate Christian hope. I find it interesting to compare the message of *The Tower*, so far as I

have succeeded in grasping it, with that of the masterly essay which Paul Valéry wrote in 1919, called *La Crise de l'esprit*: an essay which, because so much of its prophecy has already come to pass, is more terrifying since the second World War than it was at the date of its first publication.[5] Both men were poets: both had their formation and first practised their art in the world before 1914; both lived on – the French poet eighteen years after the death of the Austrian – into a waning civilization. Perhaps the hope of the one and the despair of the other were each in its own realm justified.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This is vol 3 of the edition of *Selected Writings of Hugo von Hofmannsthal*, ed. and intro. Michael Hamburger, constituting number XXXIII in the Bollingen series. See preface to vol 2 (8.444, n.1).

2*. TSE's note: "*Der Turm* (Frankfurt a/M: S. Fischer Verlag, 1952)." With a postscript [106] by the violinist and conductor Gerhard Meyer-Sichting (1902-80). Meyer-Sichting also wrote essays and poems; his *Der Turm* (*The Tower*) is a commentary/interpretation of Hofmannsthal's drama.

3. In 1930, Cocteau wrote and directed *Le Sang d'un poète* (*The Blood of a Poet*), the first of his surrealistic films. TSE had seen *Parade*, Cocteau's avant-garde ballet, in 1919 (2.436, n.10), and in 1923, in "Dramatis Personae," he quoted *Le Secret professionnel* (1922) to indicate the influence of Cocteau's work on the circus, the music hall, and the cinema (2.433). In 1926, he published Cocteau's *Scandales* in the Jan issue of the *Criterion* (125).

The Spanish dramatist Pedro Calderón de la Barca published *La vida es sueño* [*Life Is a Dream*] in 1635, a philosophical play on the intersection of dreams and reality. TSE refers to the dramatic forms of Calderón and Lope de Vega in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (3.202).

4*. TSE's note: "He is speaking specifically of the episodes of the Gipsy and the King of the Children. His words are: 'Beide Vorgänge sollten nicht 'gedeutet' werden. Man kann sie nur ahnen, nicht 'verstehen.' I give the quotation in full, as my 'intuit' is a rather free translation of *ahnen*." [Meyer-Sichting, *Der Turm*, 108. *Trans*: Both processes should not be "interpreted." One can only intuit, not "understand" them.]

[Meyer-Sichting continues by explaining that one must be open to the enigmatic and inexplicable aspects of life, its dark terrors as well as it bright wonders.]

5. Valéry's "La crise de l'esprit" first appeared in English translation in 1919 in the *Athenaeum*. In his *Criterion* Commentary of Aug 1927, TSE referred to it as "a meditation on the decay of European civilization" (3.156). In a letter to William Castle on 7 Dec 1956, he praised it as "an extraordinary prophetic essay . . . He [Valéry] foresaw that power would pass away from the Western European nations into the hands of those covering vast land masses."

Tribute to Wilfred Owen[1]

I am sorry that I cannot at present afford the time to write anything for you about the poems of Wilfred Owen. I should have to refresh my memory of these poems before doing so. But there is one poem of his at least, "Strange Meeting," which is of permanent value and, I think, will never be forgotten, and which is not only one of the most moving pieces of verse inspired by the war of 1914-18, but also a technical achievement of great originality.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. As printed in *A Tribute to Wilfred Owen*, compiled by T. J. Walsh; pp. [2] + 62; 28; privately printed in stiff pink wrappers in Mar 1964 at the Birkenhead Institute Grammar School for Boys, Cheshire, now Merseyside, to commemorate the opening of the Wilfred Owen Memorial Library. Owen, who attended the school from 1900 to 1907, was killed in action on 4 Nov 1918, a week before the signing of the Armistice.

The school librarian, T. J. Walsh, wrote to TSE on 13 June 1962 requesting a tribute. TSE's reply on 21 June was printed as received. "Strange Meeting" composed in 1918 and published posthumously in 1919, was printed in the volume among the tributes, including that of Benjamin Britten, who set it to be sung in his *War Requiem* (1962), Siegfried Sassoon, the first editor of Owen's poems, Edmund Blunden, his second editor, Herbert Read, C. Day Lewis, and Stephen Spender. TSE discussed Owen in his 1933 course at Harvard (English 26) and praised "Strange Meeting" for its documentary value and its mastery of pararhyme: "Owen's great contribution the imperfect rhyme. Quote 'Strange Meeting' . . . Document of a forgotten generation. Owen the only real 'War Poet' (define)" (4.783).

Memorial Tribute for Richard Aldington[1]

I met Richard first in 1917, just at the time when he was being drafted into the Army and I took over the assistant editorship of the *Egoist* from him. After the war I saw quite a lot of him. We were on very friendly terms and when I started the *Criterion* in 1921 he became my assistant editor at a very modest salary. (I, myself, took no salary at all because I was on the staff of Lloyds Bank and it was forbidden to members of the Bank staff to have other regular paid employment.) I think that in those years we exchanged quite a long correspondence and I visited him at least once when he was living with a lady, whose name I have forgotten, at Aldermaston – a village which was still very rural and had not acquired its recent associations.[2] Richard was very sensitive, not to say touchy, in some ways and I am afraid that with good intentions, but clumsy lack of imagination, I hurt his feelings once or twice very deeply indeed.[3] After that, I saw nothing of him and he wrote a cruel and unkind lampoon of me and of my wife who died some years later, and of friends of mine such as Lady Ottoline Morrell and Virginia Woolf.[4] But then he was living, I think, in France and his attacks on other authors, the two Lawrences and Norman Douglas, were more direct in books about those writers.[5] But that quarrel had since subsided and I exchanged letters with him a few years before his death. He had heard that a number of my letters to him were in the possession of a certain American university and wrote to me to explain that this was by no wish of his own, but that the letters had been in a box which he had left in charge of a man who he supposed to be a friend and who later denied having any such box in his possession. I have no reason to doubt his word and have nothing left but feelings of friendliness and regard.[6]

I hope this brief communication is better than nothing. We were on the same side for a long time and I was the first to give offence, although unintentionally, which made a breach between us.[7]

NOTES

1. As printed in *Richard Aldington: An Intimate Portrait*, ed. Alister Kershaw and Frédéric-Jacques Temple (Carbondale: Southern Illinois UP, 1965). Pp. xxi + 186; 24-25. After Aldington's death on 27 July 1962, Richard Church persuaded TSE to write a tribute, which he mailed to Temple on 15 Aug 1963.

2. During the 1920s, Aldington rented Malthouse Cottage in the village of Aldermaston, Berkshire, where he lived with his mistress Dorothy (Arabella) Yorke. TSE visited them there in May 1921, looking to find a similar cottage for himself and Vivien. "I recall it as a Paradise," he wrote to Aldington afterward (*L1* 569). In 1950, Aldermaston became associated with the Atomic Weapons Establishment, the UK nuclear weapons factory.

3. TSE and Aldington were frequently at loggerheads over each other's writings, resulting in short estrangements during the mid-1920s. In a letter of 2 Apr 1964, TSE described his decisive offense as "a piece of clumsiness, and it was only in quite recent years that we had a sort of reconciliation." Aldington's biographer, Charles Doyle, describes the separation at a *Criterion* luncheon in 1928, when Aldington arrived to announce that he had sold his library, that he was "done with this country," and that he was leaving London permanently for Paris. He awaited protests, "but none came," said Richard Church. "We were all silent, and I saw Eliot slowly nod his head, several times, by way of reluctant understanding." John Cournos recalled that a few days later Aldington "sent Eliot a card on which was written a single four-letter word." "Behind this last action," writes Doyle, "may have been Eliot's response of distaste on reading Aldington's *A Dream in the Luxembourg*, which Eliot found vulgarly intimate and indelicately personal." *Richard Aldington: A Biography* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois UP, 1989), 117-18.

4. In *Stepping Heavenward: A Record* (1931) Aldington wrote a highly satirical portrait of TSE as "Blessed Jeremy Cibber" who was married to "Adele Paleologue" (Vivien, who died in 1947). In a letter of 2 Aug 1963, TSE described the book to Richard Church as "a very obvious lampoon which was certainly a blow beneath the belt."

5. These attacks appeared in *D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius, But . . .* (1950), *Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Inquiry* (1955), and *Pinorman: Personal Recollections of Norman Douglas* (1954).

6. When Aldington learned that seventy of TSE's letters to him had been exhibited at the University of Texas in 1959, he wrote to TSE on 25 July and again on 5 Aug to explain that they had been stolen from him by an unnamed friend (having earlier told Lawrence Durrell that they had been put up for auction at Sothebys by an unnamed person. See Doyle, *Richard Aldington: A Biography*, 310). Subsequently learning that the Houghton Library had cataloged ten of his letters to Aldington, TSE wrote to the Houghton director on 9 Apr 1964, requesting photostatic copies, which he received and reviewed before his tribute appeared.

7. This last paragraph was not part of TSE's formal tribute; the two sentences were the last of his closing remarks in the letter of 15 Aug to Temple, who added them to TSE's text.

On Translation: A Note on George Seferis

Arena, 19 (Apr 1964) 102-03[1]

I can judge the merit of George Seferis, so to speak, from his translations of my own choruses into Greek which seem to be magnificent, and I am delighted that he should translate the whole of my play, *Murder in the Cathedral*.[2]

Of course, it is easier to read translations of my own work. I can follow them easily in modern Greek because I have studied Ancient Greek as a lad in America and at Oxford,[3] and because I have been very pleased with such works as I have seen in his translations. His choral work is magnificent and I have always longed to see it – at least the choruses – put in modern Greek by a modern Greek poet of distinction, and I couldn't ask for anyone better or more distinguished than Seferis. I don't know his poetry yet, only very slightly. I can, of course, read his translations of my poetry because I know the poetry so well. Of course, all my knowledge of modern Greek was gained in a commercial way. I gained it some years ago when I was working in the City of London because I wanted to be able to read company reports and the reports of the Greek Banks, and that is why I know what I do know of modern Greek.[4] But I feel an affinity with him and I should say there must be some resemblance between the poetry . . . but, of course, in a way it is more difficult for an author to see his resemblances, the resemblance of his work to that of poetry writing in other languages, than it is for a third person. I have often been told that I have much in common with the genially Italian poet, Montale, and I read some of his poetry with great pleasure.[5] But as for the resemblance . . . but I think that is for an outsider to notice. I should think that as to whether Seferis was a great poet – I said somewhere long ago that a greatness is something you can't obtain, for a contemporary that is something which is conferred or at least shown by time and a man's reputation.[6] What you can say about a contemporary poet is that his poetry is genuine, that it is authentic. I am convinced from reading my own choruses in his translations that his poetry is authentic, that it is a genuine poetry. Now I don't think that a translation of poetry into every language can really convey the spirit of the poetry. It is so wedded to, it is so much in the language in which it is written that I have never seen for instance any

translations of the poetry in foreign languages that I do know, for instance Goethe or Dante, or the French poets I know particularly well, which really conveyed the spirit of the original. It is so much the spirit of the language in which it is written.

NOTES

1. This issue of *Arena*, the journal of the International PEN Centre for Writers in Exile, was edited by PEN members Paul Tabori (1908-74), Hungarian journalist and author, and Kathleen Nott (1905-99), British novelist, poet, and critic known for *The Emperor's Clothes: An Attack on the Dogmatic Orthodoxy of T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Dorothy Sayers, C. S. Lewis, and Others* (1953). The editors indicate only that TSE's "Note" was taken from "*an interview with M. Phocas*" (103), otherwise unidentified and untraced; the ellipses are by the editors.

2. Seferis translated three of TSE's choruses from the play, together with *The Waste Land* and other poems, in *ΓΙΩΡΓΟΣ ΣΕΦΕΡΗΣ. Θ. Σ. ΕΛΙΟΤ* (1936, reissued 1949); his full translation appeared as *ΦΟΝΙΚΟ ΣΤΗΝ ΕΚΚΑΗΣΙΑ* in 1963.

3. At the age of sixteen, as part of his application to Milton Academy, TSE listed his work in Latin and Greek at Smith Academy (*L1* 5). On 31 Oct 1957, he recalled that his education at Smith focused on "the essential subjects: that is to say Latin and Greek, . . . and English which then consisted of rigorous study of the rules of grammar and rhetoric." His fluency in ancient Greek is documented in his extensive work on Aristotle at Oxford in 1914-1915 (1.220).

4. As TSE wrote to his mother in Oct 1923: "The work at the Bank is interesting . . . I have to make myself a sort of authority on everything that goes on of financial and commercial interest in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Roumania, and North and South America. I read a number of newspapers from the various countries every day, and make such extracts as I have shown you" (*L2* 255).

5. TSE spoke of Montale and Seferis together in his 1958 address at the University of Rome, stating that "there is the spirit of the age, which sometimes accounts for strange affinities between the work of poets, writing in the same period, in different languages: critics have found such an affinity between my work and that of Eugenio Montale, and that of George Seferis in Greece" (8.252).

6. TSE discussed the nature and conditions of greatness in his third Turnbull Lecture, "Laforgue and Corbière in our Time" (4.748-50).

Memorial Tribute for Aldous Huxley[1]

My earliest memory of Aldous Huxley dates from 1914 or 1915. I spent that academic year at Merton College, on a travelling scholarship from Harvard. The last able-bodied British undergraduates were passing from the O.T.C. [Officers' Training Corps] to the trenches, and beyond the Rhodes scholars from America and the Commonwealth there were hardly any left except those who, like Aldous, were wholly unfit for military service. But one enterprising undergraduate, whose identity has vanished from my memory, organized a 'Nineties Club' – surely the final tribute to that literary epoch! – and those convened for the first meeting assembled on the lawn of one of the colleges: I believe that it was Balliol, Aldous's own college. The convener, I remember, had sought to enliven the occasion by sporting a red ribbon on his pince-nez eyeglasses. I do not remember that Aldous was very active in this society, but I remember his being pointed out to me on that occasion.[2]

It was only after Oxford that I met Aldous Huxley: that meeting was at Garsington, where we were to meet from time to time as guests of Lady Ottoline Morrell. To her I had been introduced by Bertrand Russell; and it is her house and some of her frequent guests who appear, under the thinnest of disguises, in *Crome Yellow*.[3] My own standing in that society had been established by my first volume of verse (a book which might never have seen publication but for the enthusiastic support of Ezra Pound, to whom I had taken it on the advice of Conrad Aiken). My prestige was such that Aldous submitted for my opinion his own book of verse, *Leda and Other Poems*:[4] I am afraid that I was unable to show any enthusiasm for his verse. After this attempt he wisely confined himself to the essay and that variety of fiction which he came to make his own.

I remember Aldous next after his marriage to Maria Nys, when they were living in a basement flat – crammed of course with books – in the Westbourne Grove area.[5] Middleton Murry, whose editorial flair approached genius, was running *The Athenaeum*, and for him Aldous wrote a weekly column of a kind that he could do to perfection. His reading was immense, his taste impeccable, and his ear acute – I remember his pointing out to me once that the metre of Tennyson's *Catullus* was identical with that of Edward Lear's

Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.[6] And I was delighted to find that in his last brief book, *Literature and Science*, he quotes a line of Mallarmé which had impressed me so deeply that I paraphrased it in *Little Gidding*: *donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu*.[7]

There is one anecdote of Aldous which I am sure that I remember more clearly than does anyone else, because the situation was highly embarrassing for myself. We were both among the guests invited to speak after a dinner of the Poetry Circle of a ladies' club. We spoke in order of seniority, culminating with Dean Inge. The speakers had all been assigned topics in advance, and a list of the speakers and their topics was conspicuously displayed on the tables. Aldous had already risen to speak when I glanced at the list, and saw to my horror that my topic, on which I had so carefully prepared myself, had been assigned to someone else, and the subject billed to me was entirely different. It was difficult enough to make conversation with two ladies neither of whom I knew, and to compose a new speech at the same time. But Aldous was embarked on what promised to be a speech of some length, and I was hopeful. However, the room was close and airless, and Aldous had unwisely started to smoke a large cigar. He had just alluded to Creon, and I hoped that he was good for five more learned and witty minutes, when he jack-knifed on to the table. Two or three male guests carried him out to another room, and I was called upon to fill the gap. It was my first after-dinner speech: a baptism of fire. Mercifully, I have no recollection of anything I said.[8]

(I have another reason to remember that dinner. One of my neighbours subsequently invited me to dine at her house; and to her I owe my introduction to the Tarot pack which I turned to account in *The Waste Land*. I pay this tardy tribute of thanks. But I should not like my present reader to draw the inference that this lady was the original of my Madame Sosostris – a wholly fictitious character!)[9]

After Aldous and Maria had transferred themselves to California I did not see him for many years. A few years ago my wife and I met him at the flat of an old friend of both of us. We had both become widowers and remarried since Aldous had left England and found a climate kinder to his frail health, and our wives met for the first time.[10] Aldous was charming and interesting as ever: he had lately been to Brazil, and discoursed informatively about his visit. The Huxleys did not remain long in England, and that was my last sight of this gentle and lovable man. His place in English literature is unique and is certainly assured.

NOTES

1. As printed in *Aldous Huxley 1894-1963: A Memorial Volume*, ed. Julian Huxley. London: Chatto & Windus, 1965. Pp. 174; 30-32. TSE sent his tribute to Sir Julian Huxley on 15 Apr 1964: "I should not wish to be unrepresented in any collection of tributes to his memory."

2. In response to a query about his days at Merton College, TSE wrote on 20 July 1961 to Stephen Medcalf: "my memories of the Bodley Club in the years 1914-15 are . . . entangled with my memories of another society, inter-collegiate, called the Nineties Society. The latter involved a certain amount of fantasy, but I remember Aldous Huxley and Raymond Mortimer were members, as well as a number of aesthetes . . . whose names are now forgotten."

3. Huxley's first novel, *Crome Yellow* (1921), is a satire of the British literati, including TSE and Huxley, who gathered periodically at Ottoline Morrell's country estate Garsington Manor in the period following WWI.

4. Huxley's *Leda and Other Poems* was published in 1920 by Chatto & Windus.

5. Huxley met Lady Ottoline's friend Maria Nys (1898-1955) at Garsington in 1916; they married on 10 July 1919.

6. Tennyson's "Hendecasyllabics" (not "Catullus") is written in the eleven-syllable line associated with the Roman poet Catullus. Although Lear's "The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo" is not entirely in hendecasyllabics, it does contain lines of eleven syllables: "The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo / whose Head was ever so much bigger than his / Body, and whose Hat was rather small."

7. In *Literature and Science* (1963), Huxley quotes the line from Mallarmé in French, saying of it: "that is the task confronting every serious writer; for it is only by an unusual combination of purified words that our more private experiences in all their subtlety, their many-faceted richness, their unrepeatable uniqueness can be, in some sort, re-created on the symbolic level and so made public and communicable" (11); TSE paraphrases the line in English in *Little Gidding*, II: "Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us / To purify the dialect of the tribe."

8. As TSE vividly recounted to his mother on 2 Dec 1920, he had recently been out "to a dinner at a Ladies Club called the Lyceum Club. That was rather amusing. Their 'Poetry Circle' gives a large dinner once a year and invites men of letters to speak. There were seven speakers: Maurice Hewlett, Dean Inge (better known as 'The gloomy dean'), Sturge Moore the poet, St John Irvine (a dramatist), Edith Sitwell, Aldous Huxley, and myself. I had been asked to speak on 'Modern Tendencies of Dramatic Poetry,' but when I got there and saw the list I found that the subject was given to someone else, and mine was 'Modern *Audiences* of Dramatic Poetry.' So I had to prepare an entirely new speech while the others were speaking. Then Huxley, who was ahead of me, fainted in the middle of his speech, the atmosphere being rather close, and I had to speak five minutes before I had expected to! However, I described the sort of audience I should like to have, and the sort I should not want to have, if I were having a verse play produced, and it appeared to be received very well. . . . I sat next to an elderly lady who asked me if I knew a poem called 'The Thin Red Line,' so I lied and said yes, and she said she had written it. She was Scotch and believed firmly in ghosts, and invited me to a 'Celtic concert.'" (*L1* 523-24)

9. In March 1955, Mary Trevelyan drove TSE around London to visit places mentioned in *The Waste Land*, as described in her soon-to-be-published (Faber, 2019) memoir "The Pope of Russell Square." TSE revealed in conversation that he had visited a fortune-teller when he was working on the poem in 1921. He then went to dinner in Hampstead or Primrose Hill with an

unidentified woman whom he had met at the Lyceum Club; she showed him her tarot pack, which he discovered for the first time.

10. In 1956, the year after the death of his first wife, Maria, Huxley married the violinist Laura Archera. When he and Laura were in London in the summer of 1961, his friends arranged a cocktail party in their honor. On 13 July, TSE wrote to apologize for missing the party, adding "we are wondering whether you are in London for any length of time and, if so, would it be possible to see you more quietly? We would love to get you to dine quietly with us if you could."

Split Infinitive[1]

To the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*

The Daily Telegraph, London (30 May 1964) 8

Sir, – Could not Mr. G. Norman Knight's difficulty be overcome by altering his sentence as follows:

> "The object of these duties is the partial reduction of the volume of goods imported"?

I should be inclined to prefer the word "purpose" in this context to the word "object."[2]

Yours faithfully,
T. S. ELIOT

London, W. C.1.

NOTES

1. From 13 May to 13 June 1964 the *Daily Telegraph* published fifteen letters to the editor on the use and misuse of the split infinitive, initiated on 13 May by S. P. W. Corbett's letter quoting Bertrand Russell's use in a recent article: "Sir, – Is it not a little ironical that 'attempts on the part of Western Powers to crudely dominate or surreptitiously undermine' should lead Earl Russell – of all people – to split the infinitive?" To which Russell replied on 15 May: "Sir, – The aggressive military behaviour of the British Government in Southern Arabia has not lessened my admiration, ironical as it may seem, for the uses to which the English language was put by famous writers. For instance, Milton, who, apart from his concern for individual freedom, managed to *admirably* split infinitives. A reading of 'Lycidas' might be expected to *adequately* teach this to Mr. SPW Corbett. Even *Fowler* could be of help" [H. W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage*] (18).

The fray was joined by G. (Gilfred) Norman Knight (1891-1978), barrister-at-law and indexer, in the issue of 27 May: "Sir – Lord Russell's deliberately split infinitives were indeed awkward and unnecessary. But there is one example I would defy anyone to avoid by altering the order of the words, without totally changing the sense it is intended to convey: 'The object of these duties is to partly reduce the volume of goods imported'" (16). This prompted TSE's reply on 30 May.

2. On 30 May, Sir Henry Townend sent TSE a postcard: "*Daily Telegraph* letters. But reduction *is* partial. Total reduction would be annihilation." To which TSE had his secretary reply on 3 June: "TSE agrees that the word 'partial' is at best superfluous."

On 25 Feb 2016, in celebration of its 50,000th edition under the heading "TS Eliot v Bertrand Russell on splitting the infinitive," the *Daily Telegraph* reproduced all of the letters on the split infinitive debate in a four-page pullout, together with photographs of Russell and TSE.

Preface to *Selected Poems*: *Edwin Muir*[1]

London: Faber and Faber, 1965. Pp. 96; Preface, 9-11.

As my correspondence files indicate, it was only in the last years of Edwin Muir's life, when he brought his later poems to me for publication, that I saw much of him, and I cannot say that I ever came to know him really intimately.[2] He was a reserved, reticent man, not fluent in conversation. Yet his personality made a deep impression upon me, and especially the impression of one very rare and precious quality. There have been other encounters in my life with men who have left me with the impression of this particular quality, including several men whom I have never come to know well. They have been those men of whom I should say without hesitation, that they were men of complete *integrity*. And as I have grown older, I have come to realise how rare this quality is. That utter honesty with oneself and with the world is no more common among men of letters than among men of other occupations. I stress this unmistakable integrity, because I came to recognise it in Edwin Muir's work as well as in the man himself. The work and the man are one: his autobiography, and the lecture on Orcadian folk poetry, which is the first of his Norton lectures at Harvard, help us to understand his own poetry.[3] And I cannot believe that Edwin Muir ever uttered one disingenuous word in speech, or committed one disingenuous word to print.

I do not remember when, or in what context, we first met. I seem to remember him, in earlier days, as a contributor to the *New Age*. It would have been characteristic of Orage, in whose papers so many notable writers made their appearance, to discover this shy man of genius.[4†] But I must admit that in my youth I gave very little heed to Muir's poetry. His poetry was not of the kind which I was trying to write myself, and it was not until after my own lines of development were well established that it began to appeal to me. How much of this late appeal was due to the maturing of Muir's power, and how much to the maturing of my own taste, I cannot tell. A young poet is apt to be indifferent to the work of a contemporary who is following a different path from his own. But when I came to study the volume of his *Collected Poems*, before publication, I was struck, as I had not been before, by the power of his early work.[5] Yet on the other hand it is still his late work which seems to me the most remarkable.

In my earlier years, or rather in the second phase of my development, I went through a period of concentrating my attention on experiment in metric and language. It may be that to focus my conscious mind in this way helped to release my imagination. For some poets, perhaps, this experiment with forms of verse and with varieties of expression may remain a permanent preoccupation. I do not believe that technique was ever a primary concern with Edwin. He was first and foremost deeply concerned with what he had to say – and by that I do not mean that his purpose was ever didactic or that he was striving to convey a "message." But under the pressure of emotional intensity, and possessed by his vision, he found, almost unconsciously, the right, the inevitable way of saying what he wanted to say.

Kathleen Raine wrote a review of Edwin Muir's *Collected Poems* in *The New Statesman* for April 23, 1960 which I hope she will reprint in some volume of essays, and which I can say little to supplement.[6] But I should like to add this one thought. Edwin Muir will remain among the poets who have added glory to the English language. He is also one of the poets of whom Scotland should always be proud. But there is, furthermore, it seems to me, something essential which is neither English nor Scottish, but Orcadian. There is the sensibility of the remote islander, the boy from a simple primitive offshore community who then was plunged into the sordid horror of industrialism in Glasgow, who struggled to understand the modern world of the metropolis in London, and finally the realities of central Europe in Prague where he and his wife – to whom together we owe our knowledge of Kafka[7] – saw the iron curtain fall and where they saw their friends gradually finding it safer to avoid their company. And all of this experience is somehow concentrated into that great, that terrifying poem of the "atomic age" – "The Horses."[8]

The poems in this selection were all taken from *The Collected Poems of Edwin Muir – 1921-1958* – edited after Muir's death by Willa Muir and J. C. Hall (Faber and Faber, 2nd edition, 1964). I found the task more difficult than I had expected. The poems in that book are of such uniformly high quality that any selection must appear arbitrary – I must therefore caution the reader against the assumption that I offer them as the *best* of Muir: such a choice is impossible. I have only endeavoured to make a selection representative of all aspects of his work.[9†]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE's preface originated as an essay, "Edwin Muir: 1887-1959: An Appreciation," published in the *Listener* of 28 May 1964 (872); the text was slightly revised and a final paragraph was added for inclusion in this Faber edition of *Selected Poems*.

2. Their correspondence and occasional meetings date from 1925 to 1926 but increase from 1951 to 1958; Muir's *Selected Letters* (1974) contain letters to TSE from 31 May 1951 to 24 Sept 1958. TSE had in his library five volumes of Muir's poems: *Variations on a Theme* (1934); *Journeys and Places* (1937); *The Narrow Places* (1943); *The Voyage and Other Poems* (1946), and *One Foot in Eden* (1956).

3. Muir gives an account in *An Autobiography* (1954) of his Orcadian boyhood on family farms on the Orkney mainland, the island of Wyre, and Kirkwall, Scotland, before the family moved to Glasgow when he was fourteen, and he goes on to chronicle his literary, intellectual, and spiritual life through his years in European cities, notably Prague and Rome.

Muir was the Charles Eliot Norton lecturer in poetry at Harvard University for the 1955-56 academic year. His six lectures, the first of which is titled "The Natural Estate," were published as *The Estate of Poetry* (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1962). The folk ballads, he concludes, made up the natural estate of poetry and provided "the sustenance on which for hundreds of years the peasantry lived; on this they formed their imaginative idea of human life. . . . There is a greater poetry than that of the ballads . . . but they were once a general possession as Shakespeare has never been. And that great poetry can, or once could, be a general possession is a fact which we should not forget: those of us who write poetry, and those of us who criticize it" (22).

4†. In the American edition (New York: Oxford UP, 1965), published two months after the English edition, TSE replaced "the *New Age*" with "the *New English Weekly*." A. R. Orage was editor of the *New Age* from 1907 to 1922 and of the *New English Weekly* from 1931 until his death in 1934. Orage published some of Muir's earliest poems in the *New Age* between 1913 and 1922 and serialized Muir's first book, *We Moderns* (1918), while Muir served as his editorial assistant. TSE and Muir both published in the *New English Weekly* during Orage's editorship, including TSE's memoir, "Orage: Memories": "I had a feeling of loss when Orage gave up the *New Age* and went to America; I had a feeling of relief when he returned and started the *New English Weekly* . . . . A smaller number will remember him, as R.H.C. of the *New Age*, as the best literary critic of that time in London" (5.146).

5. After Muir's death on 3 Jan 1959, TSE helped Muir's widow, Willa Muir, and the poet J. C. Hall bring out the Faber edition of *Collected Poems, 1921-1958* (1960).

6. The 1960 review in the *New Statesman* by poet and critic Kathleen Raine (1908-2003), was reprinted in the *Texas Quarterly* in 1961 and collected as the lead essay "Edwin Muir" in her *Defending Ancient Springs* (London: Oxford UP, 1967): "Time, that so remorsefully fades some poems . . . does not fade [Muir's poems]," she writes, "and it becomes clear that their excellence owes nothing to the accidental circumstances of the moment at which the poet wrote, or we read, his poems; they survive, as it were, a change of background, and we begin to see that whereas the 'new' movements of this or that decade lose their significance when the scene changes and retain only a historical interest, Edwin Muir, a poet who never followed fashion, has in fact given more permanent expression to his world than other poets who deliberately set out to be the mouthpieces of their generation" [1].

7. Edwin and Willa Muir translated most of Kafka's work into English, including *The Castle* (1930), *The Trial* (1937), *Amerika* (1946), and most of his shorter tales, collected in *Metamorphosis and Other Stories* (1961).

8. TSE quoted the entire poem in his BBC broadcast program of Muir's poems in May 1959 (8.346-47) and quoted it again in the *Listener* of 28 May 1964 (872).

9†. This final paragraph was not included in the American edition or in the *Listener* text of 28 May 1964.

Tribute to Georg Svensson on his 60th birthday

On 3 July 1964 Gerard Bonnier of the Swedish publishing firm Albert Bonniers Förlag, which began publishing translations of TSE's plays, poems, and prose in 1939, wrote to TSE: "Your books have mainly been handled by Georg Svensson, who is Vice President of the firm and in charge of our Foreign Department. On the 11th of October this year George Svensson will be sixty. Some of his literary friends have decided to present him with a book, consisting of personal greetings from authors in whose work [he] has taken special interest. I know that he will be happy and honoured if you would care to be among the contributors to this book, which will be made in one copy only and consist of the actual manuscripts sent in by each contributor." On 5 Aug TSE sent his holograph contribution (illustration 13), on special paper sent to him for use in the book, in honor of the art historian and editor Svensson (1904-98), who had joined the firm in 1931, founded *Bonniers Literary Magazine*, and served as vice president from 1953 to 1971.

Georg Svensson is one of those friends whom I have known so long that I cannot remember when I first met them. No doubt it was in London, before my memorable visit to Sweden in 1942, and at Faber and Faber's as the representative of Bonniers. But this I do know: that neither Fabers, nor I personally, nor England, has a better friend in Stockholm than Georg Svensson. I send him now my cordial and affectionate regards. At sixty years, he is still a youngster in my eyes. May he continue to flourish for many years to come, and to knit the bonds between the two countries.[1]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. On 10 Nov, Svensson wrote to TSE about his surprise over the book, "to which more than 40 distinguished authors had contributed with letters, manuscripts, poems and even drawings. I was of course particularly proud and touched to find you among the contributors. Beside the veneration I feel for you as a poet, dramatist and critic, I treasure the memories of our meetings in London and Stockholm. You have always been very kind to me, and I feel deeply grateful."

Tribute to Mario Praz[1]

My first acquaintance with the work of Mario Praz came when, many years ago, the *Times Literary Supplement* sent me for review his *Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra*.[2] I immediately recognised these essays – and especially his masterly study of Crashaw – as among the best that I had ever read in that field. His knowledge of the poetry of that period in four languages – English, Italian, Spanish and Latin – was encyclopaedic, and, fortified by his own judgment and good taste, makes that book essential reading for any student of the English "metaphysical poets."

Had I any suitable unpublished essay to offer, I would gladly give it now in tribute to a great scholar. I tender these few words in testimony to my gratitude and admiration, not wishing my name to be absent from the roster of men of letters who, as well as more learned scholars of the period, owe him homage.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. As printed in *Friendship's Garland: Essays Presented to Mario Praz on his Seventieth Birthday*, ed. Vittorio Gabrieli, vol I (Rome: Edizioni di Storia e Letteratura, 1966), [3].

2. TSE reviewed Praz's book, subtitled *John Donne – Richard Crashaw* (1925), in the *TLS* of 17 Dec 1925 under the title "An Italian Critic on Donne and Crashaw" (2.596). TSE discovered the book in the midst of writing his Clark Lectures and wrote to Praz on 23 Nov that he was about to review the book: "I am writing to tell you that I have found nothing by any of our scholars – even by Saintsbury or Grierson or Gosse, which can challenge comparison with your book for critical taste and judgement and for width (*envergure*) of learning" (*L2* 786). Following TSE's invitation to contribute to the *Criterion*, Praz submitted a number of essays and reviews, beginning with "Chaucer and the Great Italian writers of the Trecento" in the issue of July 1927. He also published translations of *The Waste Land*, *Fragment of an Agon*, and "Triumphal March."

A Note on *The Criterion 1922-1939*

London: Faber and Faber, 1967. Collected Edition, Vols I-XVIII; Preface, Vol I, v.[1]

The Criterion, which I edited throughout the whole of the seventeen years during which it appeared, was founded by (Lilian) Lady Rothermere at the end of 1921: in the first number appeared *The Waste Land*. At that time I was on the staff of Lloyds Bank, a position which precluded my accepting any salary: but a small salary was paid to Richard Aldington as assistant editor, and to my faithful secretary Irene Fassett, who accompanied me when I joined the staff of Faber & Gwyer. For a time *The Criterion* appeared under the joint auspices of Lady Rothermere and that firm, which became Faber & Faber. It continued to be published by Faber & Faber until 1939, when war became imminent: the prospect for a quarterly of very limited appeal was so unpromising, that we decided to bring the magazine to an end.[2]

When starting *The Criterion*, I wished to include representatives of both older and younger generations, and opened with a contribution from that genial *doyen* of English letters, George Saintsbury. G. K. Chesterton was also a generous early contributor.[3] I am proud to have introduced to English readers the work of Marcel Proust.[4] I am proud of having published work by D. H. Lawrence, and by Wyndham Lewis, James Joyce and Ezra Pound. I am proud of having published the work of some of the younger English poets, such as Auden, Spender and MacNeice. Throughout I had always two aims in view: to present to English readers, by essays and short stories, the work of important new foreign writers, and to offer longer and more deliberate reviews than was possible in magazines of more frequent appearance. I think that both of my aims were realized, and that the seventeen volumes of *The Criterion* constitute a valuable record of the thought of that period between two wars.[5]

NOTES

1. TSE's undated preface, originally titled "A Note on *The Criterion* by T. S. Eliot," may have been written in 1963 for a proposed but abandoned collection of TSE's *Criterion* essays, but more likely in June 1964 as Faber & Faber made plans for the collected edition; on 26 June, TSE approved the draft of a larger prospectus prepared by Faber employee Frank Pike for insertion with his "Note" in a publicity folder that was issued in 1966. In Aug 1966, the American publisher, Barnes & Noble, placed the original title and text at the top of its advance order form,

which offered sets at the subscription price of $200 per set until 15 Mar 1967. The Faber edition, with the "Note" changed to "Preface," was published on 14 June, the Barnes & Noble edition on 31 July 1967.

2. See TSE's "Last Words" (5.659)

3. George Saintsbury's essay "Dullness" was the lead essay in the first issue of the *Criterion* in Oct 1922, which contained *The Waste Land*. G. K. Chesterton published only one essay in the *Criterion*, "Is Humanism a Religion?" in the issue of Apr 1929 (382-93). Though TSE never met Chesterton, he frequently discussed his work, published reviews of his poetry and prose, wrote a full obituary for him in the *Tablet* (5.369), and added in a Commentary that as he "had also contributed to *The Criterion*, his death also should be mentioned in these pages. It is not for his attainments in pure letters that he should be celebrated here: though it may be said that if he did nothing to develop the sensibility of the language, he did nothing to obstruct it" (5.399).

4. TSE published C. K. Scott Moncrieff's English translation of "The Death of Albertine" in the *Criterion* of July 1924 (376-94). Shortly before publication TSE wrote to Proust translator Sydney Schiff: "Proust appears to me . . . to be far too much a sensationalist. It is I am sure a wonderful commentary on the world that exists and has existed, not the discovery of a new one" (*L2* 356). When Proust scholar Philip Kolb wrote to TSE on 15 Apr 1964 about his early correspondence with Proust, he replied that "it only had to do with a contribution which I solicited and which he gave me for *The Criterion*, . . . Otherwise I had no acquaintance with him." Proust had died in Nov 1922.

5. At the time of TSE's writing, the projected number of volumes containing *Criterion* numbers was probably seventeen; the project as published included eighteen volumes, the last of which absorbed the issues of Oct 1938 and Jan 1939 plus 295 pages of author and subject indexes.

Memorial Tribute for John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Following the assassination of President John F. Kennedy on 22 Nov 1963, a Memorial Committee was established to create the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. On 18 Nov 1964 TSE received a telegram from Goddard Lieberson (1911-77), president of Columbia Records, friend of Jacqueline Kennedy, and member of the Program Committee for the Kennedy Center:

> **"On december two there will be a groundbreaking ceremony for the Kennedy center for the performing arts in Washington DC at that time Mrs Kennedy would greatly appreciate it if it were possible to read a message from you on the importance of such a center not only to the art in which you are involved but to all the arts // we would appreciate receiving the message by wednesday November twentyfifth // sincerely**
> **Goddard Lieberson for Mrs J F Kennedy 400 Park Avenue New York"**

TSE's return telegram is dated 25 Nov.

I am happy to be given this opportunity of expressing my pleasure at the inauguration of a living reminder of a great and gifted man STOP It is fitting that his name should be linked with the arts which illustrate as he did the value of the human spirit in an increasingly impersonal world.[1]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE

1. TSE's tribute was read by Jacqueline Kennedy at the groundbreaking ceremony. Two weeks later, in a letter dated 16 Dec 1964, TSE received an invitation from Leonard M. Marks, presidential representative to the Inaugural Committee for President Johnson: "On behalf of the President, it gives me great pleasure to extend to you, as a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, an invitation to attend the 1965 Inaugural Ceremony. Arrangements will be made to reserve a place for you at the Swearing-in ceremony, the parade, and, should you desire, the Inaugural Ball, all of which are scheduled for January 20." Gravely ill in the final months of 1964, TSE was unable to accept the invitation.

The request for TSE to send a message for the groundbreaking ceremony for the Kennedy Center and the invitation for him to attend the inauguration of Lyndon Johnson resulted from his status as a recipient of the 1964 Presidential Medal of Freedom (8.575, n.3).

Autobiographical Note: Class of 1910 Valedictory Tribute for T. S. Eliot[1]

Harvard College Class of 1910. Fifty-fifth Anniversary Report

Cambridge, MA: Crimson Printing Co., 1965, 5

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

DIED January 4, 1965.

Since the last Report I have had to spend more time in a warmer climate (Caribbean) as I suffer from emphysema and find an English winter increasingly hard to endure. But my wife takes the most wonderful care of me and I enjoy being at home as much as possible. I published *Collected Poems of 1909-62* in 1963, and have a volume of essays coming out next year.[2] In September I received the Presidential Medal of Freedom from the American Ambassador in London as I was unable to attend the ceremony in Washington.[3]

* * * *

The name of no man in our Class has reached as far as has that of T. S. Eliot. From all over the world he has been acclaimed as the poet of our time. He was buried in the little village of East Coker in Somersetshire, England, from which his ancestors came to America. On February 4th a memorial service was held for him in Westminster Abbey. The two members of our Class resident in England, Kenneth L. Lindsey and Ward G. Cameron, represented the Class at the memorial service.[4] Harvard held a memorial service at the Memorial Church on January 20th. The members of the Class in the vicinity of Boston received a notice of this service and many attended.

We all know of his great contribution to the world of literature. For this book it seems appropriate to write of him as a classmate and of our memories of him in his life at Cambridge.

He came to college from Milton Academy, a shy young man, who welcomed friendships but could not bring himself to seek them. He graduated in three years but took his degree "as of 1910." At our graduation he was our

Odist. In the fourth year he was in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and got his A.M.

He was an Editor of *The Advocate*. He was a member of the Signet, the Stylus, the Southern Club, and the Digamma Club. In the Digamma he served a term as its Treasurer, a job which in later years he recalled with shudders and with profanity.

He gradually accumulated many friends not only among the literary set but also among those who were not in that category. His requirements seemed to be a reasonable amount of brains, but above all a happy, keen sense of humor. Within the circles of these friends he was a very gay companion. His really closest friend was Harold Peters, and they were an odd pair.[5] It was Peters who chided him about his frail physique, which led to his regular attendance at August's Gymnasium, which was in the basement of Apley Hall. He took this work seriously and developed into quite a muscular specimen. It also led to some boxing lessons somewhere in Boston's South End. He took up rowing in a wherry, and finally worked up to a single shell. Peters also introduced him to small-boat cruising and they made many cruises between Marblehead and the Canadian border. On one of these trips, in a 19-foot knockabout, before the days of power, they rounded Mt. Desert Rock in a dungeon of fog, a rough sea and a two-reef breeze. The log book, the next day, shows a sketch of Tom in the tender in a heavy wind unmooring from an enormous pile mooring at Duck Island. The title of the sketch is "Heroic work by the swab," and beside this title, "Yes, and I never worked harder. T.S.E."

After 1910 he studied in the Graduate School for three years towards a degree in philosophy but did not come back to take the required final exam, so never got his Ph.D. (He did get an "advanced" degree from Harvard, for in 1947 he received an honorary Litt.D. This was only one of 18 honorary degrees given to him by universities in this country, England, Scotland, France, Germany and Italy.) In those three years he also studied Sanskrit and Pali. His dissertation subject was on "Meinong's Gegendstandstheorie considered in relation to Bradley's Theory of Knowledge."[6]

Then he went to London, which was his home for the rest of his life, but he made frequent trips to the United States for lecture tours. In 1932 he came back to Harvard for a year as Norton Professor of Poetry.

He always included Cambridge when on his American trips for he had relatives there and he also had great nostalgic memories of his young days there.

His first marriage was clouded by his wife's long illness prior to her death in 1947. In 1957 he married Esmé Valerie Fletcher, who brought much happiness to his last years. On his last trip to Cambridge his love for the place was clearly shown by his insistence that Mrs. Eliot see everything that obviously he had told her about Cambridge and his life there. He even had tickets for the Dartmouth game, but it rained so hard that they didn't go.

All of the Class remember him for his charm, and each one of us who knew him at all well treasures stories of his gay conversation filled with his keen wit and his beautifully chosen words, whether praising, blaming (always without rancor), or just throwing verbal brickbats.

How extraordinarily lucky we were to have had him as one of us.

R. W. H[ALL] L. M. L[ITTLE][7]

NOTES

1. Below TSE's note the class editors inserted in brackets: "In late December, Eliot sent in this report." Representatives of the class of 1910 appended the valedictory tribute to his report.

2. *Collected Poems 1909-1962* was published on 25 Sept 1963. *To Criticize the Critic and Other Writings* was published posthumously on 11 Nov 1965 and contained a prefatory "Note" by Valerie Eliot on TSE's original plan for the collection and the illness that prevented him from implementing it. Her note and the table of contents for *TCC* are printed with the title essay (8.469, n.1).

3. In a letter to William McManus on 29 July 1964, TSE wrote that he was "immensely gratified by President Johnson's cablegram, announcing the award to me of the Presidential Medal of Freedom. This is as high an award as the three others which I have received – the Nobel Prize, the Order of Merit, and the German order, 'Pour le Mérite' – and I am very proud to have been chosen to receive it." In a letter to Leon M. Little on 7 Aug, Valerie Eliot added a postscript: "Tom is supposed to go to Washington in September to receive his Presidential Medal of Freedom from Mr. Johnson (who would get my vote anytime for showing such good taste in awarding it to him) but the journey and ceremony would be too tiring." Accompanied by Valerie, TSE was awarded the Medal at the American Embassy in London on 24 Sept 1964. The citation, signed by President Johnson, reads: "Poet and critic, he has fused intelligence and imagination, tradition and innovation, bringing the world a new sense of the possibilities for order in a revolutionary time."

4. Kenneth Lovell Lindsey (1888-1969) was an American and Ward Griswold Cameron (1889-1965) a Canadian; both, presumably, were temporarily in England at the time of TSE's death.

5. TSE and his classmate and sailing companion Harold Peters (1888-1941) remained in touch over the years and occasionally met. On 18 July 1918, he wrote to his mother that Peters had spent a day with him (*L1* 273), and on 23 June 1919, he mentioned to Ottoline Morrell that Peters, now an officer in the US Navy, had spent two days with him. TSE describes Peters as "the oldest and loyalest American friend that I have . . . the only man in my Harvard class that I could endure." Alluding to their cruises along the New England coast, he recalls that he and Peters "had been through various adventures and physical risks together" (*L1* 365). On 7 Aug 1964, TSE wrote to

their mutual friend and classmate Leon Little that he would "like to re-visit some of those places along the coast where Harold Peters and I used to cruise so regularly."

6. See 1.238

7. Richard (Dick) Walworth Hall (1889-1966) and Leon Megaw Little (1887-1968) were among TSE's 1910 Harvard classmates who remained lifelong friends. In a letter to Little on 7 Aug 1964, TSE recalled that Dick and Amy Hall "are old theatrical friends of mine from the days of the Cambridge Dramatic Society." Valerie Eliot added a postscript saying that she and Tom were planning to "winter in Nassau again . . . and it would be wonderful if you and Eleanor and the Halls could call in on a cruise." The Eliots had hoped to be in Nassau by the "beginning of January," but TSE lapsed into a coma at the end of Dec and had only days to live. Little drew upon this tribute for his "Eliot: A Reminiscence," published in the *Harvard Advocate* of Fall 1966.

PART II
Signed Letters and Documents with Multiple Authorship

This page intentionally left blank

Copyright Bill

To the Editor of *The Times*[1]

The Times (24 Oct 1956) 11

Sir, – In the year which has passed since October 1, 1955, when you printed an article entitled "An Archive of Recorded Sound: Source Material for History," the collection of "short-playing" records in the possession of the British Institute of Recorded Sound Limited – a non-profit-making voluntary body assisted by the Arts Council, the London County Council, the Charles Henry Foyle Trust, and more recently the Pilgrim Trust – has grown to 25,000. Many of these records have been given by the public, who have, however, provided few of the modern type of "long-playing" record.

The means of keeping this national collection – for that is what it was established to be – abreast of current publications does not at present exist; but Parliament has an opportunity during the third reading of the Copyright Bill of considering an amendment which would make obligatory the deposit of two copies of selected records in the British Museum – which it is suggested would have the power to transfer the records to the institute to conserve and make accessible. (Similar laws for records have been in force for many years in France and Italy, and the 1911 Copyright Act compels the deposit in the British Museum of all books and printed music published in the British Isles.)

During the committee stage the President of the Board of Trade was unable to accept the clause, but in our view statutory deposit is the only practical way of maintaining a comprehensive collection of records: many go "out of print" every year – not only classical music recorded by our greatest performers and sometimes by the composers themselves, but also folk music performed by traditional musicians; poetry recorded by the poets and our finest actors; the utterances of statesmen.

Will not posterity blame us, who to-day have the technical means, if we do not make the necessary effort to conserve this priceless heritage of speech and music?

Yours faithfully,

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, ROBERT ROBINSON,
EDITH EVANS, T. S. ELIOT, C. M. BOWRA.

38, Russell Square, W.C.1.

NOTE

1. This letter was organized by the secretary of the British Institute of Recorded Sound, Patrick Saul, who wrote to TSE on 11 Oct 1956, asking him to "lend your name to this effort to establish a national record collection on a firm basis." After the letter appeared, TSE wrote to Paul to reiterate that, though he had signed it in its present form, "I do regret that the machinery of selecting the records could not be indicated, as it seems to me that the question which immediately occurred to my mind, is certain to occur to minds of others." When TSE earlier recommended the insertion, Paul had replied on 23 Aug that "the length is such as to limit the chances of its publication; a full explanation of every detail of the proposal would have been impossible."

A Message to Tito

The New Leader, 40 (14 Jan 1957) 3

The undersigned political and cultural figures cabled the following message to Yugoslav President Tito this week in protest against the imprisonment of Milovan Djilas for his *New Leader* article of November 19, "The Storm in Eastern Europe." Djilas was arrested immediately upon publication of the article and sentenced to three years at hard labor on December 12.[1]

President Josip Broz Tito
Belgrade, Yugoslavia

The arrest and imprisonment of Milovan Djilas for his advocacy of democratic freedoms in Eastern Europe is a grave violation of the principles of intellectual freedom. At a time when the Polish and Hungarian peoples are rising against oppression and totalitarianism, free men everywhere cannot but be shocked at your silencing of Djilas's voice.

Imprisonment of Djilas hardly accords with your government's denunciations of Stalinism and must act as a continuing indictment of your regime, which you offer as a model to the countries of Eastern Europe. Djilas's fate will be a test of the sincerity of your professions of liberalization and of your repudiation of tyranny.

We urge you to free Djilas at once and to permit the people of Yugoslavia to hear and judge his views.

UNITED STATES: CASS CANFIELD, LEO CHERNE, SENATOR JOSEPH S. CLARK JR., SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS, HARRY D. GIDEONSE, SIDNEY HOOK, SENATOR HUBERT H. HUMPHREY, ELIA KAZAN, ALFRED A. KNOPF, S. M. LEVITAS, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, LEWIS MUMFORD, SENATOR RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, REINHOLD NIEBUHR, J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, WALTER P. REUTHER, GEORGE N. SHUSTER, SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH, NORMAN THOMAS, DIANA TRILLING, BERTRAM D. WOLFE

BRITAIN: NORMAN ANGELL, T. S. ELIOT, MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

FRANCE: RAYMOND ARON, ALBERT CAMUS, ANDRÉ PHILIP
GERMANY: MAX BRAUER, KARL JASPERS
INDIA: SUDDHIN DATTA, ASOKA MEHTA, M. R. MASANI,
JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN, B. R. SHENOY
ISRAEL: MOSHE SHARETT
ITALY: GIANCARLO MATTEOTTI, IGNAZIO SILONE
JAPAN: TAIKO HIRABAYASHI TAKU KOMAI,
TAKEO NAOI, KENZO TAKAYANAGI
SPAIN: PABLO CASALS

January 14, 1957

NOTE

1. This editorial preface by the *New Leader* announced the international protest against the imprisonment of the author and former vice president of Yugoslavia Milovan Đjilas (1911-95) by the Communist president Josip Broz Tito (1892-1980). In Nov 1956, Đjilas was arrested for publicly criticizing Yugoslavia's abstention in the UN vote to condemn Russian intervention in Hungary and also for his article in the *New Leader* supporting the Polish and Hungarian revolutions and demanding democratic freedoms for all communist countries (3-6). Prior to beginning his three-year imprisonment, he had prepared for publication in America *The New Class: An Analysis of the Communist System* (1957), resulting in a seven-year addition to his sentence. TSE, after learning that Đjilas had been conditionally released in Jan 1961, wrote to Rupert Hart-Davies on 26 June 1962, hoping that Đjilas "will get off to a good start," unaware that in Apr he had been imprisoned for another five years for publishing *Conversations with Stalin* (1962) after his release. He was finally freed unconditionally on 31 Dec 1966 and lived as a writer in Belgrade, publishing numerous accounts of his dissident life, including *The Unperfect Society: Beyond the New Class* (1969), *Memoir of a Revolutionary* (1973), *Tito: The Story from Inside* (1985), and *Of Prisons and Ideas* (1986).

Special Duty of the B.B.C.: Future of Sound Broadcasting

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (26 Apr 1957) 11

Sir, – We wish to express our deep concern at the new trend of policy in sound broadcasting recently announced by the B.B.C.[1]

The advent of Independent Television has created competition in light entertainment; in an enlightened democracy it is now the special duty of a public corporation enjoying a monopoly under a Royal Charter to maintain a full and independent service of high quality in the field where this competition does not obtain. Such a service must not be sacrificed to the projected intensified effort to hold the majority audience.

So far as the increase in the vast national television audience has been at the expense of sound broadcasting, it has come mainly from the sound audience for the lighter kinds of entertainment. It is unjust that the B.B.C.'s reaction should be to cut by nearly half the time devoted to its Third Programme, which even now has less than one-third of the time available for either Home or Light Programme material. The proposed new "Network Three" is not put forward as, nor can it be, a substitute.

We therefore hope that this retrograde policy may be reconsidered before October, when it is planned to become effective, and that meanwhile the B.B.C. will have the guidance of responsible and informed opinion, publicly expressed, in all the fields concerned. This is an issue which closely affects the interests of the listening public and the nation as a whole, and it vitally concerns the spiritual, cultural, and intellectual life of the community.

Yours, &c.,

BEVERIDGE, ARTHUR BLISS, ADRIAN C. BOULT,
GEORGE CICESTR, T. S. ELIOT, E. M. FORSTER,
CHRISTOPHER FRY, JOHN GIELGUD, VICTOR GOLLANCZ,
JOHN MASEFIELD, HAROLD NICOLSON, RUSSELL.

NOTE

1. This is the first multiple-author letter with TSE as a signatory protesting the new BBC policy regarding sound broadcasting; see also 8.180, 593 and TSE's personal talks and letters on the subject (8.228, 255, 257, 288).

Hungarian Writers on Trial[1]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (29 Oct 1957) 11

Sir, – We have learned with the deepest anxiety that the trial of four of Hungary's most distinguished writers, Tibor Déry, Gyula Háy, Tibor Tardos, and Zoltán Zelk began last week in Budapest.

Without, at this late hour, entering into controversy over the part of any one of these men played in the tragic events of a year ago, we would wish to set on record our consternation that the Kádár Government, in the face of universally expressed disapproval, has decided – after prolonged imprisonment and interrogation – to bring to trial native writers whose only crime is that they used their pens in support of the cause they believed to be just.

We can but hope that even now the Hungarian Government will realize that to bring these men to trial constitutes a total denial of the right of the individual to freedom of expression, and that to pass sentence on them would be a crime against all basic human rights.

Yours faithfully,

PHYLLIS BENTLEY; RICHARD CHURCH; T. S. ELIOT;
E. M. FORSTER; JOHN LEHMANN; C. DAY LEWIS;
JOHN MASEFIELD; W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM;
CHARLES MORGAN; J. B. PRIESTLEY; RUSSELL;
C. P. SNOW; REBECCA WEST; ANGUS WILSON.

P.E.N. 62-63 Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.

NOTE

1. On 25 Sept 1957 László Scabó of the Hungarian Writers Association Abroad, based at International PEN in London, sent a telegram to six prominent English writers, requesting them to send a cable to Ferenc Münnich, Minister of the Interior in Budapest, demanding an investigation concerning information about a secret trial of Tibor Déry. TSE and Bertrand Russell both responded immediately with telegrams: TSE's on 26 Sept: "Deeply concerned by rumours trial Tibor Dery Stop Wish as fellow writer to convey passionate plea for life and liberty of this famous and honoured author Thomas Stearns Eliot." When news arrived that a trial had proceeded, TSE, Russell, and the other signatories organized this public letter in support of the arrested and imprisoned writers: poet, novelist, and playwright Déry (1894-1977); playwright Gyula Háy (1900-75); journalist and playwright Tibor Tardos (1918-2004);

and poet and actor Zoltán Zelk (1906-81). When the trial ended and the sentencing was announced on 13 Nov, Déry received nine years imprisonment, Háy six years, Tardos three years, Zelk one-and-a-half years. TSE was then a signatory on a letter of 27 Nov to Prime Minister János Kádár, urging him to free the writers (8.587).

Letter to Hungarian Prime Minister János Kádár[1]

Irodalmi Újság (1 Feb 1958) 3

Miniszterelnök Úr!

Az a hir, hogy a budapesti törvényszék titkos tárgyaláson 9 évi börtönre itélte Déry Tibort, mélyen megrázta országaink közvéleményét. A nagy magyar iró híre Magyarország határain túl is eljutott. Hosszú idő óta megérdemelt elismerésnek örvend nemzetközi értelmiségi körökben, ahol egyaránt tisztelik tenetségét és jellemét. Hogy egy ilyen kivételesen értékes, feddhetetlen erkölcsű férfit börtönbe zártak, olyan megrendülést keltett köreinkben, amelyről úgy érezzük, Önnek tudnia kell, megrendülésünket a börtöbüntetés súlyossága, az elitélt kora és gyenge egészségi állapota csak növelte, Önhöz fordulunk, Miniszterelnök Úr, helyezze szabadlábra Déry Tibort és barátait.

Ugyanakkor azt kérjük Öntől, járuljon hozzá, hogy az elítéltek valamint családjaik, csomagküldeményeket kaphassanak külföldről, Vállaljuk, hogy rendszeresen küldünk csomagokat, kizárólag azért, hogy könnyítsünk a letartóztatottak és családjaik anyagi helyzetén.

Megkértük Louis de Villefosse urat, hogy vállalja a titkári teendőket minden, erre az ügyre vonatkozó dologban, ezért kérjük, hogy a párizsi magyar követ útján hozzánk juttatott válaszát az ő címére küldje.

Kérjük Miniszterelnök, Urat fogadja nagyrabecsülésünk kifejezését.

A. CAMUS, T. S. ELIOT, KARL JASPERS,
IGNAZIO SILONE, LOUIS DE VILLEFOSSE[2]

U. I. MINTHOGY MAGYARORSZÁG PÁRIZSI KÖVETE MEGTAGADTA LEVELÜNK TOVÁBBÍTÁSÁT, POSTÁN ADJUK FEL AZ ÖN CÍMÉRE ÉS KÉRJÜK, HOGY VÁLASZÁT LOUIS DE VILLEFOSSE ÚRNAK – 9 RUE DE MÉZIÈRES, PARIS 6 – CÍMEZZE.

TRANSLATION[1]
To Prime Minister János Kádár
Miniszterelnök Úrnak
Budapest Paris, 26 November 1957

Dear Prime Minister,

The news that the Budapest tribunal sentenced Tibor Déry at a secret trial to 9 years of imprisonment has shaken the public opinion of our countries. The fame of the great Hungarian writer has spread beyond Hungarian borders. He enjoys well-deserved recognition in international intellectual circles where he is esteemed for his talent as well as for his integrity. The fact that a man of such exceptional worth and high moral qualities can be imprisoned gives rise to such feelings on our part that we must inform you of them, especially as they are intensified by the length of the sentence, and the age and state of health of the prisoner. We beg you, Mr. Prime Minister, to set Tibor Déry and his friends free.

At the same time, we also ask you to give permission to the prisoners and their families to receive parcels from abroad. We undertake the regular sending of parcels with the sole purpose of relieving the material situation of the sentenced and their families.

We have asked Mr. Louis de Villefosse to act as secretary in every case related to those matters, and ask you to send your reply – through the intermediary of the Hungarian Ambassador in Paris – to Mr. Villefosse's address.

Do accept, Mr. Prime Minister, the expression of our high esteem.

A. CAMUS, T. S. ELIOT, KARL JASPERS,
IGNAZIO SILONE, LOUIS DE VILLEFOSSE[2]

P.S. Since the Hungarian Ambassador in Paris refused forwarding our letter, we will mail it directly to you to send the answer to the address of Mr. Villefosse, 9 rue de Mézières, Paris, 6e.

NOTES

1. The publication of this letter, dated 27 Nov 1957 after the trial and sentencing of Tibor Déry and three fellow writers on 13 Nov (8.583), was delayed until printed here in *Irodalmi Újság*; it was reprinted in a pamphlet, *For Tibor Déry* (1959), by the Tibor Déry Committee of Paris. Originally written as a private plea rather than for publication, the authors asked the Hungarian ambassador in Paris to forward the letter to the prime minister, János Kádár (1912-89). When the ambassador refused, it was sent by post on 21 Dec; when no reply was received by 21 Jan 1958, the authors decided to make public their appeal in *Irodalmi Újság* [*Literary Gazette*]. Founded in 1950, it was silenced in Hungary after the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution of Oct 1956, revived in May 1957 as an émigré biweekly in London by the exiled Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad (HWAA) to resist Communist dictatorship. For TSE's previous co-authored appeal, see 8.585.

2. The French-Algerian writer Albert Camus (1913-60), the Italian novelist Ignazio Silone (1900-78), and the German philosopher Karl Jaspers (1883-1969) were founding members of the Tibor Déry Committee of Paris, financed by the Congrès pour la liberté de la culture. The French journalist and writer Louis de Villefosse (1900-84) was secretary of the Tibor Déry Committee for the HWAA and organized protests against the Hungarian persecution of its writers in French newspapers. TSE became a sponsor of the Déry Committee and contributed a personal letter to *Irodalmi Újság* in Nov 1958 (8.284).

Under the heading "Hungarian Writers," the London *Daily Telegraph* of 17 Aug 1959 gave a succinct account of events up to Kádár's régime: "An idealistic Communist, Déry was expelled from the party for his protest against the barbarities of the [Mátyás] Rákoski régime. When [Imre] Nagy became Prime Minister in October 1956, Déry was the natural leader of the writers who had contributed so much towards putting him in power. It is for their support of Mr. Nagy and their refusal to denounce the Hungarian revolution that Déry and his colleagues are now in prison. // Mr. Kádár's régime is apparently very anxious to erase all traces of the 1956 revolt. . . . But Mr. Kádár must realise that no appeasement policy will be complete without the release of men who symbolise for Hungarians one of their finest hours. He must know that last year the execution of Imre Nagy was one of the causes of the sharp deterioration of East-West relations. It is not yet forgotten" (10).

B.B.C. Programmes [I]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (19 Feb 1958) 9

Sir, – Twice last year you allowed some of us to express in your columns our grave concern about the likely effect of the changes then forecast in the B.B.C.'s new policies for sound broadcasting.[1]

The recent report of the Sound Broadcasting Society makes it abundantly clear that our fears were only too well grounded.[2] In the last quarter of 1957 the Corporation has fallen woefully short of its duties to the public. It has made its Light Programme comparable in triviality to a commercial sound programme, and lower in quality than any service put out by a broadcasting monopoly anywhere in the world.

The move is in the direction of effortless listening and indicates a complete willingness to give up the struggle of requiring audiences to make an effort; yet this is the purpose of all education, and education is one of the three things the B.B.C. is, by the terms of its Charter, charged to disseminate. At the same time the truncation of the Third Programme has brought about the precise results which we predicted and deplored: nor has the Home Service been unaffected by the new dispensation.

Why has this debasement been so much greater than the Corporation was prepared to admit last year? Is the trend to continue? Will any of the moderate proposals put forward by the Sound Broadcasting Society last July, including the extension of the Third Programme until midnight, now or ever be adopted? We ask the Chairman of the B.B.C.'s Governors now to answer these vital questions – and to refute, if any refutation be possible, the lamentable inference which we and the public must otherwise draw from the facts.[3]

Yours faithfully,

A. J. AYER; ARTHUR BLISS, ADRIAN C. BOULT;
T. S. ELIOT; E. M. FORSTER; CHRISTOPHER FRY;
JOHN GIELGUD; RUSSELL; MICHAEL TIPPETT;
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS; PETER LASLETT.

February 15.

NOTES

1. In the *Times* of 26 Apr 1957, under the heading "Special Duty of the B.B.C.: Future of Sound Broadcasting" (8.583), TSE and eleven others, six of whom were signatories of this letter, expressed their concern about the BBC policy on sound broadcasting (11); in the issue of 4 Oct 1957, under the heading "Third Programme," seven of the thirteen signatories, excluding TSE, signed this letter, voicing their objection to the reduction of time for the Third Programme under the policy (11).

2. For the Sound Broadcasting Society and its report, see 8.182, nn.1-2.

3. For the chairman's reply, see TSE's "B.B.C. Programmes [II]" (8.256, n.3); for TSE's third letter on BBC policies, see "B.B.C. Programmes [III]" (8.257).

Plan for a Memorial to A. H. Bullen[1]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (23 Mar 1960) 14

An appeal has been launched for a fund to commemorate A. H. Bullen, the Shakespearian scholar who died at Stratford-on-Avon in 1920. He had gone there in 1904 to produce a new edition of the plays, which appeared in 10 volumes as the *Stratford Town Shakespeare*, published 1904-07. At present the only reminder of him is a weather-beaten board with the words "A. H. Bullen: Scholar and Gentleman," above his grave at Luddington, three miles from Stratford.

It is hoped to erect a permanent memorial in the churchyard, and also a bust or plaque in Stratford. The appeal is made by John Masefield, T. S. Eliot, J. C. Masterman, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, John Betjeman, Basil Blackwell, F. P. Wilson, Senior Research Fellow at Merton College, Levi Fox, director of Shakespeare's birthplace, R. N. Green-Armytage, Marjorie V. Waterhouse, Adrian Brookholding-Jones, and E. H. Visiak.

NOTE

1. The letter was printed in summary form. On 27 Oct 1959, the author and critic F. C. (Frederick Charles) Owlett wrote to TSE requesting his signature on a letter appealing for contributions to a memorial for the Shakespearean scholar and publisher A. H. (Arthur Henry) Bullen (1857-1920), who founded the Shakespeare Head Press in Stratford in 1904. Owlett had recently visited Bullen's grave in Luddington churchyard and informed TSE that its "shamefully neglected condition distressed me beyond words ('I knew him, Horatio!'). It was A.H.B. who taught me my Shakespeare." The memorial in Stratford took the form in 1961 of Owlett donating to the Shakespeare Memorial Library, on behalf of the Bullen Memorial Fund, his personal collection of Bullen's work with the Shakespeare Head Press in Stratford, including the *Stratford Town Shakespeare*, for the "A. H. Bullen Collection."

Appeal for Little Gidding Church

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (26 Nov 1960) 8

An appeal, whose sponsors include the Bishop of Ely, Lord De Ramsey, and Dr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., has been launched to raise £2,000 to meet the cost of repairing the Church of St. John the Divine at Little Gidding, Huntingdonshire.[1]

Since 1624, when Nicholas Ferrar retired there to found the famous Anglican community where "devotion was put in first place among practical duties,"[2] the church has been twice restored, but now an architect's report shows that insects are infesting the stalls and panelling and that much of the exterior brickwork needs renewing.[3]

Donations should be sent to the honorary treasurer, Mr. W. T. Thurbon,[4] 5, All Saints' Passage, Cambridge, cheques being made payable to the Little Gidding Restoration Fund.

NOTES

1. The letter was printed in summary form. The restoration appeal was sponsored by the Society of the Friends of Little Gidding, founded in July 1946 by Alan Maycock. He made TSE, who visited there on 25 May 1936 and in 1942 commemorated the visit with his poem *Little Gidding*, an honorary patron. On 25 Oct 1960, TSE wrote to the vicar, the Reverend A. C. B. Molony, sending his signature on the appeal and recommending another potential donor: "Would it not be worthwhile trying to interest Mr. Ivor Bulmer Thomas, the leading spirit of the Friends of the Friendless Churches, of which also I am a Vice-President, in this crying need? I am sure that it would appeal to him."

The Bishop of Ely, Noel Hudson (1893-1970); Ailwyn Edward Fellowes, 3rd Baron de Ramsey (1910-93), the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire; Ivor Bulmer-Thomas (1905-93), journalist, churchman, and champion of redundant church buildings.

2. This quotation is taken from Mandell Creighton's entry on Nicholas Ferrar in the 1885-1900 edition of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol 18 (379): "It aimed at nothing but the organisation of a family life on the basis of putting devotion in the first place among practical duties."

3. In 1646, during the English Civil War, the chapel was severely damaged by Puritan soldiers. It was restored in 1714 and again in 1853 and refurbished in the 1920s.

4. W. T. Thurbon was bursar's clerk at St. John's College, Cambridge.

Pilkington Report[1]

To the Editor of *The Times*

The Times (4 July 1962) 13

Sir, – The Pilkington report has forcibly demonstrated the value of public service broadcasting and the weaknesses of commercial television. This presents a unique opportunity of confirming the public service principle and of remedying commercial television's defects.

This opportunity must not be lost. It is of vital interest to every viewer and listener. The Viewers' and Listeners' Association has therefore decided to launch a campaign to secure these objectives and we are anxious to hear of individuals and organizations who share these views.

Yours faithfully,

T. S. ELIOT, PRESIDENT; MAY CURWEN; DANIEL JENKINS;
PETER LASLETT, CHAIRMAN; HUGH LINSTEAD;
WM. MANCHESTER; SHACKLETON;
CYRIL CONNER, HONORARY SECRETARY.

The Viewers' and Listeners' Association,
45 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, July 2.

NOTE

1. In July 1960, a government committee was formed under the chairmanship of Sir Harry Pilkington (1905-83), a glass manufacturer and industrialist, to issue a report on the future of sound broadcasting and television in the United Kingdom, pitting the BBC's determination to broadcast a range of programs in the public interest against attempts by commercial radio and television networks to increase advertising revenue by producing popular programs at peak times for maximum audiences. As president of the Viewers' and Listeners' Association, TSE was an active follower of and participant in the Pilkington Committee's deliberations. On 25 Aug 1961, he informed Frank Morley that he was about "to go with several other people to try to talk to the Pilkington Committee about Sound Broadcasting. There may be some danger of Sound Broadcasting being harried out of this country by the popularity of television." A member of the committee, the sociologist Richard Hoggart, later wrote his account of TSE's testimony: "Most impressive of all was T. S. Eliot, who asked to give evidence as the President of the Third Programme Defence Society. . . . Before he came in, I was deputed to invite him to give an opinion on the foolish, false comparison which had been made again and again: 'We aim to give the people what they want, not what we think is good for them.' . . . Eliot paused a moment on the question and then produced . . . a sentence so finely phrased that you could easily identify the semi-colon

before the final assertion: 'Those who claim to give the public what the public want – (*pause*) – begin by underestimating public taste; they end by *debauching* it.' That fragment of uncollected, and unattributed, Eliot . . . is naturally quoted verbatim in the report.'" *An Imagined Life* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1992), 69-70.

On 20 June 1962, TSE wrote to his committee member Peter Laslett that he was "much interested . . . by your prophecy that the Pilkington report will be, from our point of view, favourable. If so, I entirely agree that it is more than likely that this report, like other reports of Commissions, will be put away and forgotten. I am certainly in sympathy with what you say about your letter, and . . . I should be glad to sign such a letter." After the report was published on 27 June, he wrote to Peter du Sautoy on 6 July that he had been occupied with "the Pilkington Report and having to look at TV in order to form my own opinion of it." Though the report did make specific recommendations against commercial radio and television, and for separating the scheduling of programs from the collection of advertising revenue, most of its recommendations, which would have a significant impact on the future of radio and television, were not carried out at the time.

INDEX

Page numbers with n *indicate headnotes or textual notes; page numbers with* n *followed by note numbers indicate endnotes.*

Abbot, Claude Collier, 149n5
Académie septentrionale, xxi, 282n1, 293, 301, 308n1, 317, 322n1
Accademia dei Lincei, 419
Action Française, 177n6
Action Française, L', 94n11
Adams, Abigail, 389–90n2
Adams, John, 389n2
Adams, Samuel, 389n2
Addison, Joseph, 183n7, 194, 218n27
Adorno, Theodor, 478n1
Advocate, The (Harvard), 574
Aeschylus, 18n5, 369n5
aesthetics, 122, 125, 153, 154–55, 213, 463
Aiken, Conrad, 21n4, 99n2, 169n4, 394n2, 423, 423n1, 424n2, 432n3, 559
Akenside, Mark, 193–97, 209, 218n25, 219nn34, 36, 40, 223n81; *The Pleasures of the Imagination,* 196–97, 209, 218n25, 219n39
Alain-Fournier (Henri-Alban Fournier), 42, 42n2
Albert Bonniers Förlag, 568n, 568
Aldermaston, Berkshire, 556n2
Alderson, William Royston, 332; *The Mass,* 333n3
Aldington, Richard, xvi, 150n7, 430, 432n2, 461, 482, 483, 484n6, 555, 556nn2, 6, 570, 607; *D. H. Lawrence,* 556n5; *A Dream in the Luxembourg,* 556n3; *Lawrence of Arabia,* 556n5; *Pinorman,* 556n5; *Stepping Heavenward: A Record,* 556n4
Allegri Quartet, 230n1
Allen, William Edgar, 340, 343n2
Allison, Falkner, 539n3
Allott, Kenneth, *Penguin Book of Contemporary Verse 1918–1960,* 496, 496n1, 497
All Souls Club, xii, 104n, 111n, 145, 398n, 404n20, 419
All Souls College, 437, 439, 440, 441n11, 454
Alport, Erich, 18–19n6
American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 389nn1–2, 419
American Institute of Arts and Letters (New York), 419
American Institute of Graphic Arts (AIGA), 475n
Americans-in-Britain Outpost, 396n, 396
Amis, Kingsley, 529n1
Anderson, Sir Colin, 101n
Andrewes, Lancelot, 431, 432n4, 464, 472n32, 501, 502
Andrews, Julie, 157n1
Angell, Norman, 581
Angioletti, G. B., 253–54n11, 417n1
Anglo-Catholicism, 459. *See also* Catholicism
Anglo-Catholic Summer School in Sociology, 94–95n12
Annan, Noel, "Love among the Moralists," 418n2
Anne, Queen, 216nn7, 10
Antheil, George, *Ballet mécanique,* 10n16
anti-Semitism, 99n2, 176, 176n1, 177n6, 178, 550–51, 551n1. *See also* Jews
Apostles' Creed, 450
Aquinas, St. Thomas, 123
Archbishop of Canterbury's Commission for the Revision of the Psalter, 420, 422n7
Arena, 558n1
Arendt, Hannah, 478n1
Aristotle, xviii, 50, 77, 91, 123, 472n23, 558n3
Arnold, Matthew, xvii, 64–65, 206, 213, 222–23n73, 223n75, 454, 456, 458, 470n5; *Culture and Anarchy,* 135–36n3
Aron, Raymond, 582
art, 47, 49, 102; as autotelic, xviii–xix; categories of appreciation of, 121; Coleridge on, 468; and criticism, 124, 132, 138n33, 274n15, 463, 468; and Johnson, 202; and Kauffer, 101–2; modern, 102, 102–3n1, 103n3; and Pater, 274n15
Art & Letters, 325, 328n14, 488nn2–3
art for art's sake, 206, 223n74, 274n26
Arthurian legends, 137n22, 479, 480n4

Arts Council of Great Britain, 117n1, 545–46n1, 546n3, 579
Ashcroft, Peggy, 230n1
Association for the Preservation of Battersea, 139n1
atheism, 192
Athenaeum, The, 243, 275, 327n9, 430; and J. M. Murry, 243–44n2, 324, 325, 326, 327nn7, 10, 328n12, 430, 431, 432–33n5, 461, 472n25, 559; and Pound, 326, 329n19
Athenaeum Club, 419
Auden, W. H., 42n1, 217n17, 388, 414n2, 471n13, 481n7, 570
Auden group, 548n2
Augustine, *City of God,* 111n10
Auschwitz, 23n3
Authors' Club, 53n, 53, 135n1
Ayer, A. J., 229, 230n4, 529n1, 589
Ayling, Ronald, 364n1
Aylward, J. D., 391n

Babbitt, Irving, 89, 459, 461, 470n6; "Romanticism and Classicism," 472n24; *Rousseau and Romanticism,* 472n24
Babel, Isaac, 328n14
Bacon, Sir Francis, 501
Baker, Eugene, 27n1
Balcon, Jill, 230n1
Baldwin, Stanley, 311n24
Ballard Matthews Lectures, University of North Wales, 214n1
Balzac, Honoré de: *Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu,* 264–65, 273n10; *La Comédie humaine,* 470n10
Bangor lectures, 215n3
Baptists, 104n, 105, 400
Barker, Jonathan, *Thirty Years of the Poetry Book Society 1956–1986,* 546n1
Barnes, Djuna, xiii; *Nightwood,* 46n8
Barnes & Noble, 570–71n1
Barnett, Lincoln, "God and the American People," 403n10
Barrie, J. M.: *Peter and Wendy,* 51n4; *Peter Pan,* 47, 51n4
Barton, Irene, 139n1
Bate, Walter Jackson, 389n1; *Samuel Johnson,* 219n44
Bateson, F. W., 243n1; *Wordsworth,* 61n8, 129, 138n27
Battersea Park, 139, 139n1, 140n2
Baudelaire, Charles, 7, 81n6, 153–54, 155, 155n2, 155–56n3, 251, 462, 465, 472n27, 473n37
Bayerische Academie der Schöne Künste (Munich), 419
Baynes, H. G. and Carey F., *Contributions to Analytical Psychology,* 138n24
BBC, 180–82, 228–30, 255–56n1, 288, 589, 590n1, 593n1; Home Service, 182n1, 183nn4, 6, 235n, 314n, 589; Light Programme, 183n6, 583, 589; Light Service, 182n1; and MacNeice, 549n4; Malcolm Muggeridge interview, "Appointment with Sylvia Beach," 495n9; "Modern Apostle and Prophet of Unity," 314n; Network Three, 181, 182; *Panorama,* 394n1, 476n1; Programmes, 255, 257, 589; Scottish Home Service, 175n1; Sound Broadcasting Services, 182n1; Third Programme, 33n1, 37, 180–82, 182nn1, 3–4, 6, 229, 230nn3–4, 289n3, 583, 589, 590n1; "The Way of Life" series, 282n2; Welsh Home service, 45–46n1, 480n1
Beach, Sylvia (Nancy Orbison), xvi, 493–94, 494nn1–2, 5, 8, 10; *Shakespeare and Company,* 495n7
Beardsley, Monroe: "The Intentional Fallacy," 136n13; *The Verbal Icon,* 136n13
Beasley, Ronald S., 375, 377n12
Beaumont, Francis, 341
Beaumont, Lady, 524–25n11
Beck, Ludwig, 315–16n2
Becker, May Lamberton, 396n, 396–97
Beddington, S. H., 487–88n1
Beerbohm, Florence, 487–88n1
Beerbohm, Max, 229, 487–88n1; *Mainly on the Air,* 230n4
Belgion, Montgomery, 214–15n1
Bell, Bernard Iddings, 89; *Beyond Agnosticism,* 94n10; *In the City of Confusion,* 94n10; *Crowd Culture,* 94n10; "The Decay of Intelligence in America," 94n10; *Right and Wrong after the War,* 94n10
Bell, George K. A., xvi, 96, 146n1, 282, 282n2, 314n, 314–15, 315–16n2, 316n3, 583; *Christian Unity,* 283n4
Bell, Henrietta, 282n3
Bellarmine, Robert, 512, 526n39
Benlowes, Edward, 510
Benoit, Hubert, *La Doctrine suprême,* 123, 136n8
Bentley, Phyllis, 584
Berdyaev, Nicholas, 400, 403n9
Bergson, Henri, 177n6, 329n20, 417n3, 492n1; *Time and Free Will,* 34n10
Berkeley, Anne, 242n10
Berkeley, Humphry, 93nn2, 4

Berlin, Sir Isaiah, 86, 180, 182–83n3; "Freedom and Betrayal: Jean-Jacques Rousseau," 182–83n3; *The Hedgehog and the Fox,* 93n6; *Karl Marx,* 93n6
Bertran de Born, 52n12
Betjeman, John, 286, 286n1, 591
Beveridge, William Henry Beveridge, Baron, 583
Bezzant, J. S., "Intellectual Objections," 543n2
Bhagavadgita, 78, 513, 527n43
Bible, 79; Authorised Version, 442n1, 445, 447, 449n1, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 536n16, 537n1; and Graham, 105, 107; and G. Herbert, 511–12; meditation on, xi; New English Bible, 442, 442n1, 445, 447, 449, 449n1, 451, 451nn1–2, 451–52n3, 485, 485n1, 489, 489n1, 530–35, 535nn1–2, 536n16, 537, 537n1, 539n3; Septuagint, 447–48n2
Bible, books of: Old Testament, 219n47, 446n4, 447–48n2, 449n1, 451, 451–52n3, 485, 485n1, 489n1; Pentateuch, 485n1; Genesis, 248n4; Psalms, 95n15; Isaiah, 451–52n3; Lamentations, 512, 526n35; Micah, 526n36; Ecclesiasticus, 75, 82n15; New Testament, 442n1, 446n4, 485, 485n1; Gospels, 79; Matthew, 415n16, 451, 451n1, 451–52n3, 531–32, 537, 537n1, 544n5; Luke, 445, 446n3, 447, 449nn1–2, 451, 451nn1–2, 532, 537, 537n1; Epistles of St. Paul, 532–33; 1 Corinthians, 384n8; 2 Corinthians, 248n6; Philippians, 404n21; I John, 541n3; Revelations, 111n10
biography, 54, 60, 128, 134, 246
Birkenhead Institute Grammar School for Boys, 554n1
Blackmore, Sir Richard, 186; *Creation,* 192–93, 216n10, 217–18n22, 218nn23–24
Blackwell, Basil, 591
Blake, William, 73, 410
blank verse, 219n44
BLAST, 163, 164n3, 165n8, 166, 169nn4, 7, 169–70n8, 178
Blätter des Burgtheaters, 40–41n1
Bliss, Arthur, 583, 589
Bliss, Kathleen, 104n
Blunden, Edmund, 328n14, 554n1
Bodley Club, 561n2
Bogan, Louise, 21n4
Boileau-Despréaux, Nicolas, 264, 382
Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, Viscount, 86, 93–94n7; *Collected Works,* 93n7; *The Idea of a Patriot King,* 93n7
Böll, Heinrich, 478n1
Bollingen Prize in Poetry, 363n2, 444n1
Bollingen Trust, 273n1
Bomberg, David, 166, 169n8
Bonhoeffer, Dietrich, 315–16n2
Boni and Liveright, 137n20
Bonner, Barbara, 396, 397n1
Bonnier, Gerard, 568n
Book of Common Prayer, 220n51, 422n7, 536n17, 538, 538n1
Books Across the Sea (BAS), 396n, 396, 397, 397n1, 420
Booksellers Association, 441n8
Borges, Jorge Luis, 492n1
Boston Museum of Fine Arts, 51n2
Boult, Adrian C., 583, 589
Boutwood Lecturer, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 420
Bowen, Elizabeth, 13n1
Bowra, Sir Maurice Cecil, 37n1, 579; *Sophoclean Tragedy,* 37n3
Brace, Donald Clifford, xvi, 97, 97nn1–2, 472n26
Bradbury, Malcolm, 432–33n5
Bradley, F. H., 456, 464; *Appearance and Reality,* 469n2, 473n33
Brâncuşi, Constantin, 8; *The Kiss,* 10n16
Brando, Marlon, 408, 414n10
Brauer, Max, 582
Breit, Harvey, "Letter from New York," 13n1
Breton, André, 10n14
Bridges, Robert, 141
Bridson, D. G., 235n, 241n2, 242n9
Briggs, LeBaron Russell, 465, 473n34
Bristol Old Vic, 158n3
Bristol University, 227n5
British Council, xxi, 155n2, 347, 350, 356n9, 421, 473n38, 493, 523n1
British Council Institute, 356n8
British Institute of Recorded Sound, 579, 580n1
British Lion, The, 231
British Museum, 275–76, 579
Britten, Benjamin, *War Requiem,* 554n1
Broadbent, John, 365n2
Brockington, L. H., 535n2
Brontë, Emily, 492n1
Brooke, Rupert, 409
Brookholding-Jones, Adrian, 591
Brooks, Lillian (Dilly) Susanna Marsden, 337n7
Brooks, S. A., 538, 538n1

Brooks, William Collin, 334–37, 337nn1, 6–7; *Devil's Decade,* 336, 338n10; *Echoes and Evasions,* 337n3; *Fleet Street, Press Barons, and Politics,* 338n10; *More Tavern Talk,* 337n6; *Poems,* 337n3; *Tavern Talk,* 336, 337n6, 338nn9, 12; *Theory and Practice of Finance,* 336, 338n9
Brown, Terence Harvey, 445, 445n2, 447–48n2, 533
Browne, Martin, 314, 366n4; *The Making of T. S. Eliot's Plays,* 315n1
Browning, Robert, 64–65, 197, 406, 464–65; "My Last Duchess," 219n42
Buber, Martin, 400, 403n9
Buchman, Franklin (Nathaniel Daniel), 108, 109–10n1
Buckley, William F., 403n5
Buddha, 106
Buddhism, xi, 123, 305
Bullen, Arthur Henry, 591, 591n1
Bulmer-Thomas, Ivor, 144n1, 273n1, 451n1, 592n1
Bunting, Basil, 245n1
Bunyan, John, *The Pilgrim's Progress,* 517
Burdett, Sir Henry, 437, 440n6
Burke, Edmund, 86, 87, 88, 186, 215n6, 337n4; *Reflections on the French Revolution,* 93–94n7
Burke Club, 419
Burns, Robert, 435n1
Burton, Richard, 549n4
Bussy, Dorothy, 43n3
Butler, Joseph, 223n86
Butler, R. A., 441n12
Butter, Peter, 357n12
Byron, Lord, 66, 67, 393, 409, 415n15, 466

Cadogan, Sir Alexander, 181, 182, 182n1, 183n4
Caetani, Marguerite, 492n1
Caine, Hall, 274n12
Calderón de la Barca, Pedro, *La vida es sueño (Life Is a Dream),* 552, 553n3
Calendar of Modern Letters, The, 325, 328n14
Calhern, Louis, 414n10
Calvacanti, Guido, 136n11
Calvinism, 64, 502
Calzini, Raffaele, 8n1
Cambridge Dramatic Society, 576n7
Cambridge Theatre, 422n6
Cambridge University, 543nn1–2
Cameron, Ward Griswold, 573, 575n4
Camões Prize, 421
Campbell, Joseph, and Henry Morton Robinson, *A Skeleton Key to "Finnegans Wake,"* 126, 137n18
Campbell, Joseph, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces,* 137n18
Campion Award, 540n, 540–41
Camus, Albert, 33–34n4, 492n1, 582, 587, 588n2
Canadian War Artists, 170n9
Cane, M. H., 97n1
Canfield, Cass, 581
Canterbury Cathedral, 282n3
Canterbury Festival, 282, 282–83n3, 314, 316n3, 420
Capon, John, "Sixty Years On," 110n5
Carey, John, 442n1
Carlyle, Thomas, *Sartor Resartus,* 82n11
Carlyle Trust, 277
Carnarvon, Earl of, 498
Caroline authors, 466
Carpenter, M., 417n4
Carpenter, S. C., 146n3
Carter, Norman, 104n, 398n
Casals, Pablo, 582
Castelli, Alberto, 541n1
Castier, Jules, 295, 302, 310n9
Castle, William R., 254n12, 308–9n1, 553n5
Catholic Book Club, 540n, 540
Catholicism, 45, 64, 305, 401. *See also* Anglo-Catholicism; Roman Catholicism
Catholics, 399–401
Catullus, 561n6
Cecil, Lord Hugh, *Conservatism,* 86, 93–94n7
Cervantes, Miguel de, *Don Quixote,* 67, 68
Chapman, George, 8, 384n7
Charles Eliot Norton Lectures (Harvard), 390n5, 414n8
Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry (Harvard), 420
Charles Henry Foyle Trust, 579
Charles XII, Emperor of Sweden, 203, 222n66
Charteris, Hugo, 13n1
Chaucer, Geoffrey, 132, 203, 259n1
Cheetham, Eric Samuel, xvi, 114–15, 115–16n1, 116n2, 161, 162n2, 330–33, 333n1
Chekhov, Anton, 16, 18n5
Cherne, Leo, 581
Chesterton, G. K., 570; "Is Humanism a Religion?," 571n3
Chevrillon, André, 296, 303–4; *Rudyard Kipling,* 310n11
Chiari, Joseph: *Contemporary French Poetry,* 42–43n2; *Symbolisme from Poe to Mallarmé,* 153–55; *T. S. Eliot: A Memoir,* 155n1

Chichester Cathedral, 145, 146n1
Christ Arriving at the House of Mary and Martha (Chichester Cathedral sculpture), 316n3
Christian Council of Life and Work, 315n1
Christianity, 40, 109–10n1, 231, 399, 401, 459, 540; and conservatism, 86; and Graham, 105; and G. Herbert, 509, 511; and Hofmannsthal, 443; and S. Johnson, 193; and R. Kipling, 305, 306; and M.R.A., 105–6; and paganism, 108, 109; and sociology, 119, 120n3; and Virgil, 251, 253n6; and Yeats, 443
Christian News-Letter, The, 315n1, 421, 422n4
Christians, 206, 550
Christian Socialists, 232n2
Church, Richard, 291n1, 555n1, 556nn3–4, 584
Church Fathers, 504
Churchill, Sir Winston, 50, 52n11, 183n4, 315–16n2, 391n, 442n1
Church of England, 459, 502, 505, 506, 511, 526n35
Church of St. John the Divine, Little Gidding, Huntingdonshire, 592
Church Union, The, 420
Cicestr, George. *See* Bell, George K. A.
Clark, Joseph S., Jr., 581
Clark Lecturer, Trinity College, Cambridge, 420
Classical Association, 420
classicism, 176, 177nn3, 6, 382, 459, 460, 461, 472n24
Claudel, Paul, 42n1, 43n3, 443; *L'Arbre,* 42, 42–43n2; *Art poétique,* 42–43n2; *Connaissance de l'Est,* 42, 42–43n2; *L'Échange,* 42–43n2; *La Jeune Fille violaine,* 42–43n2; *Le Repos du septième jour,* 42–43n2; *Tête d'or,* 42–43n2; *La Ville,* 42–43n2
Clemen, Ursula, 80–81n1
Clemen, Wolfgang, 469n3
Clerkenwell Town Hall, 420
Cleveland, John, 189, 216–17n14, 510
Clifford, Derek Phit, 120n2
Clodd, Alan, 53n
Club (Literary Club), 215n6
Cocteau, Jean, 8; *Les Enfants terribles,* 10n14; *Parade,* 553n3; *Le Sang d'un poète,* 553n3; *Scandales,* 553n3; *Le Secret professionnel,* 553n3
Cole, Dorothy, 495n8
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 64, 91, 123, 132, 153, 470n5; on art, 468; and conservatism, 86, 87; and criticism, xvii, 185, 211–12, 213, 215n3, 223n83, 456, 458, 461, 470n5; and Donne, 464–65; and fancy, 212; and G. Herbert, 524–25n11, 527n47; and imagination, 211–12, 223n83; and S. Johnson, xx, 185, 211–12, 213; and Lowes, 57–58; and suspension of disbelief, 78, 83–84n21; and P. Valéry, 272; WORKS: *Aids to Reflection,* 93n7; *Biographia Literaria,* 6, 83–84n21, 122, 136n7, 223n83, 263, 527n42; *Essays on his Own Times,* 93–94n7; *The Friend,* 93n7; "Kubla Khan," xix, 58, 125–26, 136n14, 414n4; *Lyrical Ballads,* 83n21, 527n42; *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* xix, 58, 61n3, 125–26, 136n14, 408
Collins, H. P., 327n2
Collins, L. John, 107; "Evangelism To-day," 111n9
Collins, William, 524n11
Colosseum, 417n3
comedy, 157n1, 266
Commerce, 492n1, 493
communism, 108, 109–10n1
Communist party, 22n1
Comte, Auguste, 119, 120n5
Comunità, 386n1
Concord, Massachusetts, 388
Congregationalists, 400
Congrès pour la liberté de la culture, 588n2
Congreve, William, 15, 18nn3, 5; *The Way of the World,* 18n2
Conner, Cyril, 593
Connolly, Francis X., 540n
Connolly, J. B., *Fishermen of the Banks,* 309n5
Conrad, Joseph, 150–51n13; *Heart of Darkness,* 58, 61n3, 126, 137n17
conservatism, 86–93
Conservative Political Centre, 93n2
Conservative Union, xii, 93n
Constable & Robinson, 440n4
Constant, Benjamin, 326, 329n20
Contemporary French Poetry, 155n1
Convegno, Il, 150n8
Cook, Jane Danvers Herbert, 502
Cook, Sir Robert, 502
Corbett, S. P. W., 563n1
Corbière, Tristan, 7, 155, 268, 274n17, 465, 473n37
Cornish, Gerald Warre, 532; *St. Paul from the Trenches,* 536n12
Cournos, John, 556n3
Coward, Nöel, 17; *Blithe Spirit,* 19n7; *Private Lives,* 19n7
Cowles, Virginia, 142n2; *Edward VII and his Circle,* 141, 141–42n1
Cowley, Abraham, 187, 204, 215n5, 510, 526n31

Cowper, William, 197, 524n11; *The Task,* 219n42
Craig, Edward Gordon, 47–51, 51–52n5; *On the Art of the Theatre,* 47–51, 51n1; *The Art of the Theatre,* 47–51, 51nn1, 3
Cranch, Graeme, 389–90n2
Crane, Hart, 328n14
Cranmer, Thomas, 536n17
Crashaw, Richard, 116n4, 199, 506, 509, 510, 515, 526nn30–31, 569
Crevel, René, 8, 10n14
Criterion, The, 13n2, 462; aims of, 570; and Aldington, 555, 556n3; and Alport, 18–19n6; editing of, 421; European counterparts of, 150n8; and Faber and Gwyer, 440n7; and fascism, 178; founding of, 147, 148, 149nn2, 4, 149–50n6; last issue of, 337n5; and *The London Magazine,* 11; and New Criticism, 124, 136n10; and Oliver, 94n9; and Ortega y Gasset, 291n4; and Richmond, 430, 432, 432–33n5; and Lady Rothermere, 150n7, 487, 570; and Saintsbury, 470n10; and S. Schiff, 488n3; and Tate, 363n2; and Wall, 417n3; and *The Waste Land,* 127, 137n20
Critic, The, 413–14n1, 414n2
critical judgment, 63–64, 65, 67, 124, 212
criticism, xviii–xix, 53–60, 70, 78–79, 121–35, 323–24, 326, 456–69; and Arnold, xvii, 206, 213, 222–23n73, 223n75, 456, 458, 470n5; and art, 124, 132, 138n33, 274n15, 463, 468; and Coleridge, xvii, 185, 211–12, 213, 215n3, 223n83, 456, 458, 461, 470n5; and Curtius, 148; and drama, 55–56, 457, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 472n27, 561n8; and Dryden, 470n5; Georgian, 460; influence of, 464–65; and S. Johnson, 185–200, 204–14, 458, 461; and Pater, 213; and scholarship, 125; as science, xix; source, 57–58, 60, 61n3, 125–30, 131; and P. Valéry, 262–72
Cromwell, Oliver, 202
Cubism, 103n3, 164n3
culture, 71; and BBC, 182; and Bell, 94n10; and *Bhagavadgita*, 78; and Dawson, 94–95n12; European, 252, 301; and Herberg, 400, 404n18; and Jones, 45, 46n6; and R. Kipling, 308; and standards, 277; survival of, 80
Cuneo, Paul K., 413–14n1
Curtius, Ernst Robert, 81n3, 136n15, 147–49, 149nn1, 5, 149–50n6, 150nn9–10, 150–51n13; *Balzac,* 148, 150n12; "Balzac," 149n4; *The Civilization of France,* 150n12; *Deutscher Geist in Gefahr,* 148, 151nn14–15; *Europäische Literatur und lateinisches Mittelalter,* 149, 151n16; *Französischer Geist im neuen Europa,* 150n12; "James Joyce," 150n11; *James Joyce und sein Ulysses,* 150n11; *Literarische Wegbereiter des neuen Frankreichs,* 147; "On the Style of Marcel Proust," 149n4; *Proust,* 148, 150n12; "Restoration of the Reason," 149n4; "Technik und Thematik von James Joyce," 150n11
Curwen, May, 593

Dædalus, 389–90n2
Dallas, Texas, 419
Dante, 360n2, 415n14, 462, 526n40, 558; and Aristotle, 77; *Divine Comedy,* 68, 78, 79, 251–52, 253nn7, 9, 316n3, 358, 359, 360n1, 492n1; and Goethe, xxiii; as Great European, 67, 68–69, 80; importance of, 72; *Inferno,* xviii, 472n28; and S. Johnson, 206; and language, 466; and W. Lewis, 29; and Muir, 312–13n2; and Pound, 136n11; *Purgatorio,* 77, 472n28; as representative, 70–72, 73–74; and *terza rima,* 253n8; wisdom of, 76, 79–80
Dante Gold Medal, 358–60, 360n1, 419
Danvers, Lord, 502
Danvers, Sir John, 501
Darwin, Charles, 435–36n7
Das, Prafulla Chandra, 233n1, 234n2
Datta, Suddhin, 582
Davidson, John: "In the Isle of Dogs," 435n6; *John Davidson: A Selection of his Poems,* 434–35; *The Runnable Stag,* 435; *Testaments,* 435–36n7; *Thirty Bob a Week,* 175, 175n1, 434–35
Davies, Geoffrey, 142n3
Davies, H., 426–27n1
Davies, Idris, 281n1; *The Angry Summer,* 281n2; *Gwalia Deserta,* 281n2; *Selected Poems,* 281, 281n2; *Tonypandy and Other Poems,* 281n2
Dawson, Christopher, 91; *Progress and Religion,* 94–95n12; *Religion and Culture,* 94–95n12; *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture,* 94–95n12; "Religion and the Totalitarian State," 94–95n12; "T. S. Eliot and the Meaning of Culture," 94–95n12
Dawson, Ralph Sigismund, 489, 489n1
Day, Douglas, 486, 486n1
Day Lewis, Cecil, 230n1, 548n2, 554n1, 584
Debussy, Claude, *Pelléas et Mélisande,* 47, 51n2
de la Mare, Richard Herbert Ingpen, 438, 440n7
de la Mare, Walter, 440n7
Delius, Frederick, 488n3

Demant, V. A., 91; "Dialectics and Prophecy," 94–95n12; *God Man and Society,* 94–95n12; *This Unemployment,* 94–95n12
democracy, 35, 109, 183–84n8, 230, 581, 582n1, 583
Déry, Tibor, 284–85n1, 285n2, 584, 584–85n1, 586, 587, 587n1
detective fiction, xiv, 266, 422n1
Deutsch, Babette, 21n4
Devil, 450n1
Dial, The, 127, 137nn20–21
Dickens, Charles, 311n24, 506; *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit,* 390n4, 402, 404n19, 486n2
Dickinson, Patric, 259n1, 545n1
Digamma Club, 574
Dior, Christian, 31, 34n9
Dismorr, Jessica, 166, 169–70n8
Disraeli, Benjamin, 86, 87, 91, 95n13; *Coningsby,* 93–94n7; *Speeches,* 93–94n7; *Sybil,* 93–94n7
dissociation of sensibility, xviii, 462, 463–64, 472n29
Đjilas, Milovan: *Conversations with Stalin,* 582n1; *Memoir of a Revolutionary,* 582n1; *The New Class,* 582n1; *Of Prisons and Ideas,* 582n1; "The Storm in Eastern Europe," 581; *Tito,* 582n1; *The Unperfect Society,* 582n1
Dobrée, Bonamy, 320; "Rudyard Kipling," 322n6
Dodd, Charles Harold, 534, 535n2; "The Translation of the Bible," 536n16
Doenitz, Karl, 172n1
Dolmetsch, Arnold, 8; *The Interpretation of the Music of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries,* 10n16
Donne, John, 410, 466, 473n34, 523n3, 526n31; "The Autumnall," xxi, 500, 524n6; "Batter my heart, three person'd God," xxi–xxii, 242n8, 507, 508–9; and Bellarmine, 526n39; as Dean of St Paul's, 515; and dissociation of sensibility, 463; and E. Herbert, 499; and G. Herbert, 502, 506–9, 510, 512, 515, 516, 518, 519–20; and M. Herbert, 500; *Holy Sonnets,* 523–24n5; and S. Johnson, 189, 190, 191, 199, 216–17n14; and language, 217n18; "Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day," 521; reputation of, 464–65; "The Sunne Rising," 519–20
Dostoevsky, Fyodor, 294, 302, 325, 329n20; *Crime and Punishment,* 56–57
Douglas, Gavin, 461, 472n23
Douglas, Norman, 555
Douglas, Paul H., 581
Dowson, Ernest, 175; *Impenitentia Ultima,* 409; "Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae," 415n15, 434, 435n5
Doyle, Charles, 556n3
drama, 38–40, 198, 368–69; and BBC, 181, 183–84n8, 228, 230, 255, 255–56n1; and G. K. A. Bell, 314, 315; and Calderón de la Barca, 553n3; and church liturgy, 40; and Claudel, 42, 43n3; and Craig, 47–51; and criticism, 55–56, 457, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 472n27, 561n8; and emotion, 15, 17; and Hofmannsthal, 443; and S. Johnson, 197; and language, 267; and W. Lewis, 33n1, 382; and O'Casey, 364n1; and Pound, 7; text and stage directions in, 159; and D. Thomas, 549n4. *See also* comedy; Elizabethan drama; Greek drama; Jacobean drama; poetry, and drama; tragedy
Driver, Sir Godfrey R., 449n1, 451, 451n1, 451–52n3, 535n2
Dryden, John: *All for Love,* 197, 219nn43, 45; *Annus Mirabilis,* 222n64; "Britannia Rediviva," 216n12; era of, 214; importance of, xvii, 215n3; and S. Johnson, xx, 185–86, 188, 193, 197, 201, 207, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 215n5, 216nn7, 12, 218n26, 230n1, 243–44n2, 263, 456, 458, 470n5; language of, 202, 207, 209, 210; *Mac Flecknoe,* 221n60; manners of, 188; and Otway, 218n26; and poetic faculties, 211–12; and Pound, 6; satire of, 201
Dry Salvages, 390n7
Du Bos, Charles, 148
Duchamp, Marcel, *Nude Descending a Staircase,* 52n7
Duhamel, Georges, 308n1
Dukes, Ashley, xvi, 169, 171n21, 282, 282–83n3
Dunbar, William, 217n17
Duncan, Frank, 344n
Duncan-Jones, Arthur Stuart, 145–46, 146n1, 315, 316n4
Durkheim, Émile, 119, 120n5
Durrell, Lawrence, 556n6

Earp, F. R., 37n1
East Coker, Somerset, England, 390n8
East Gloucester, Massachusetts, 390n7
Eberhart, Richard, 21n4
Eckermann, Johann Peter, 62
Eckhart, Meister, 543n1
economics, 10n15, 25n2, 39, 52n10, 60, 107, 108, 120n4, 245, 334, 529, 550
ecumenicity. *See* oecumenicity
Eden, Sir Anthony, 93n1, 315–16n2

Edinburgh, 226
Edinburgh Festival, 137n19, 155n1, 369n3, 422n6
Edinburgh University, 225, 227n5
Edizioni di Comunità (Nuove Edizioni Ivrea), 386n1
education, 65, 117, 122, 132, 181, 214, 375, 405–13, 413–14n1
Edwards, John, 99n1
Edward VII, 141, 141n1, 142n2
Egoist, The, 484nn7–8; and W. Lewis, 166, 169n5; TSE's work for, xvii, 324, 327n9, 461, 471n22, 482, 484n6, 555; and Weaver, 483, 484n, 484nn1, 3, 6
Egoist Press, The, 471n22, 484n6; and Weaver, 482, 483, 484n1
Eisenhower, Dwight, 401
Eisenman, Alvin, 475n
Eliot, Abby (grandmother), 374, 376n3, 388, 389–90n2
Eliot, Abigail Adams, 376n1
Eliot, Ada (sister), 376n5
Eliot, Andrew (ancestor), 10n13
Eliot, Charlotte Champe (mother), 97–98n3, 327n10, 376n5, 484n6, 558n4, 561n8, 575n5
Eliot, Charlotte Chauncey (sister), 376n5
Eliot, Henry Ware, Jr. (brother), 372, 376n6
Eliot, Henry Ware, Sr. (father), 373, 374, 388, 390n7, 398–99
Eliot, Margaret (sister), 376n5
Eliot, Marian (sister), 376n5
Eliot, Mary Rhodes, 372, 376n3
Eliot, Theodora (sister), 376n5
Eliot, Thomas Dawes, 413–14n1
Eliot, Thomas Stearns: *Ariel* poems, 102, 103n6, 476, 477n2; *Ash-Wednesday,* 112n1, 418, 527n48; *Burnt Norton,* 84n23, 113n1; *The Cocktail Party,* xiii, 59, 61n6, 127, 137n19, 365n2, 368, 418; *The Cocktail Party (Die Cocktail Party),* 366n4; *Collected Poems 1909–62,* xv, 150n10, 231, 573, 575n2; *The Confidential Clerk,* 368, 420, 426; *The Confidential Clerk (Der Privatsekretär),* 366n4, 426–27n1; "Doris's Dream Songs," 103n6; *The Dry Salvages,* xv, 376n2, 377n13, 389n1, 390nn7–8, 481n8, 540n; *East Coker,* xi, xxiii; *The Elder Statesman,* xiv, 315n1, 322n4, 367, 368–69, 369nn1, 3, 378–79, 379n1, 420, 422n6; *The Family Reunion,* 364, 368, 421, 422n3; *Four Quartets,* xi, xii, 94–95n12, 103n6, 113n1, 360n1, 365n2, 377n13, 388, 390nn3, 8, 421, 476, 544n4; *Four Quartets (Vier Quartette),* 366n4; *Fragment of an Agon,* 569n2; "Gerontion," 112n1; *The Hollow Men,* 137n17, 302, 317–18, 415n15; *The Hollow Men (Les Hommes creux),* 294; "The Journey of the Magi," 103n6, 112n1, 284–85n1, 447n1, 464, 472n32; *Little Gidding,* xii, 113n1, 253nn5, 8, 358, 359–60, 560, 561n7, 592n1; *Little Gidding II,* 472n28; "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," 112n1, 130, 131, 177n5, 178, 301–2, 317, 327n8, 423, 423–24n1, 494n2; "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (La Chanson d'amour de J. Alfred Prufrock), 294; "The Love Song of Saint Sebastian," 394n2; "Marina," 103n6, 112n1, 477n2; *Murder in the Cathedral,* 23, 23n1, 96, 178, 235n, 282–83n3, 314, 315n1, 364n1, 381n1, 405, 420, 464, 540, 541n1, 557; *Murder in the Cathedral (Assassinio nella cattedrale),* 541n1; "New Hampshire," 112n1; *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats,* 422n3; *Poems 1909–1925,* 97n2, 440n7; "Preludes," 113n1, 169n4, 178; *Prufrock and Other Observations,* 324, 471n22, 482, 483, 484nn1, 3, 6; "Prufrock's Pervigilium," 424n2; "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," 169n4, 178; *The Rock,* xiv, 112n1, 178, 314, 315n1, 420; *Selected Works,* 381n1; "A Song for Simeon," 103n6; *Sweeney Agonistes,* 103n6; "Sweeney among the Nightingales," 259, 259–60n1; "Sweeney Erect," 328n14; "Triumphal March," 103n6, 569n2; "Usk," 112n1; "Virginia," 112n1; *The Waste Land,* 46n7, 58, 61n3, 112n1, 126, 127, 137nn17, 20, 22, 138n34, 147, 148, 149nn1, 5, 150n10, 152n1, 360n1, 381n1, 404n21, 423, 447n1, 472n28, 479, 481n6, 558n2, 560, 561–62n9, 569n2, 570, 571n3
Eliot, Valerie (née Fletcher), 21n1, 249n, 260n2, 469n1, 575n2; and Beach, 494, 495n7; and books, 341; and Brooks, 337n6; burial of, 390n8; T. S. Eliot's marriage to, xiii, xiv, 419, 421, 422, 573, 575; T. S. Eliot's travel with, 171n20, 230n2, 282n1, 376n1, 413–14n1, 576n7; and A. Huxley, 560; and L. Johnson, xv; and D. Jones, 480n5; and W. Lewis, 169; and Mairet, 328n15; and Presidential Medal of Freedom, 575n3; and V. Schiff, 487, 488n4
Eliot, Vivien, xiii, 25n4, 419, 556nn2, 4, 575
Eliot, William Greenleaf (grandfather), 372, 376nn1, 3–4, 388, 398, 399, 403nn2–3; *The Discipline of Sorrow,* 376n3
Eliot Seminary, 376n1
Elizabethan drama, 251, 462, 464, 465, 466
Elizabethan literature, 8, 430, 466

Elizabethans, 383, 472n27
Elizabeth I, 530
Ellmann, Richard, 247, 248n4; *James Joyce,* 248n3
E. McKnight Kauffer Memorial Exhibition, 101n, 475, 476n1
Emerson-Thoreau Medal (American Academy of Arts and Sciences), xiv, 388, 389n1, 419
Emerton, J. A., 535n2
emotion, xxii, 132, 183–84n8, 230, 462, 463, 470n9; and determinism, 88; and Donne, 508; and eloquence, 210; and Hardy, 435–36n7, 473n40; and G. Herbert, xxii, 509, 510, 513, 514; and S. Joyce, 247; and landscape, 389; and Mannheim, 120n4; and Marvell, 241–42n5; and mass movements, 108, 109; and metaphysical poets, 510; and Muir, 565; and music, 16; and Percy, 35; and poetic drama, 15, 17; and poetry, 15–16, 59–60, 368, 410, 472n30, 526n40; and politics, 87, 529; and I. A. Richards, 471n14; and W. Wordsworth, 15, 18n1, 221n59
Empson, William, 21n4, 130, 136n10, 457; *Seven Types of Ambiguity,* 138n30, 471n14, 511–12
Encounter, 455n1, 484n, 529n1
English Association, 227n4
English Churchman, The, 445, 445n2
English Civil War, 592n3
English Review, The, 423n1
English-Speaking Union (ESU), 396n, 420
Episcopalians, 400
Epstein, Jacob, *illustration 10*
Etchells, Frederick, 166, 169n8
Europäische Revue, 150n8
Europe, 301, 529, 552
European Common Market, 529, 529n1
Evans, Edith, 579
Everyman, 18n5, 444n3

Faber, Arthur Henry, 437, 440n2
Faber, Charles Edward, 440n2
Faber, David, 437
Faber, Elizabeth Ann, 441n16
Faber, Enid Eleanor Richards, xv, 14n, 27n1, 376n1, 440, 441n16, 454, 455
Faber, Francis Atkinson, 440n2
Faber, Frederick William, 439, 440n2
Faber, Henry Mitford, 437, 440n2
Faber, Jessie Cust, 440n2
Faber, Richard Stanley, 441n16
Faber, Sir Geoffrey Cust, xv, xvi, 14n, 46n8, 376n1, 437–40, 440nn1–3, 5, 441nn8–9, 16, 453–55, 455n1; *The Buried Stream,* 439, 441n15; *Jowett,* 439, 441n14, 454; *Notes on the History of the All Souls Bursarships and the College Agency,* 441n13; *The Oxford Apostles,* 439, 441n13, 454; *A Publisher Speaking,* 439, 441n13
Faber, Thomas Erle, 441n16
Faber & Faber Ltd., 344n, 420, 438, 440nn6–7, 453, 455n1, 480n1, 483, 495n7, 548n3, 568, 570, 570n1
Faber and Gwyer Ltd., 438, 440n6, 453, 546n2, 570
Fabian Society, 52n10
Fargue, Léon-Paul, 493, 494–95n3
Farrar, Strauss, 540n
Fascism, 176, 177n6, 178, 179, 231, 232n2
Fassett, Irene, 570
Fédération britannique des comités de l'Alliance française, 420
Fellowes, Ailwyn Edward, 3rd Baron de Ramsey, 592, 592n1
Fellow honoraire de Magdalene College, 294
Ferrar, Nicholas, xxi, 502, 509, 524n10, 592, 592n2
Festival of Poetry 1963: Souvenir Programme, 545n1
fforde, Sir Arthur, 256n3, 257, 257–58n1
fiera letteraria, La, 150n8
film, 39, 40, 49–50, 52n6
Fireside Poets, 414n7
First Congregational Society of St. Louis (Unitarian), 403n3
Firth, Sir Charles Harding, 340, 343n2
Fisher, Geoffrey F., 110n5, 144nn1, 6
Fisher, J. A., 314n
FitzGerald, Edward, *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,* 265, 274n14, 409, 415, 415n13
FitzGerald, John, 288, 288–89n1
Fitzgerald, Robert, 99n2
FitzGerald, Sir William, 278n2
Flaubert, Gustave, 457
Fletcher, John, 341
Florence, Italy, 359
Fluchère, Henri, 249n, 282n1, 308n1, 310n9, 311n19
Fontenelle, Bernard de, *Dialogues of Fontenelle,* 484n4
Forbes, Edward W., 394n2
Ford, John, 462
Forster, E. M., 150–51n13, 529n1, 583, 584, 589
For Tibor Déry (pamphlet, 1959), 587n1
Fox, Adam, 442n1
Fox, Levi, 591
Foyle's Book Shop, 14n

Foyle's Literary Luncheon, Cape Town, 14n
France, 149–50n6, 308
Frank, Joseph, 291n3
Franklin, Benjamin, 389–90n2
Fraser, G. S., "Author against Critics," 53n
Frazer, Sir James George, 120n5
Freemasonry, 305
French drama, 198
French language, 377n7
French poets, 465. *See also* Symbolists
French Revolution, 87
Frere, A. S., 140n2
Freud, Sigmund, 127
Friends of Chichester Cathedral, 146n4
Froissart, Bruno, 308n1
Frost, Robert, 4, 245n1, 388, 389n1, 413n1; *A Boy's Will,* 9n4; *North of Boston,* 9n4
Fry, Christopher, 583, 589
Fry, Roger, 169n8
Fulford, Sir Roger T. B., 141, 141–42n1, 142n2
fundamentalism, 105
Futurism, 103n3, 164n3

Galiani, Ferdinando, *Lettres de l'abbé Galiani à Madame d'Épinay, Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm,* 33n1
Gallup, Donald, 9n5, 343n, 376n2; *T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography,* 420
Gandhi, Indira, 492n1
Gandi, M. K., 106
Garçon, Maurice, 308n1
Gardner, Helen, 235, 239, 506; *The Metaphysical Poets,* 241n2
Garnett, Constance, 57
Garrick Club, 104n, 419
Garsington Manor, 561n3
Gascar, Pierre, 13n1
Gaudier-Brzeska, Henri, 10n16
Gaulle, Charles de, 529n1
Gavazzeni, Gianandrea, 541n1
George III, 215n6
Georgian literature, 460
German language, 377n7
German Romanticism, 81n7
Germany, 108, 109, 149–50n6
Gibbon, Edward, 220n51
Gide, André, 150n9, 493, 494n3
Gideon D. Seymour Memorial Lecture, 135n1
Gideonse, Harry D., 581
Gielgud, John, 230n1, 408, 414n10, 583, 589
Gilbert, Stuart, 136–37n15
Giroux, Robert, xvii, 402n1, 469n3, 540n
Gissing, George, 327n2
Gladstone, William E., 86, 94n8
Glücksmann, Joseph, 40–41n1
Goebbels, Joseph, 107
Goerdeler, Carl, 315–16n2
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, xii–xiii, xx, xxiii, 62–80, 81n3, 82n14, 149n1, 558; and Blake, 73; *Conversations with Eckermann,* 62, 81n4; *Faust,* 67, 68, 70, 82nn11–12; as Great European, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 80; importance of, 72; private life of, 246; as representative, 70–74; and science, 69–70, 73; and theater, 32; and P. Valéry, 272; *Versuch die Metamorphose der Pflanzen zu erklären,* 82n10; wisdom of, 74–76, 79–80; and W. Wordsworth, 67, 73; *Zur Farbenlehre,* 82n10
Goldsack, Sydney, 441n11
Goldsmith, Oliver, 210; *The Deserted Village,* 203–4, 265, 274n14
Gollancz, Victor, 583
Góngora, Luis de, 510, 526n30
Goodhart, Arthur, 396n, 396
Gosse, Sir Edmund, 473n34; *Father and Son,* 247, 248n5, 457, 470n9; *The Life and Letters of Dr. John Donne,* 465, 473n35
Gourmont, Remy de, 461; *Le Problème du style,* 472n23
Goyder, George, 543nn1–2
Graham, Billy (William Franklin Graham, Jr.), 104–8, 109n1, 110nn2–3, 5, 111n9
Graves, Robert, 259, 259–60n1, 328n14; *The Greek Myths,* 259n1
Gray, Thomas, 213, 215n5; "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard," 183n5, 202–3, 222n65, 265, 274n14
Gray, W. S., 432n3
Great Britain, 402; Copyright Act of 1911, 579; and European Common Market, 529, 529n1; House of Commons, 255; Inland Revenue, 370, 421; and R. Kipling, 308; Obscene Publications Act of 1959, 474n42; Ownership of Premises Bill, 547n1; Rent Act of 1957, 547n1
Greek drama, 198, 199
Greek language, 252–53n2, 377n7, 557, 558n3
Greek literature, 7, 66, 81n7
Greek philosophy, 111n12
Greek religion, 111n12
Green-Armytage, R. N., 591
Greene, Graham, 140n2, 157–58n2, 481n7, 492n1
Gregg, Olive, 235n

Grierson, Sir Herbert J. C., 217n18, 235, 506, 507, 525n24; *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century,* 241n1, 465, 473n36, 523n4, 525n22, 526n31; *The Poems of John Donne,* 465, 473n36, 525n22
Groethuysen, Bernard, 493, 494n3
Gross, Gerald, 475n
Gunn, Thom, 13n1
Gwyer, Alsina Helen Marion, 438, 440n6
Gwyer, Sir Maurice Linsford, 437, 438, 440n6

Haecker, Theodor, *Vergil, Vater des Abendlandes,* 66, 81n5
Hall, Amy, 576n7
Hall, John Clive, 345, 356n5, 565, 566n5
Hall, Richard (Dick) Walworth, 576n7
Hamburger, Michael, 74–75, 82n14, 444n1, 553n1
Hamilton, Alexander, 94n9, 389–90n2
Hampton, John, 426–27n1
Hanseatic Goethe Prize, xii, 62–63, 80–81n1, 149n3, 226, 227n8, 419
Harcourt, Alfred, 97, 97n2
Harcourt, Brace and Company, 97, 97n2
Harcourt Brace, xvi
Hardcastle, Ephraim, 425, 425n1
Hardy, Thomas, 142n2, 311n24, 435, 435–36n7, 466, 473n40; *Far from the Madding Crowd,* 259, 260n3
Harrison, Austin, 423n1
Harrison, Rex, 157n1
Hart-Davis, Rupert, 278n2, 371n2
Hartley, L. P., 13n1
Hartley, Wesley, 377n7
Hartmann, Françoise, 494nn2, 4
Harton, Frederic Percy (Francis), 286n1; *The Elements of the Spiritual Life,* 286, 286n2
Harton, Sibyl, 286n1
Harvard Advocate, 177n5
Harvard College, xii, xiii, 390n7, 414n3, 473n33, 527n43, 559, 573–74
Harvey, C. P., 155n2
Háy, Gyula, 584, 584–85n1
Hayward, I. J., 140n2
Hayward, John, 14n, 92n, 215n3, 226n2, 322n5, 546n3
Hazlitt, William, 13n1, 55
H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), 9n5
Heenan, John Carmel, 336, 338n11
Heidegger, Martin, 16; *Poetry, Language, Thought,* 18–19n6; *Sein und Zeit,* 18–19n6; "What Are Poets For," 18–19n6
Heinemann, John, 437, 440n4
Heinemann, William, 440n4
Heller, Erich: *The Disinherited Mind,* 76–78, 79, 82–83n17, 83nn18, 20; *The Ironic German,* 290; *Thomas Mann,* 291n2
Hellman, Renée, *Celebrity Cooking for You,* 28n3
Henry Holt & Company, 97n2
Henry VII, 498
Heraclitus, 50, 52n11, 84n23
Herald Tribune, 397
Herberg, William, 403nn5, 9; *Judaism and Modern Man,* 401, 402–3n1, 404n18; *Protestant—Catholic—Jew,* 398n, 398, 399, 402–3n1
Herbert, Edward, 1st Baron Herbert of Cherbury, xxi, 498–99, 501; "Elegy over a Tomb," 523n4; "An Ode upon a Question moved," 523n4
Herbert, George, xii, xviii, xx, xxi–xxii, xxiii, 199, 200, 220n50, 239, 351, 466, 473n38, 498–523, 524n9, 525n13; and Donne, 502, 506–9, 510, 512, 515, 516, 518, 519–20; education of, 500–501; as Member of Parliament, 501; as parish priest, 502–4, 515; as Public Orator, 501, 508; as Rector of Bemerton, 502, 509, 524n9; WORKS: "Affliction" (I), 513–14; "Affliction" (IV), 519; "The Altar," 520; "The Church Floore," xxii, 517; "Church-monuments," 518; "The Collar," 504–5; "Deniall," 518, 522; "The Discharge," 519–20; "Discipline," 522–23; "Easter," 520–21; "Easter Wings," 520; "Faith," 518; "The Flower," 514–15, 524–25n11; "Good Friday," 520, 521; "Holy Baptisme II," 521; "Love III," xxii, 523; "Mattens," 518; "Miserie," 522; "Mortification," 519; *Musae responsoriae,* 524n8; "Obedience," xxii, 515–16; "Praise II," 522; "Prayer" (I), xxi–xxii, 239, 241n2, 242nn8–9, 507–8, 509; *A Priest to the Temple,* 503–4; "The Quip," xxii, 516–17; "Redemption," xxii, 517–18; "Repentance," 521; "The Sacrifice," 511–12, 520; "Sepulchre," 520; sermons of, 508; "Sighs and Grones," 521; "The Temper" (I), 514; *The Temple,* xxi, xxii, 502, 506, 509, 510, 511, 513, 520, 523, 524n10, 524–25n11; "Ungratefulnesse," 518–19; "Vanitie (I)," 519; "Whitsunday," 514; "The Windows," xxii, 518
Herbert, Magdalen (Lady Danvers), xxi, 499, 500, 501, 502, 510, 523n3, 523–24n5
Herbert, Sir Richard, 498, 499
Heron, Grace, 377n12
Heron, T. M., 544n4
Herrick, Robert, 506

Hewlett, Maurice, 561n8
Highgate Junior School, 414n3
Hinduism, 106, 305
Hinkley, Eleanor, 81n4, 169n4, 470n4
Historic Churches Preservation Trust, 144n1, 273n1
history, 134, 416, 461; and S. Johnson, 191; and poetry, 407–8, 409, 410, 411, 413, 413–14n1
Hitler, Adolf, 107, 108, 148, 172n1, 177n6, 315–16n2, 384n2, 550
Hobbes, Thomas, 192–93; *Leviathan,* 218n23
Hofmannsthal, Hugo von, 43n3, 150n9; *Arabella,* 365n2, 444n1; *Jedermann,* 443, 444n3; libretti by, 444n2; *Poems and Verse Plays,* 443; *Selected Plays and Libretti,* 552–53; *Selected Writings of Hugo von Hofmannsthal,* 553n1; *Der Turm (The Tower),* 552, 553n2, 553n4
Hogarth Press, 137n20, 483
Hoggart, Richard, 593n1
Holder, J. C. C., 491, 491n1
Hölderlin, Friedrich, 67, 74, 82n14; *Hyperion,* 81n7
Holmes, Sherlock, 270
Holocaust, 177n6, 485n1
Holt, Earl, 376n3
Holthusen, Hans Egon, 77, 78, 79; *Rainer Maria Rilke,* 83n20
Homer, 211, 246, 250, 252, 253n6; *Odyssey,* 57, 60n2
Honorable Fellowship, Merton College, Oxford, 419
Honorary Fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge, 302, 317, 321, 419
Hook, Sidney, 581
Hope, Ethel, 376n2
Hopkins, Gerard Manley, 217n17, 410, 411, 509
Horace, 216n7, 220–21n57, 263, 264; *Odes,* 435n5
Hospital, The, 440n6
Hospital Nursing Mirror, The, 437, 438, 440n6
Housman, A. E.: *A Shropshire Lad,* 200, 220n53, 409, 415n15; "When I was one-and-twenty," 220n53
Howard, Harry, 161, 162nn1–2
Howard, Peter, 106, 110n4
Hudson, Noel, 592, 592n1
Hudson Review, 164nn1, 4, 169n1, 174n3
Hulme, T. E., 176, 177nn3–4, 179n3, 461; *The Apes of God,* 177n6; Hyman on, 179n7; military service of, 178; "Romanticism and Classicism," 176n2; Singer on, 177n6; *Speculations,* 176n2, 472n24
Humanities Club (Reading University), 120n2
humility, xxii, xxiii, 17, 315, 325, 335, 359, 469
humour, 58, 97, 133, 163, 166, 335, 336, 467
Humphrey, Hubert H., 581
Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad (HWAA), 284, 284–85n1, 584n1, 587n1, 588n2
Hungary, 584
Hunt, Geoffrey, *About the New English Bible,* 449n1
Husserl, Edmund, *Logical Investigations,* 18–19n6
Hutchinson, F. E., 506, 511, 515; *The Works of George Herbert,* 510
Hutchinson, Mary, 309n7
Huxley, Aldous, xvi, 123, 559–60, 561nn2, 5, 8, 562n10; *Crome Yellow,* 559, 561n3; *Leda and Other Poems,* 559, 561n4; *Literature and Science,* 560, 561n7
Huxley, Laura Archera, 560, 562n10
Huxley, Maria Nys, 559, 560, 561n5, 562n10
Huxley, Sir Julian, 561n1
Huxley family, 492n1
Huysmans, Joris-Karl, *À rebours,* 269, 274n20
Hyman, Stanley Edgar, 178; *The Armed Vision,* 179, 179n7

Ibsen, Henrik, 16, 18n5, 47–48
Ignotus, Pál (Paul Veigelsberg), 284–85n1, 285n2
Ilińska, Zofia (née Aleksandra Brochocka), *The Idle Rocks,* 23n1
imagination, 65, 122, 163, 187, 394n4, 460, 462, 555, 565; and Coleridge, 83–84n21, 211–12, 223n83, 527n42; and Johnson, 194, 204, 211; and Jones, 44, 45; and W. Lewis, 29, 383
Impressionism, 51n2, 82n10
Independent Television, 583
India, ancient, 527n43
Inge, Dean, 560, 561n8
Institute for Advanced Studies, 151n15
International Missionary Council, 315n1
International PEN, 584n1
International PEN Centre for Writers in Exile, 558n1
Ireland, John, 404n15
Irish, 400
Irish Revival, 170n18
Irodalmi Újság, 587n1, 588n2
Irvine, St John, 561n8
Islam, 305
Israel, prophets of, 66
Italian language, 251–52, 360
Italia Nostra, 379n1

Jackson, Edward Fisher, 253n3
Jacobean drama, 251, 462, 464, 465
Jacobean literature, 466
Jacobean poetry, 430
James, Henry, 32, 150–51n13, 461, 472n23; *The Ivory Tower,* 327n3; *The Sense of the Past,* 327n3
James I, 501, 502, 524n8, 530
Japanese prints and woodcuts, 47, 51n2
Jarrett-Kerr, Martin (William Tiverton), 474n42; *D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence,* 474–75n41
Jaspers, Karl, 582, 587, 588n2
Jean Paul (Johann Paul Friederich Richter), 82n14
Jefferson, Thomas, 389–90n2
Jenkins, Daniel, 593
Jenkins, David Edward, 450, 450n1
Jenkins, Islwyn, 281n1
Jennings, Elizabeth, 13n1
Jennings, Willfred Hilary, 162n1; *St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester Road, 1867–1967,* 162n3
Jesus Christ, 106, 398, 403n2, 415n16, 450n1
Jews, 145, 399–400, 485n1, 550–51. *See also* anti-Semitism
Joachim, H. H., 473n33
Johnson, A. R., 535n2
Johnson, Lionel, 4; *Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson,* 9n4
Johnson, Lyndon, xv, 22n1, 572n1, 575n3
Johnson, Samuel, xviii, xx, 185–214, 215n2, 456; on art, 468; criticism of, 185–200, 204–14, 458, 461; and edification, 200, 205–6, 209, 222n72; and metaphysical poets, 510; and Milton, 466; as poet-critic, xvii; and poetic faculties, 211–12; political affiliation of, 215n6; and Pound, 6; satire of, 201; WORKS: *Dictionary,* 187, 220n56, 222n72; *The History of Rasselas,* 202, 222n62; *Irene: A Tragedy,* 197–98, 219n44; "Life of Akenside," 218n25, 219n34; "Life of Blackmore," 217n20; "Life of Cowley," 205, 215n2, 216n13, 216–17n14, 526n31; "Life of Dryden," 200, 202, 207, 209, 216n12, 217n21, 219n43, 220–21n57, 222nn63–64; "Life of Milton," 206, 217n15, 218nn27–30; "Life of Pitt," 216n7; "Life of Pomfret," 216n8; "Life of Pope," 200, 211; "Life of Stepney," 216n7; "Life of Thomson," 204, 219n32; "Life of Waller," 199, 219n48; "Life of Walsh," 216n7; "Life of Watts," 199, 220n49; "Life of Yalden," 216n7; "Life of Young," 218n31; *Lives of the Poets,* xx–xxi, 122, 136n7, 185–200, 213, 214, 214–15n1, 215nn2, 5, 216n9, 220–21n57, 263, 273n6, 460; *London,* 201–2, 215n4, 220nn52, 55–56, 221nn58, 61; "On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet," 201, 220n54; *Prayers and Meditations,* 200, 220n51; *Preface to Shakespeare,* 187; "A Short Song of Congratulation," 220n53; "The Vanity of Human Wishes," xx–xxi, 201, 202–3, 215n4, 220nn52, 55–56, 222nn66, 68
Johnson, Samuel, et al., *The Poems of Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins,* 220n52
John XXIII, 540, 541n1
Joint Advisory Committee of Publishers and Booksellers, 438, 441n8
Jones, Charlie, 374
Jones, David, 480n3; *The Anathemata,* 44–45, 45–46n1, 479, 480, 480n1, 481n6; *In Parenthesis,* 44–45, 45–46n1, 46nn2, 7–8, 479–80, 480nn1–3, 481nn6–7
Jones, Henry, 373–74
Jones, Stephen, 374
Jonson, Ben, 8, 189, 216–17n14, 341, 430, 499
Jowett, Benjamin, 439, 441n14, 454
Joyce, James, 46n7, 150n11, 150–51n13, 164n5, 168, 170n13, 177n3, 247–48n1, 248n3, 274n26, 467, 474–75n41, 570; and Beach, 493–94, 494n1, 495n6; and Curtius, 148; first meeting with TSE, 177n4; and D. Jones, 479–80; and W. Lewis, 34n10, 170n18; meeting with TSE and W. Lewis, 163, 164n4, 166–67; and Pound, 163, 164n4, 167; private life of, 246–47; and style, 32; and Weaver, 482, 483, 484n5, 493–94; WORKS: *Dubliners,* 170n18, 176; *Finnegans Wake,* 58–59, 61n5, 125, 126–27, 136n15, 137n18, 481n6; *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* 170n18, 248n2, 482, 483, 484n3; *Ulysses,* 170n18, 248n2, 326, 327n3, 328n18, 482, 483, 495nn6, 9; *Work in Progress,* 136n15
Joyce, Nelly, 247–48n1
Joyce, Nora, 248n3
Joyce, Stanislaus: *The Complete Dublin Diary,* 248n3; *The Dublin Diary,* 248n3; *My Brother's Keeper,* 246–47, 247–48n1, 248n4; *Recollections of James Joyce,* 248n3
Judaism, 399, 401. *See also* Jews
Julius Caesar (1953), 414n10
Jung, C. G., 127–28; *Contributions to Analytical Psychology,* 128; "On Psychical Energy," 138n24
Juvenal, 201, 220, 220–21n57

Kádár, János, 285n2, 584, 584–85n1, 586–87, 587n1, 588n2
Kadloubovksy, E., and G. E. H. Palmer, *Writings from the Philokalia,* 82n16
Kafka, Franz, 356n4, 565; *Amerika,* 567n7; *The Castle,* 567n7; *The Metamorphosis and Other Stories,* 567n7; *The Trial,* 567n7
Kahler, Erich, 292n6; *The Tower and the Abyss,* 290, 291, 291n3
Kallen, Horace, 403n5; *Secularism is the Will of God,* 398n
Katyn massacre, 172, 173n2
Kauffer, E. McKnight, xvi, 101n, 101–3n1, 103nn2, 4, 394n1, 475n, 475–76, 476n1, 477nn2, 5; *The Art of the Poster,* 477n4; Eno's Fruit Salt poster, 476, 477n3
Kazan, Elia, 581
Keats, John, 13n1, 325, 329n20, 387; *Hyperion,* 197, 219n42; "Ode to a Nightingale," 525n28
Keeler, Christine, 543n1
Keeling, R W. M., 275n
Kennedy, Jacqueline, 572n, 572n1
Kennedy, John F., 572, 572n
Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, 572n, 572n1
Kenner, Hugh, 4, 10n10, 32; *The Invisible Poet,* 9n5, 423n1; *The Poetry of Ezra Pound,* 9n5; *The Pound Era,* 9n5; *Wyndham Lewis,* 34n7, 174n2
Ker, W. P., 236, 457; "Byron: An Oxford Lecture," 241n3, 471n13; *Collected Essays,* 471n13
Keynes, John Maynard, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace,* 97
Kierkegaard, Søren, 400, 403n9
Kindermann, Heinz, *Theatergeschichte Europas,* 159–60n1
King, Henry, 506; "The Exequy," 239–41, 242nn9–10, 525n21
Kipling, Caroline Starr Balestier, 309n6
Kipling, Rudyard, xviii, xx, 141, 141–42n1, 142n2, 150–51n13, 293–308, 308–9n1, 309n3, 311nn23–24, 317–21; "The Appeal," 321, 322n9; "At the End of the Passage," 304, 310n12; *Barrack-Room Ballads,* xxi, 301, 309n4, 317; "A British-Roman Song," 310–11n16; "The Broken Men," 302, 318; "The Brushwood Boy," 304, 310n12; *Captains Courageous,* 309n5; "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," 322n8; "Chanson Anglo-romaine," 306; "La Chanson de Sir Richard," 303; *A Choice of Kipling's Verse (Poèmes choisis et préfacés par T. S. Eliot),* 302, 310n9; *A Choice of Kipling's Verse / made by T. S. Eliot,* 310nn9, 14, 322n9; "City of Dreadful Night," 435n2; *Les Dieux des en-têtes de cahiers,* 306; *A Diversity of Creatures,* 310n14; "Les Fabulistes," 305; "The Fabulists 1914–1918," 310nn14–15, 320, 322n3; "Les Fils de Marthe," 304–5; "The Finest Story in the World," 304, 310n12; "France," 307–8, 311n21, 321, 322n3; "The Gods of the Copybook Headings," 91, 95n14, 311n17, 320; *Indian Tales,* 322n5; *The Jungle Book,* 305, 320; *Kim,* 303, 304, 305, 310n11; "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas," 142n3; *The Light that Failed,* 310n11; "The Love Song of Har Dyal," 302, 317; "The Man Who Was," 320, 322n7; "The Mark of the Beast," 304, 310n12; *The Naulahka,* 309n6; *Plain Tales from the Hills,* xxi, 301, 309n4, 317; "Le Rappel," 302–3; "The Recall," 309n8, 318–19; "Sir Richard's Song," 310n10, 319, 322n3; "The Sons of Martha," 310n13, 319, 322n3; "The Storm Cone," 311n22, 321, 322n3; "They," 304, 310n12; "To Be Filed for Reference," 322n5; "The Truce of the Bear," 320, 322n7; "The Wish House," 304, 310n12; *The Years Between,* 309n5, 322n5
Kipling Journal, 308–9n1
Kipling Society, 308–9n1, 317, 322n1
Kirk, Russell, 398n, 403n5; *The Conservative Mind,* 94n10; "Critical Conservatism: Babbitt, More, Santayana," 94n10
Kirkland School Association Trust, 413n1
Kirkwood, T. M., 53n
Kittredge, George Lyman, 473n34
Kleist, Henrich, 82n14
Knight, Dorothy E., 101n
Knight, Gilfred Norman, 563, 563n1
Knight, G. Wilson, 457, 463; *Myth and Miracle,* 471n15, 472n31; *The Wheel of Fire,* 471n15
Knight, W. F. Jackson, *Roman Vergil,* 253n5
Knights, L. C., 457, 471n15, 511, 517; *Explorations,* 509–10
Knopf, Alfred A., 21n4, 581
Kock, Paul de, 457
Koestler, Arthur, 284–85n1
Kolb, Albert, 227n8
Kolb, Philip, 571n4
Kolodney, William, 551n1
Komai, Taiko Hirabayashi Taku, 582
Kostetzky, Eaghor G., 380, 381nn1–2
Krook, Dorothea, *Three Traditions of Moral Thought,* 418n2

La Bruyère, Jean de, 74, 82n14
Lade, John, 220n53
La Fontaine, Jean de, 8; *Fables choisies,* 10n12, 273nn7, 9
Laforgue, Jules, 7, 155, 175, 251, 268, 274n17, 294, 302, 462, 465, 466, 472n27, 473n37
Lake Poets, 5
Lallans Makars, 435n3
Lamb, Charles, 13n1, 465, 524–25n11
Lambeth Conference (1931), 467
Lamont Memorial Lecture, Yale University, 390n5
Lampe, Geoffrey, 543n1
Landestheater Linz, 426
Landestheater Linz, 426n1
Landor, Walter Savage, 6
Lands Tribunal, 275n, 278n2, 371n1, 422n7
Lang, Cosmo, 438–39, 441n10
language, 52n8, 249–50, 411, 563, 563n1; classics of, 464; and Coleridge, 212; and Dante, 466; and drama, 267; of Dryden, 202, 207, 209, 210; and Heidegger, 18–19n6; and G. Herbert, xxii, 515, 517, 518; and S. Johnson, 187–88, 189, 190, 191, 194, 200, 202, 204, 207–9, 211, 212; and D. Jones, 44, 479; and Mallarmé, 561n7; and metaphysical poets, 510; and Milton, 9n8, 194; and Muir, 565; and New English Bible, 442n1, 445, 445n1, 447, 449, 449n1, 451, 451n1, 489, 530–35, 536n16, 537, 537n1, 539n3; originality of, 393; and poetic drama, 15–16, 17; and poetry, 71, 80, 210; and poetry *vs.* prose, 267; and Pound, 6, 37, 37n3; and Prayer Book, 538; preservation of, 214; and Seferis, 557–58; and W. Wordsworth, 207, 208, 223n79; written *vs.* spoken, 267
Lanman, Charles, 527n43
Larbaud, Valery, 148, 150n9, 493, 494n3
La Rochefoucauld, François, duc de, 74, 75, 82n14; *Les Maximes de La Rochefoucauld,* 337–38n8
La Scala, Milan, 541n1
Laski, Marghanita, 445n1
Lasky, Marvin J., 529n1
Laslett, Peter, 589, 593, 593–94n1
Latin language, 250, 252–53n2, 253n3, 377n7, 558n3
Latin literature, 7, 66
Latour, Bruno, *Examen de Valéry,* 273n2
Latour, Jean, 273n2
Lattimore, Richmond, 37n1
Laud, William, 116n4
Laughlin, James, 3, 9n2, 10n15
Laurie, John, 235n
Law, William, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life,* 200, 220n51
Lawrence, D. H., 387, 417n3, 418n2, 555, 570; *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* 327–28n11, 467, 473–74n41, 474n42; *Love Poems and Others,* 9n4; and J. M. Murry, 324, 325, 327–28n11, 328n17; and Pound, 4; *Sons and Lovers,* 327–28n11
Lawrence, Geoffrey, 275n
Lawrence, T. E., 492n1, 555
Lear, Edward, "The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo," 559–60, 561n6
Leavis, F. R., 457, 467, 471n16; "D. H. Lawrence & Professor Irving Babbitt," 473n41; *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist,* 474–75n41; *For Continuity,* 473n41; "Mr. Eliot and Lawrence," 474–75n41
Leblanc, Maurice, xiv, 422n1
Le Bossu, René, 206
Lecky, Thomas Phillip, 142n2
Lee, Sir Sidney, 142n2
Leeds Library, 340
Lehmann, John, 13n1, 432–33n5, 584
Lehrs, Ernst, *Man or Matter,* 69–70, 73, 81–82n8
Lenin, V. I., 36n3, 88
Leonardo da Vinci, 32, 223n86, 272
Lerner, Alan Jay, and Frederick Loewe, *My Fair Lady,* 157, 157n1, 157–58n2, 158n3, 160n3
Le Rougetel, Sir John Helier, 14n
Leverson, Ada, 487–88n1
Levet, Robert, 220n54
Levi, Peter, 496, 496n1
Levitas, S. M., 581
Levy, W. T., 35–36n2
Lévy-Bruhl, Lucien, 119, 120n5
Lewis, C. S., 97n2, 422n7
Lewis, Gladys Anne Hoskins (Fronna), 169, 170n16, 171n21
Lewis, Wyndham, xvi–xvii, 14n, 150–51n13, 163–64, 164n1, 165n9, 166–69, 169nn7–8, 170nn14–16, 171nn19, 21, 174n1, 176, 178–79, 328n14, 488n3, 570, 596; criticism of, 323; final years of, xvi, 171nn16, 21; first meeting with TSE, 164n2, 169n2, 177n4; military service of, 166, 170n9; Notting Hill flat of, xvi, 33n5, 171n21; as portraitist, 164n5; portraits of TSE, 428, 429n3; and Pound, 8; and S. Schiff, 488n3; and Schiffs, 487; Singer on, 177nn3, 6; and E. Sitwell, 428, 428n1, 429n2; tributes to, xvi–xvii; WORKS: *The*

Lewis, Wyndham (*continued*)
Apes of God, 32, 34n10, 163, 164n6, 165n7, 382, 428n1; *The Art of Being Ruled,* 163, 165–66n6; *Blasting and Bombardiering,* 163, 164nn2, 4, 165n8, 170n12, 177n4; *The Caliph's Design,* 163, 165n8; *The Childermass,* 29, 30, 31, 33nn1, 4, 8, 163, 165n7, 174, 382, 383; *The Demon of Progress in the Arts,* 163, 165n8; "Early London Environment," 164n4; "Engine-Flight Song," 384n1; "The Human Age," 33n1; *The Human Age,* 33n1, 383; "If So the Man You Are," 382, 384n1; *The Lion and the Fox,* 163, 165–66n6, 384n7; *Malign Fiesta,* 33n1, 163, 165n7; *Monstre Gai,* xvi, 29–33, 33nn1, 3–4, 11, 36n4, 163, 164n6, 165n7, 168, 169n1, 171n19, 174, 174nn2, 4, 327n3, 384n5; *One-Way Song,* 382–84, 384nn1, 6; "One-Way Song," 384n1; *Paleface,* 383, 384n5; *The Red Priest,* 168, 171n19; *The Revenge for Love,* 32, 34n10, 163, 164n6, 165n7, 168, 174, 383; *Rotting Hill,* 30, 33n5, 163, 165n8, 168, 171n19; "The Sea-Mists of the Winter," 170n17; *Self Condemned,* 30, 31, 33–34n4, 35, 36n4, 163, 168, 171n19, 174, 383; "The Song of the Militant Romance," 382, 384n1; *Tarr,* 31, 34n6, 163, 165n7, 166, 168, 169n5, 171n19, 174, 327n3, 482, 483, 484n3; *Time and Western Man,* 32, 34n10, 163, 164n6, 168, 170n18, 383; *Timon of Athens* drawings of, 163, 164n3, 166, 169n3; *The Wild Body,* 163, 165n8, 382, 383; *The Writer and the Absolute,* 30, 33–34n4, 163, 165–66n6, 168, 171n19, 383; *Wyndham Lewis: An Anthology of his Prose,* 170n17
Leyris, Pierre, 495n11
Library of Congress, Bollingen Prize Committee, 363n2
Liddell, Henry George, and Robert Scott, *Greek-English Lexicon,* 446n4
Lieberson, Goddard, 572n
Lilje, Johannes Ernst Richard, 80–81n1
Linder, Arrigo, and Luciano Foà (translators), *L'idea di una società cristiana,* 386n2
Lindsay, Maurice, 175n1, 434, 435nn3–4; *History of Scottish Literature,* 435n1; "John Davidson—*The Man Forbid*," 175n
Lindsey, Kenneth Lovell, 573, 575n4
Linstead, Hugh, 593
Listener, The, 168, 170n17, 229
Little, Eleanor, 576n7
Little, Leon Megaw, 377n10, 575n3, 575–76n5; "Eliot: A Reminiscence," 576n7
Liverpool Athenaeum, 340
Lloyds Bank, 166, 430, 555, 558n4, 570
Lloyds Bank Monthly, 337n2
Lodge, George Cabot, 406, 414n6
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 414n6
Lodge, Henry Cabot, Jr., 414n6
Logue, Christopher, 231, 232n1
London Burke Club, 337n4
London Clinic, xv, 81n1, 93n4, 101n
London Conservative Union, 93n1
London County Council, 171n21, 579
London Library, xiv, 275n, 275–78, 278n2, 340, 343n1, 370, 371n1, 393–94, 394n5, 420, 421, 422n7
London Magazine, The, 11–12, 13n1
London Underground, 103n2
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 406, 414n7
Lowell, Robert, 388
Lowes, John Livingston, *The Road to Xanadu,* xix, 57–58, 61n3, 125–26, 136n14, 414n4
Lucretius, 77, 250; *De rerum natura,* 78
Lundkvist, Artur, 113, 113n2; *Liv som gräs,* 113n1; *Twelve Modern Poets,* 113n1
Lürgen, Bernd, 426–27n1
Luther, Martin, 79; "The Babylonian Captivity of the Church," 111n10
Lutheran Church, 526n35
Lutherans, 400
Lyceum Club, 560, 561n8, 561–62n9

MacCarthy, Sir Desmond, 180, 182–83n3, 457, 466, 470n8, 473n39
MacDonald, Dwight, 413–14n1
MacDonald, Malcolm, 170n16
Machiavelli, Niccolò, 165–66n6, 470n8
Mackie, A. D., 435n3
MacKinnon, Donald M.: "Moral Objections," 543n2; *Objections to Christian Belief,* 542, 543n2, 544n4
MacLeish, Archibald, 21n4, 245n1, 581
Maclise, Daniel, 81n2
Macmillan, Harold, 547n1
Macmurray, John, 229, 230n4
MacNeice, Louis, 13n1, 548, 548nn1–2, 570; *The Burning Perch,* 548n3; *The Dark Tower,* 549n4; *Persons from Porlock,* 549n4; *Poems,* 548n3; *Prisoner's Progress,* 549n4
Maeterlinck, Maurice, *Pelléas et Mélisande,* 47, 51n2
Mairet, Philip, 81n2, 325; *John Middleton Murry,* 328n15
Maison des amis des livres, La, 494nn1, 4
Makars Club, 435n3
Malherbe, François, 8, 10n12, 274n16

Mallarmé, Stéphane, 7, 81n6, 153–54, 155, 268, 273n5, 274n17, 466, 560, 561n7
Malraux, André, 33–34n4, 492n1
Manchester, William, 593
Manet, Edouard, 47, 51n2
Mankiewicz, J. L., 414n10
Manley, George Thomas, 106; "Fundamentalism," 110n7
Mann, Thomas, 290; *Death in Venice,* 291n2
Mannheim, Karl, 119; *Diagnosis of our Time,* 120n4; *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction,* 120n4
Mansfield, Katherine, 324, 325, 326–27n1, 327nn2, 8, 328n17, 487, 488n3
Manwaring, Randle, 445, 445n1
Mare, Il, 24, 25nn1–2, 152n1
Margul-Sperber, Alfred: "Ödland," 150n10; *Weltstimmen: Nachdichtungen,* 150n10
Marino, Giambattista, 510, 526n30
Maritain, Jacques, 400, 403n9, 540n
Marivaux, Pierre de, 18n5
Marks, Leonard M., 572n1
Marlowe, Christopher, 462
Marsden, Dora, 482, 484n6
Marvell, Andrew, 237–38, 239, 243–44n2, 507, 510; "Clorinda and Damon," 238, 241–42n5; "Nymph and the Faun," 241–42n5
Marx, Groucho, xiii
Marx, Karl, 36n3, 88
Mary, Queen of Scots, 369n5
Mary Institute, 372–75, 376nn1, 3, 5, 377nn9, 12; *From Mary to You,* 376n2, 377n13
Masani, M. R., 582
Masefield, John, 583, 584, 591
Maske und Kothurn, 159–60n1, 160n2
Massine, Léonide, 478n1
Mass of the Presanctified, 512, 526n35
Masterman, J. C., 591
Mather, Kirtley F., 389nn1, 3
Matteotti, Giancarlo, 582
Maufe, Sir Edward, 314, 316n3
Maugham, W. Somerset, 584
Maurras, Charles, 90, 94n11, 177n6, 280n2, 461, 472n24
Maycock, Alan, 592n1
Mayhew, Christopher, 288, 288n1
Mayor, John E. B., 340, 343n2
McDiarmid (MacDiarmid), Hugh, 434, 435n3; "John Davidson: Influences and Influence," 435n1
McDougall, William, 109; *The Group Mind,* 111n13
McEachern, F., 291n4
McHardy, W. D., 535n2
McKechnie, James, 235n, 344n
McKittrick, Thomas H., Jr., 373, 377n8
McKnight, Joseph, 103nn4–6
McManus, William, 575n3
Medcalf, Stephen, 561n2
Mehta, Asoka, 582
Meinong, Alexius, *Über Annahmen,* 83n19
Melville, Andrew, 501, 524n8
men of letters, 67, 85, 86, 122, 134, 249, 393
Menuhin, Yehudi, 478n1
Mercure de France, xxi, 308–9n1, 495n11
Mercury Theatre, 171n21, 282n3
Meredith, George, 65, 141, 141–42n1; "Love in the Valley," 454, 455n2; *Poems,* 455n2; *The Poetical Works of George Meredith,* 455n2
Merton College, 473n33, 559, 561n2
metaphysical poets, xxi, xxii, 217n18, 235–41, 243–44n2, 510; discovery of, 464–65; and dissociation of sensibility, 463; and Donne, 507; and S. Johnson, 187, 189, 191, 215nn2, 5, 216–17n14, 510, 526n31
Methodist Church, 526n35
Meyers, Jeffrey, *The Enemy,* 384n2
Meyer-Sichting, Gerhard, *Der Turm (The Tower),* 552, 553nn2, 4
Middleton, Thomas, 223n86, 462
Mills, C. Wright: *The Power Elite,* 399, 403n4; *White Collar,* 399, 403n4
Milton, John, 202, 204, 218nn27–28, 326, 329n20, 463, 470n8, 473n39; *L'Allegro,* 408, 414n9; and Coleridge, 524n11; *Comus,* 199; and S. Johnson, 187, 189, 191, 194, 195, 213, 466; *Lycidas,* 189–90, 191, 215n5, 217nn15–16, 18, 408, 563n1; *Paradise Regained,* 198, 199; *Il Penseroso,* 408, 414n9; and Pound, 5, 9n7; *Samson Agonistes,* 198, 199, 219n47; teaching of, 60, 407, 408, 409
Milton Academy (Milton, MA), 390n7, 558n3, 573
Mirrlees, Emily Lina, and Margaret Rosalys Coker, *Wishful Cooking,* 27, 28nn2–3
Mirrlees, Hope, 14n, 28n2
Mississippi River, xiv, xv, 375, 389, 390nn7–8, 398
Mistral, Gabriela, 492n1
Mitford, Godolphin (Mirza Murad Ali Beg), 322n5
Mitford, Nancy, 291n1
Modern Age, The, 398n, 403n5
modernism, 10nn10, 16, 45n1, 52n7, 176n2
Molony, A. C. B., 592n1
monarchy, 178, 179n5, 459–60, 471n18

monasticism, 252–53n2
Moncrieff, C. K. Scott, 571n4
Monet, Claude, 47; *Impression, soleil levant,* 51n2
Monnier, Adrienne, 493, 494nn1–2, 4, 495n6
Monotti, Francesco, "Venivano a Rapallo / perchè vi si trovava Ezra Pound," 25n1
Monro, Harold, 423n1
Montaigne, Michel de, 329n20
Montale, Eugenio, 252, 557, 558n5; "Arsenio," 253–54n11; "Eliot and Ourselves," 253–54n11; *Ossi di seppia,* 253–54n11
Monteverdi, Angelo, 252n1
Moore, Henry, 314, 316n3
Moore, Marianne, xiii, 21nn2, 4, 127, 482, 483; *Poems,* 137n21, 484n3; *Selected Poems,* 137n21
Moore, Thomas Sturge, 561n8
Moot, The, 315n1
morality, 543n1; and Arnold, 213; and Babbitt, 93–94n7; and criticism, 468; and S. Johnson, 201, 205, 206, 209; and R. Kipling, 303, 304, 305, 306, 319–20; and D. H. Lawrence, 467
Moral Re-Armament movement (M.R.A.), 104–8, 109–10n1, 110n4, 402, 404n20
More, Paul Elmer, 89, 363n2, 459; *Shelburne Essays,* 457, 470nn6–7
Morgan, Charles, 584
Morgan, Frederick, 169n1
Morley, Frank, 21n3, 593n1
Morrell, Lady Ottoline, 324, 327n8, 360–61n3, 555, 559, 561, 561n5, 575n5
Morris, William, 195; *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems,* 219n35; "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," 219n35
Morrison, Herbert Stanley: *Government and Parliament,* 442n1; *Looking Ahead,* 442n1; *The Peaceful Revolution,* 442n1
Morrison, W. S., 311n18
Morrow, Joyce, 475n
Morse, Samuel French, 20, 21nn1, 3
Mortimer, Raymond, 561n2
Moseley, Harley, 23n1
Movimento Comunità, 386n1
Muggeridge, Malcolm, 494, 581; "Appointment with Sylvia Beach" (interview), 495n9
Muir, Edwin, xvi, 344n, 344–55, 356nn4, 8, 546n3, 566n6, 567n7; "After the Fall," 312–13n2; *An Autobiography,* 312n2, 344, 357n10, 566n3; Charles Eliot Norton Lectures (Harvard), 564; *Collected Poems, 1921–1951,* 312–13n2, 356n5, 357n10, 564, 565, 566n5; "The Decline of the Novel," 312n1; "The Desolations," 351, 356n9; *Essays on Literature and Society,* 312n1; *The Estate of Poetry,* 566n3; *First Poems,* 312–13n2, 356n6; "The Good Town," 348–50, 356n8; "Hölderin's Journey," 312–13n2; "The Horses," 345–47, 356nn6–7, 565; "I have been taught," 355; *Journeys and Places,* 566n2; *The Labyrinth,* 312, 312–13n2, 347; *Last Poems,* 356n9, 357nn11–12; "The Last War," 352–55, 357n11; "The Lord," 352, 357n10; *The Narrow Places,* 566n2; "The Natural Estate," 566n3; *One Foot in Eden,* 312, 312–13n2, 356n6, 357n10, 566n2; "The Political View of Literature," 312n1; *Selected Letters,* 357n10, 566n2; *Selected Poems,* 312–13n2, 356n7, 564–65; *Transition: Essays on Literature and Society,* 312n1; *Variations on a Theme,* 566n2; *The Voyage and Other Poems,* 566n2; *We Moderns,* 566n4
Muir, Willa, 344n, 356n4, 565, 566n5, 567n7
Mumford, Lewis, 581
Münnich, Ferenc, 584n1
Murray, Gilbert, 109, 441n16; *The Four Stages of Greek Religion,* 111n12
Murry, John Middleton, 121; and *Athenaeum,* 243–44n2, 327n7, 328n12, 329n19, 430, 431, 432–33n5, 461, 472n25, 559; T. S. Eliot's friendship with, 324, 328n12; and Huxley, 559; and inner voice, 135n3; and D. H. Lawrence, 324, 325, 327–28n11, 328n17; and Morrell, 327n8; and Schiffs, 487, 488n3; and P. Valéry, 328n13; WORKS: *The Betrayal of Christ by the Churches,* 327n6; *The Biography of Katherine Mansfield,* 326n1; *Cinnamon and Angelica,* 327n5; *The Conquest of Death,* 329n20; *D. H. Lawrence,* 328n17; *Discoveries,* 325; *The Free Society,* 327n6; *Fyodor Dostoevsky,* 328n17; *Heroes of Thought,* 329n20; *Jonathan Swift,* 329n20; *Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Studies,* 323–26, 327n2; *Keats and Shakespeare,* 328n17; *The Life of Jesus,* 327n6; "Mr. Joyce's 'Ulysses,'" 328n18; *The Mystery of Keats,* 328n17; *The Necessity of Communism,* 327n6; *The Necessity of Pacifism,* 327n6; *Poems: 1916–1920,* 327n5; *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence,* 328n17; *Son of Woman,* 328n17; *Still Life,* 327n5; *The Things We Are,* 327n5; *Wrap Me Up in my Aubusson Carpet,* 327n5
Murry, Mary Gamble, 328n15
music, 47, 145, 274n15. *See also* poetry: and music

Mynors, Sir Roger, 442n1
mysticism, xi, 510

Nagy, Imre, 588n2
Naoi, Takeo, 582
Narayan, Jayaprakash, 582
Narcissus, 272, 274n26
Nation, 470n6, 472n25
National Book Council, 441n11
National Book League, 21n1, 396n, 397, 397n2, 439, 441n11, 523n1
National Churches Trust, 144n1
National Reformer, 435n2
National Review, 403n5
Naumann, Hans, 151n15
Navire d'argent, Le, 493, 494n2
Nazis, 18–19n6, 23n3, 35n2, 145, 151nn14–15, 444n3
Net Book Agreement, 441n8
Neuberger, Richard L., 581
neue Rundschau, Die, 150n8
Neue Schweizer Rundschau, 150n8
New Age, The, 564, 566n4
New Criticism, 121, 124, 136n13, 138nn29–30
New Critics, xviii, 61n3
New Directions, *Ezra Pound at Seventy,* 152n1
New England, 388, 389
New English Weekly, The, 337n5, 566n4
New Freewoman, The, 482, 484n6
Newman, B., 91; *Edmund Burke,* 93–94n7
Newport, Sir Richard, 499
New Statesman, The, 565
Newton, Mrs. J. Eldred, *Symphony of Cooking,* 27n1, 28n3
New Writing, 13n1
Nicholson, Norman, "Notes on the Way," 280n2
Nicolson, Harold, 583
Nicolson, Marjorie Hope, 217n18
Niebuhr, Reinhold, 91, 106–7, 400, 403n9, 581; "Buchmanism under Scrutiny," 110n8; *Christian Ethics,* 94–95n12; *Moral Man and Immoral Society,* 94–95n12; *Reflections on the End of an Era,* 94–95n12
Nietzsche, Friedrich, 77, 83n20, 435–36n7; *The Gay Science,* 33n1; *The Will to Power,* 33n1
Nikāyas, 80, 84n24
Nineties Society, 559, 561n2
92nd Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association, 550, 551n1
Nisbet, Robert, 89; *The Quest for Community,* 94n10
Nobel Prize for Literature, xv, 419, 575n3
Norrington, Sir Arthur, 442n1
Norse mythology, 51n4
Nott, Kathleen, *The Emperor's Clothes,* 558n1
Nottingham Playhouse, 158n3
Nouvelle Revue française, La, 150n8, 493
Novalis, 82n14
Nuremberg Trials, 172, 172n1

objective correlative, xviii, 462, 463–64, 472n29
Ocampo, Victoria, 492, 492n2; *De Francesca a Beatrice,* 492n1
O'Casey, Sean: *Within the Gates,* 364, 364n1; *The Silver Tassie,* 364, 364n1
oecumenicity, 315, 420, 540
Oldham, Joseph H., 120n3, 314, 315n1, 315–16n2, 532, 536n12
Oliver, Frederick Scott, *The Endless Adventure,* 88, 94n9
Olivetti, Adriano, 385, 386n1
Olivier, Sir Laurence, 182n2, 228
Omega Workshop, 169n8
O'Neill, Edward H., 477n5
opera, 47–48, 159
Oppenheimer, J. Robert, 22, 22n1, 581
Orage, A. R., 564, 566n4
Order of Merit, xv, 141–42n1, 575n3
Oriya language and literature, 112, 233
Ortega y Gasset, José, 148, 150n9, 492n1; *The Revolt of the Masses,* 290, 291n4
Orwell, George, 33–34n4, 97n2, 309n3
Otway, Thomas, 193; *Venice Preserved,* 218n26
Overseas League, 93n1
Owen, Wilfred, "Strange Meeting," 554, 554n1
Owlett, Frederick Charles, 591n1
Oxford English Dictionary, 120n2
Oxford Group, 109–10n1
Oxford Picture Palace, 50, 52n9
Oxford University, 558n3
Oxford World Conference on Church, Community and State, 315n1

Packard, Vance, *The Status Seekers,* 399, 403n4
Pali, 527n43, 574
Pancoast, Henry Spackman, *An Introduction to English Literature,* 415n12
Papi, Giuseppe Ugo, 252n1
Paris, 493, 494–95n3
Paris Review, The, "The Art of Poetry I: T. S. Eliot," 415n13
Parkin, Benjamin Theaker, 547, 547n1
Pascal, Blaise, 458; *Pensées,* 470n6, 471n17

Pasolini dall'Onda, Desideria, 378, 379n1
Pater, Walter, 213, 223n74, 266; *The Renaissance,* 274n15
Paul the Apostle, 248n6
Peachy, Frederic, 37n1
Pearson, Norman Holmes, 4–5, 9n5
Pembroke, Earl of, 498
Pepys, Samuel, 307, 321
Percy, Eustace, 1st Baron Percy of Newcastle, *The Heresy of Democracy,* 35, 36n3
Peters, Harold, 574, 575–76n5
Petronius, 457, 470–71n11
Philip, André, 582
Phillipe, Charles-Louis, *Marie Donadieu,* 487–88n1
philosophy, 77–79, 80, 122, 154, 464, 527n43
Philotheus of Sinai, 75
photography, 49
Picard, Max, 478n1
Picasso, Pablo, 31, 478n1; *Les Saltimbanques,* 478
Piccioni, Leone, 416, 417nn1–2, 4
Pieper, Josef, *Über das Schweigen Goethes,* 82n16
Pike, Frank, 570n1
Pilgrim Trust, 579
Pilkington, Sir Harry, 593n1
Pilkington Report, 593, 593–94n1
Pindaric odes, 216n7
Piper, John, *Murray's Berkshire Architectural Guide,* 286n1
Pirandello, Luigi, 328n14
Pitman, Robert, 442, 442n1
Pitt, Christopher, 186, 216nn7, 9
Pizzetti, Ildebrando (translator), *Assassinio nella cattedrale,* 540, 541n1
Plato, 91, 464; *Dialogues,* 473n33
Plomer, William, 13n1
Plummer, Sir Leslie, 255, 255–56n1
Poe, Edgar Allan, 66, 81n6, 153–54, 155, 223n74, 406; "The Assignation," 239–40; *The Complete Poems and Stories of Edgar Allan Poe,* 476, 477n5; *Eureka,* 154, 155n3; "The Philosophy of Composition," 156n4, 270, 273n5; poetic theories of, 154; "The Raven," 154, 156n4, 270, 274n22; and P. Valéry, 263, 269, 274n19
poésie pure, la, 223n74, 274n17, 393, 394n4
poetic elements: imagery, xxii, 192, 195, 212, 515; metre, 565; rhyme, 189, 192, 194, 195, 197, 198, 203, 204, 253n8; versification, 188, 189, 191, 192, 193–94, 196
poetic forms: alexandrines, 192; allegory, 517; anthems, 200; blank verse, 193–97, 204, 219n42, 392, 435; conceit, xxii; couplets, 192, 195, 203, 392, 393; dramatic monologue, 197, 218n31, 219n42; epigrams, 52n11, 178, 179n4, 223n86; free verse, 265, 410; hymns, 200; iambic pentameter, 197; metaphor, xxii, 515; metre, 520, 522; *ottava rima,* 393; personification, 517; rhyme, 392, 522, 554n1; sequences, 200; sestina, 265; sonnet, 265, 392; *terza rima,* 251, 253n8, 360, 361n4, 472n28; *vers libre,* 274n13; villanelle, 265, 392
poetic rhythm, 175, 190, 191, 434, 462; and emotion, 15–16, 59; and G. Herbert, 519
poetry: and belief, xxi, 527n41; and Claudel, 43n3; and common style, xxi, 188, 208, 210, 214; contemporary, 406–7, 409–10, 411–12, 414n2; and dance, 266–67; discovery of, 60; and education, 117; eloquence in, 210; and emotion, 59–60, 368, 410, 472n30, 526n40; enjoyment of, 268, 405, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 513; form and content in, 79; and history, 413, 413–14n1; ideas in, 77; incantatory, 192; and language, 71, 80, 210; materials of, 57–58, 60, 61n3; meaning in, xix–xx, 59, 131, 268; and music, 16, 71, 79, 189, 190, 191, 197, 266, 267, 548; myth in, 93n5; and novelty, 392–93; and patriotism, 71; and philosophy, 77–79; and Pound, 4, 5, 6–7, 37; and prayer, xxi–xxii; and prose, 208, 266, 267; publication of, 545; and reason, 18–19n6; and religion, 206, 223n75; religious, 198, 199–200, 509, 510, 514; sound and sense in, 191–92; teaching of, 405–13, 413–14n1; understanding and enjoyment of, 60, 132–33, 134–35; Valéry on, 261–72; and wisdom, 76, 78, 80
Poetry (Chicago), 26, 26n1, 176, 177n5, 178, 413–14n1, 423, 423n1
poetry, and drama, 14–18, 42, 43n3, 101–2, 552; chorus in, 198–99, 364n1; and Claudel, 43n3; criticism of, 430–31; and Hofmannsthal, 543; and S. Johnson, 193, 197–99; and Pound, 7; and Yeats, 443, 444n4
Poetry Book Shop, 423n1
Poetry Book Society (PBS), 117, 117n1, 118n2, 545, 545–46n1, 546n3
Poetry Center, The (92nd Street Y), 550, 551n1
Poland, 23nn1–3
politics, 85–93, 214, 306, 320, 468
Pollaiuolo, Antonio del, 392; *The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian,* 394n2
Pomfret, John, 216nn8–9; *Choice,* 186
Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, 314n
Pope, Alexander, 210, 215n5, 393; *The Dunciad,* 216n10; "Eloisa," 211; "An Epistle from Mr. Pope, to Dr. Arbuthnot," 183n7; "Essay

on Criticism," 216n7; "Ethic Epistles," 211; and S. Johnson, 193, 201, 213; *The Rape of the Lock,* 211, 220–21n57; "Windsor Forest," 211
Pope, John C., "Prufrock and Raskolinov," 60n1
Porteous, N. W., 535n2
poster art, 101–2, 476
Postmaster-General, 255, 255–56n1
Pound, Ezra, xii, 9nn3, 6, 21n2, 150–51n13; and Aiken, 423, 423n1, 432n3, 559; anti-Semitism of, 99n2; and *Athenaeum,* 326, 329n19; birthday of, 24–25, 99, 152; and Bollingen Prize, 444n1; and *The Criterion,* 570; criticism of, 124, 323; and Dante, 358, 359; and Gourmont, 472n23; and Hulme, 176; Hyman on, 179n7; influence of, 461; and D. Jones, 479–80; and J. Joyce, 163, 164n4, 167, 170n13; and W. Lewis, 163, 164nn2, 4, 5, 166, 168, 169n2, 170n18, 177n4; and *Il Mare,* 25nn1–2; in Rapallo, 25n3; reputation of, 8–9n1; in Sant'Ambrogio di Zoagli, 25n3; Singer on, 177nn3, 6; and St. Elizabeths Hospital, xv, xvi, 8–9n1, 25nn1, 4, 99–100n2, 245, 245n1, 417n4; tributes to, xvi; and P. Valéry, 263, 264; and Weaver, 461, 482, 483, 484n4; WORKS: *ABC of Reading,* 10n11; "Alba," 234n2; "Alba from 'Langue d'Oc,'" 234n2; "Amitiés," 234n2; "Arnold Dolmetsch," 10n16; "A Ballad of the Mulberry Road," 234n2; "The Beautiful Toilet," 234n2; "Brancusi," 10n16; Canto I, 234n2; Canto XXXVIII, 234n2; Canto XLV, 381n1; Canto XLIX, 234n2; Canto LIII, 234n2; *Cantos,* 46n7, 380, 479; "Cino," 234n2; "Coda," 234n2; "Coitus," 234n2; "The Coming of War: Actaeon," 234n2; "Dance Figure," 234n2; "Dante," 360n3; *Dialogues of Fontenelle,* 484n4; "The Encounter," 234n2; "Epitaphs," 234n2; "Exile's Letter," 234n2; "The Garret," 234n2; *Guide to Kulchur,* 3; "Homage to Sextus Propertius," 484n4; "l'Homme Moyen Sensuel," 82n9; "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley," 10n11, 234n2; *Instigations,* 3, 9n6; "Ité," 234n2; "The Lake Isle," 234n2; *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907–1941,* 178; *The Literary Essays of Ezra Pound,* 3–8; "Il Maestro," 360n3; *Make It New,* 3; and "Make It New" (title), 10n10; "Meditatio," 234n2; "Mr. Williams' Position," 10n13; "Notes on Elizabethan Classicists," 9n7; "A Pact," 234n2; *Pavannes and Divisions,* 3, 9n6; *Pisan Cantos,* 363n2, 481n6; *Polite Essays,* 3; *Quia Pauper Amavi,* 484n4; "The Renaissance," 9n7; "The River Merchant's Wife," 234n2; "Salutation," 234n2; "Salvationists," 234n2; *Selected Poems,* 179n4, 233, 440n7; "Sestina: Altaforte," 52n12; "Song of the Bowmen of Shu," 234n2; *The Spirit of Romance,* 3, 7, 124, 136n11, 360n3; "Taking Leave of a Friend," 234n2; "The Tea Shop," 234n2; "Tenzone," 234n2; "Three Cantos," 484n4; "The Tomb at Akr Çaar," 234n2; "Vers Libre and Arnold Dolmetsch," 10n16; "Villanelle: The Psychological Hour," 234n2; "The White Stag," 234n2; *The Women of Trachis,* 37, 37n1
Pour le Mérite (order), 575n3
Prayer Book. *See* Book of Common Prayer
Praz, Mario, 252n1; "Chaucer and the Great Italian writers of the Trecento," 569n2; *Secentismo e marinismo in Inghilterra,* 526n30, 569, 569n2; "T. S. Eliot and Eugenio Montale," 253–54n11
Pre-Raphaelites, 82n10, 175
Presidential Medal of Freedom, xv, 572n1, 573, 575n3
Press, John, 292n6; *The Chequer'd Shade,* 290–91, 291n5; *The Fire and the Fountain,* 291n5
Priestley, J. B., 284–85n1, 584
Prior, Matthew, 204
Pritchard, Sir Fred, 395n6
Pritchard Commission, 394
Profumo, John, 542, 543n1
prose, 14, 15, 16, 32, 42–43n2, 125, 208, 261, 266, 267, 530–35
Protestantism, 305, 306, 401
Protestants, 399–401
Proust, Marcel, 487–88n1, 488n2, 570; *À la recherche du temps perdu,* 488n3; "The Death of Albertine," 488n3, 571n4
Provençal literature, 7
Pryce-Jones, Alan, 155n1, 356n4; "Anonymity Again," 243n1
Psalter, xiv, 420, 421, 422n7
psychology, 60, 122, 128, 134, 212, 213
Publishers' Association, 438, 441nn8–9, 454
Puritanism, 64, 399
Puritans, 501, 502
Purtscher, Alfons, 366n5

Quarles, Francis, 524–25n11
Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur T., 457; *Oxford Book of English Verse,* 471n12, 506
Quinn, Arthur Hobson, 477n5

Rabelais, François, 29; *The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel,* 33n2, 470–71n11
race, 66, 68, 70, 71, 72, 245, 249, 315, 407, 550
Racine, Jean, xvii, 50, 251, 458; *Athalie,* 198, 219n47
Radiguet, Raymond, *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel,* 487–88n1
Rago, Henry, 413n1
Raine, Kathleen, 565; *Defending Ancient Springs,* 566n6
Raising of Lazarus, The (Chichester Cathedral sculpture), 316n3
Rakoski, Matyas, 588n2
Raleigh, Walter, 187; *Johnson on Shakespeare,* 216n11
Ramsey, Michael, 106, 110n5; "A Religious Problem," 110n6
Rand, Edward Kennard, 250, 253n5; *Founders of the Middle Ages,* 253n4; *Ovid and his Influence,* 253n4
Ransom, John Crowe, 328n14
Rattray, Robert Fleming, 447, 447–48n2; "With Tagore in 1913," 447n1
Rau, Jack, 475n
Read, Herbert, 176n2, 328n14, 554n1; *A Coat of Many Colours,* 129, 138nn25, 27; *Wordsworth,* 138n25
Rebel Art Centre, 169–70n8
Reckitt, Maurice, *Maurice to Temple,* 119n1
Rees, Goronwy, 46n9
Regner, Otto Friedrich, 478n1
Reid, Hilda, 139n1
religion, 65, 80, 398–402, 418, 459, 527n43; and criticism, 214, 468; and Dawson, 94–95n12; and G. Herbert, 509–10, 514; and R. Kipling, 305; and poetry, 206, 223n75; in United States, 398–402. *See also* poetry: religious
Religious Drama Society, 420
Republican Party, 401
Restieaux, Cyril, 106; "Evangelism To-Day," 110n7
Reuther, Walter P., 581
Revista de Occidente, 150n8, 291n4
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 215n6
Rhondda, Lady Margaret, 92n, 279, 279–80n1
Richard of St. Victor, 286; *De gratia contemplationis (Benjamin major),* 286–87n2
Richards, I. A., 130, 136n10, 223n75, 457; *Practical Criticism,* 138nn29–30; *The Principles of Literary Criticism,* 121, 136n4, 138n29, 471n14
Richards, Sir Henry Erle, 440, 441n16
Richmond, Bruce Lyttelton, 432n4, 432–33n5; as aid to T. S. Eliot, 432n3; and J. M. Murry, 324; and *Times Literary Supplement,* xvi, 243–44n2, 286n2, 324, 325, 327n7, 430–32, 432n1, 461, 472n25
Ridler, Anne, 322n5, 442n1
Rilke, Rainer Maria, 76, 77, 78, 79; *Duineser Elegien,* 79, 83n18, 365n2, 366n3
Rimbaud, Arthur, 155
Roberts, B. J., 535n2
Roberts, William, 166, 169n8
Robertson, J. M., 463; *The Problems of Hamlet,* 472n30
Robinson, John A. T., *Honest to God,* 542, 543n1
Robinson, Robert, 579
Roman Catholic Church, 401, 402, 509, 526nn35, 39
Roman Catholicism, 78, 443, 444n5. *See also* Catholicism
Roman Catholics, 45, 479
Romanticism, xix, 64, 81n7, 176n2, 178, 382, 460, 461, 472n24
Rome, 249, 252
Roosevelt, Eleanor, 396n
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 265, 274n12, 415n15
Rossi-Lemeni, Nicola, 541n1
Rotarians, 232n2
Rothermere, Harold Sidney Harmsworth, Viscount, 150n7
Rothermere, Mary Lilian Share, Lady, 10n16, 147, 150n7, 487, 488n3, 570
Rowley, H. H., 535n2
Royal Academy of Arts, 391n, 394, 394n5
Royal Court Theatre, 230n1, 545–46n1
Royal Literary Fund, 155n1, 356n4, 365n2, 366n5
Royal Society of Arts, 101n
Rubinstein, Michael B., 474n42
Rudge, Olga, 25nn1, 3
Russell, Bertrand, 229, 230n4, 559, 563nn1–2, 583, 584, 584n1, 589
Rutland, John Manners, duke of, 91, 95n13
Rutter, Frank, 328n14
Rychner, Max, 147, 148, 149n2
Rychner, Max, and Walter Boehlich, *Freundesgabe für Ernst Robert Curtius,* 149n1

Sadleir, Michael, 437, 440n4
Sadler's Wells Theatre, 420
Saillet, Maurice, 494n4
Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, 456–57; *Causeries du lundi,* 457, 470n6; *Chateaubri-*

and et ses amis, 456; *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire sous l'Empire,* 470n6; *Port-Royal,* 326, 456, 470n6
Saintsbury, George, 457, 570; "Dullness," 470n10, 571n3; *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period,* 242n11
Salazar, Lorenzo, 360n1
Saltire Review, 175n1, 435n4
Sanesi, Roberto (translator), *The Cultivation of Christmas Trees (La coltura degli alberi di Natale),* 386n2
San Miniato, Italy, 379n1
Sanskrit, 527n43, 574
Sapiha, Illia, 381n1
Sappho, 134
Sara, E. W., 96, 96n1
Sartre, Jean-Paul, 33–34n4
Sassoon, Siegfried, 328n14, 554n1
satire, 34n10, 163, 164n6, 165n7, 168, 201, 219n45, 220–21n57, 382, 383, 384n6
Saturday Review of Literature, 397
Saul, Patrick, 580n1
Saunders, Helen, 166, 169n8
Sautoy, Peter du, 593–94n1
Saviotti, Gino, 25n2
Sayers, Dorothy, 314; *The Zeal of the House,* 316n3
Scabó, László, 584n1
Schiff, Sydney (Stephen Hudson), 164n4, 170nn14–15, 487, 487–88n1, 488nn2–3, 571n4
Schiff, Violet, xvi, 487, 487–88n1, 488nn2–4
Schiller, Friedrich, *Maria Stuart,* 369n5
Schlumberger, Jean, 493, 494n3
Scholastics, 77, 504
Schonfeld, Solomon, 485, 485n1
Schreyvogl, Friedrich, 40n1
science, 123, 212, 269–70, 272
Scientific Press, 437–38, 440n6
Scientific Societies Act of 1843, 275n
Scott, Sir Walter, 91, 95n13, 215n4
Scott-Moncrieff, Charles, 487, 488n3
Scrutiny, 471n15
sculpture, 266, 392
Sebastian, St., 394n2
secularism, 401, 402
Seferis, George, 252, 557–58, 558n5; "T. S. Eliot in Greece," 253–54n11; *ΓΙΩΡΓΟΣ ΣΕΦΕΡΗΣ. Θ. Σ. ΕΛΙΟΤ,* 558n2; *ΦΟΝΙΚΟ ΣΤΗΝ ΕΚΚΑΗΣΙΑ,* 558n2
Sélincourt, Basil de, 472n24
Sens, William, 316n3
Sewanee Review, 362n1
sexuality, 418, 474n42
Seymour, Gideon D., 135n1
Seymour, Rev. Lord Victor Alexander, 114, 116n2, 331
Shackleton, Sir Ernest Henry, 593
Shadwell, Thomas, 221n60
Shakespear, Dorothy, 245n1
Shakespeare, William, xxiii, 17, 47–48, 50, 82–83n17, 230n1, 341, 368, 471n15, 506; contemporaries of, 462, 466, 472n27; grave of, 490, 490n1, 491; as Great European, 67, 68, 69, 70, 80; importance of, 72; influence of, 251; and influence *vs.* imitation, 462; and S. Johnson, 187, 191, 197, 213; and W. Lewis, 165–66n6; and Muir, 566n3; private life of, 246; religious and mystical pattern in, 472n31; as representative, 70–72, 73–74; teaching of, 60, 407, 408, 409; and verse, 16; wisdom of, 76, 79–80; WORKS: *Antony and Cleopatra,* 30, 463; *Coriolanus,* 30, 463; *Hamlet,* 30, 67, 68, 225; *Julius Caesar,* 408, 415n11; *The Merchant of Venice,* 408, 415n11; "The Phoenix and the Turtle," 130, 138n32; *Romeo and Juliet,* 30, 48, 226; *Stratford Town Shakespeare,* 591, 591n1; *The Tempest,* 133, 138n34; *Timon of Athens,* 163, 164n3, 166, 169n3, 463; *Troilus and Cressida,* 30
Shakespeare & Company, 493, 494n1, 494–95n3, 495nn5–6, 495n9
Shakespeare Association, 227n4
Shakespeare Head Press, 591n1
Shapiro, Karl, 26, 26nn1–2
Sharett, Moshe, 582
Shaw, George Bernard, 15, 91, 142n2, 280nn2–3, 470n8; *Man and Superman,* 52n10; *Methusaleh,* 18nn3, 5; *Pygmalion,* 157, 157n1, 157–58n2, 158n3; stage directions of, 159, 160n3
Shaw, Martin, 364n1
Shaw Society, 157n2
Sheffield University, 343n
Sheffield University Library, 339–42, 343n1
Shelley, Mary, 138n35
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 13n1, 415n15, 459; "Adonais," 471n19; "To the Moon," 133, 138n35
Shenoy, B. R., 582
Sherek, Henry, 157n1, 160nn2–3
Shri Krishna, 106
Shuster, George N., 581
Sieghart, Paul, 183n8
Sieveking, Kurt, 227n8
Signet Society (Harvard), 574
Signet Society Medal, 419

Silone, Ignazio, 582, 587, 588n2
Simenon, Georges, xiv, 422n1
Simon, Sir John, 441n9
Simpson, C. A., 535n2
Singer, Burns, 176n1, 177nn4, 6, 179n1
Sitwell, Dame Edith, 164n5, 428, 429n2, 561n8; "Hazards of Sitting for my Portrait," 428n1
Sitwell, Osbert, 291n1
Skelton, John, 190, 217n17
Slánský, Rudolf, 551n1
Smith, George Charles Moore, 340, 343n2
Smith, James, 372, 376nn3–4
Smith, Janet Adam, 546n3
Smith, Margaret Chase, 581
Smith, Mary, 372, 376n3
Smith, Mary (TSE's great-great-aunt), 389–90n2
Smith, Persis G., 372, 376nn3–4
Smith Academy, xiv, 253n3, 372, 376nn1, 3, 376–77n6, 377n7, 390n7, 415n12, 558n3
Smythe, George, 91, 95n13
Snaith, N. H., 535n2
Snow, C. P., 291n1, 584
Soavi, Giorgio, 386n1
socialism, 91
Society of Authors, 157, 157–58n2, 158n3
Society of Industrial Artists, 101n
Society of the Friends of Little Gidding, 592n1
sociology, 60, 119, 120nn3–4, 134, 212, 213
Sophocles, 8; *Oedipus at Colonus,* 260n2; *Women of Trachis,* 37, 37n1
Sound Broadcasting Society (SBC) (Third Programme Defence Society), 180, 182, 182nn1–2, 8, 228, 230n1, 255, 257, 257–58n1, 288, 289n3, 589, 593n1; *Unsound Broadcasting: The Case against the BBC's New Policy,* 182n2
South Audley Street Public Library, 396n
Southern Club (Harvard), 574
Soviet Union, 23nn1–2, 173n2, 550, 582n1
Spears, Monroe K., 362n1
Spectrum, 164n1, 174n2
Spencer, Herbert, 119, 120n5
Spender, Stephen, 18–19n6, 97n2, 151n15, 455n1, 484n, 529n1, 548n2, 554n1, 570
Spenser, Edmund, 517
Spinoza, Baruch, 464; *Ethics,* 473n33
Staatstheater, Kassel, 367–69, 369n5
Stalin, Joseph, 172n1, 173n2
Statist, The, 337n1
Stead, W. F., 94n11
Steiner, Rudolf, 69, 81–82n8
Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle), 488n2
Stepney, George, 186, 216nn7, 9
Stevens, Wallace, xvi, 20; *Collected Poems,* 21n1; *Harmonium,* 21n2; *Opus Posthumous,* 21n3; *Selected Poems,* 21n3
Stevenson, Adlai, 284–85n1
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 379n1
Stickney, Joseph Trumbull, 406, 414n6
Stiftung F.V.S. (foundation), 226
St. Louis, Missouri, 388–89
St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, 27n1
St. Michael and All Angels' Church (East Coker), 390n8
Strachey, Lytton, 97n2, 150–51n13
Strahan, George, 220n51
Straus, Oscar, *The Chocolate Soldier,* 157n1, 160n3
Strauss, Richard, 443; *Die ägyptische Helena,* 444n2; *Arabella,* 444n2; *Ariadne auf Naxos,* 444n2; *Elektra,* 444n2; *Der Rosenkavalier,* 444n2
Stravinsky, Igor, xiii, 492n1
Strong and Company, 437
St. Stephen's Church, 114, 115–16n1, 116n3, 161, 162nn2–4, 419–20
Stuart drama, 463
Stylus (Harvard club), 574
Suhrkamp, Peter, 366n4
Sur: Revista mensual, 492, 492n1
Sutro, John, 140n2
Svensson, Georg, 113n2, 568n, 568, 568n1
Swift, Jonathan, 29, 326, 329n20; *Gulliver's Travels,* 33n2; *A Modest Proposal,* 220–21n57
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 142n2, 406, 415n15, 465
Sylvia Beach 1887–1962 (Mercure de France), 495n11
Symbolists, 7, 155n2, 223n74, 266, 394n4, 494–95n3
Symons, Arthur, 175, 487, 488
Symons, Delius, 487
Symons, Julian, 21n4
Szabó, Laszló, "Az Öreg Sas: T. S. Eliot Hetven Éves," 284–85n1

Tabori, Paul, 558n1
Tagore, Rabindranath, 447n1, 492n1
Takayanagi, Kenzo, 582
Tambimuttu and Richard March, *T. S. Eliot: A Symposium,* 253–54n11
Tardos, Tibor, 584, 584–85n1

Tate, Allen, xviii, 99n2, 135n1, 136n10, 328n14, 362, 362n1; "The Fallacy of Humanism," 363n2; "The Limits of Criticism," xix, 135n1; *The Mediterranean and Other Poems,* 363n2; "Postscript by the Guest Editor" ("Homage to T. S. Eliot"), 363n2; *Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas,* 363n2; *Selected Poems,* 363n2; *T. S. Eliot: The Man and his Work,* 363n2
Teachers College of Columbia University, 414n2
Teachers College Record, 414n2
television, 39, 40
Temple, Frédéric-Jacques, 555n1
Tennyson, Alfred, 64–65, 197, 282n2, 466, 506; "Hendecasyllabics," 559–60, 561n6; *Idylls of the King,* 406, 414n5; *In Memoriam,* 415n15; "Ulysses," 219n42
Tennyson, Sir Charles, 282, 282n2
Terry, Ellen, 51n1
theatre, 39–40, 47–51, 52n6
Thérèse de Lisieux, St., 365n2
Third Programme Defence Society. *See* Sound Broadcasting Society (SBC) (Third Programme Defence Society)
Thomas, D. Winton, 422n7
Thomas, Dylan, *Under Milk Wood,* 548, 549n4
Thomas, Norman, 581
Thomas More Association, 413n1
Thompson, H. Keith, 172n1
Thompson, Kenneth, 255–56n1
Thomson, James, 197; *The City of Dreadful Night,* 409, 415n15, 434, 435n2; *The City of Dreadful Night and Other Poems,* 435n2; *The Seasons,* 194–96, 204, 219n32
Thorp, Willard, 22n1
Thrale, Henry, 220n53
Thurbon, W. T., 592, 592n4
Thwaite, Anthony, 344n
Tibor Dery Committee of Paris, 587n1, 588n2
Tillich, Paul, 35–36n2, 400, 403n9, 543n1; *Systematic Theology,* 35, 35–36n2
Time and Tide, 279, 279–80n1
Times, The, 484n; "B.B.C. Hear Plea for 'Third' / Deputation Seeks Speedy Decision," 182n2; "Half-Rates Assessment Plan for Charities," 395n6; "Lament for the Third / Mourners at the Royal Court Theatre," 183–84n8; "Six Consecutive Hours for the 'Third' on Sundays," 183n8; "Special Duty of the B.B.C.," 183n6
Times Literary Supplement, The, xvi, 243, 243n1, 275, 324, 325, 430, 431, 432, 432nn1–3, 461, 533, 569
Tippett, Michael, 182n2, 228, 589
Tito, Josip Broz, 581, 582n1
Tolkien, J. R. R., 471n13
Toller, Ernst, 109; *Masse-Mensch,* 111n13
Tomlin, E. W. F., 383; *Wyndham Lewis,* 384n4
Tories, 86–87
totalitarianism, 36n3, 108, 120n3, 192
Tourneur, Cyril, 462
Townend, Sir Henry, 563n2
Townshend, Aurelian, 239; "Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Time," 235–36; *Poems and Masks,* 241n2
Toynbee, Philip, 529n1
tragedy, 168, 198, 266
Traherne, Thomas, 510
translation, 74, 112; and music, 71; and New English Bible, 442, 445, 447, 449, 485, 489, 530–35, 537n1, 539n3; and Seferis, 557–58
Trevelyan, G. M., 455n2
Trevelyan, Mary, 111n; "The Pope of Russell Square," 561n9
Trevor-Roper, Hugh, 243n1
Trilling, Diana, 581
Trinitarian Bible Society, 533, 536n14
Trinity Review, 21n1
Trustees of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, 143–44
Truth (journal), 337n1
Tudor drama, 463
Turgenev, Ivan, *Fathers and Sons,* 470n9
Turnell, Martin, 417n3
Tuve, Rosemond, *A Reading of George Herbert,* 512

Ukraïa i svit / Ukraine and the World, 380, 381nn1–2
Underhill, Evelyn, 286n2
Ungaretti, Giuseppe, 42n1, 416–17, 417n2; *Il taccuino del vecchio, con testimonianze di amici stranieri del poeta,* 417n1
Unitarianism, 398–99, 403n2
University of Reading, 215n3
University of Rome, 249
Unwin, Sir Stanley, 438, 441n8
Upanishads, 80
Urquhart, Sir Thomas, 457, 470–71n11
Utley, Thomas Edwin "Peter," 119n1

Valéry, François, 273n1
Valéry, Paul, xii, 81n6, 394n4, 421, 422n5, 468, 474n43, 493, 553n5; and Beach, 494n3; and Chaire de Poétique, 273n3; influence of, 155n2; and Mallarmé, 153, 268, 274n17; and J. M. Murry, 326; and Poe, 154, 155–56n3, 223n74; and prose, 261, 273n2; WORKS: "Adonis," 263, 273nn7, 9; *The Art of Poetry,* 261–72, 274n19, 444n1; *Cantate du Narcisse,* 274n26; *Le Cimetière marin,* 264, 270, 273nn8, 11; *La Crise de l'Esprit,* 328n13, 552–53; "Fragments du Narcisse," 274n26; *La Jeune Parque,* 264, 270, 273n8, 324–25, 328n13; "Narcisse parle," 274n26; "On Literary Technique," 268; "Poetry and Abstract Thought," 274n16; "A Poet's Notebook," 273n11; "Remarks on Poetry," 274n16
Vallon, Anne Caroline, 138n25
Vallon, Annette, 129, 138n25
Vatican II, 540n
Vaughan, Henry, 199, 239, 510, 515; "Death. A Dialogue," 236–37; *Silex Scintillans,* 241n4
Vauvenargues, 74, 82n14
Vega, Lope de, 553n3
Vichy government, 94n11
Victoria and Albert Museum, 101n, 394n1
Vidler, A. R., 544n4; "Historical Objections," 543n2
Vietta, Egon, 150n10
Viewers' and Listeners' Association, The, 593, 593n1
Villefosse, Louis de, 587, 588n2
Villon, François, 7, 136n11; *Le Testament,* 10n11
Virgil, 66, 225, 252; *Aeneid,* 250–51; *Eclogue 4,* 253n6
Virgil Society, 81n3, 420
Visiak, E. H., 591
Voice of Scotland, 435n3
Voltaire (François-Marie Arouet), 33n1, 341–42
Vorticism, 103n3, 163, 164n3, 169n4, 169–70n8

Wadsworth, Edward, 166; *Vorticists at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel,* 169n8
Wagner, Geoffrey, 178–79; *Wyndham Lewis,* 176n1, 177n6
Wagner, Richard, *Der Ring des Nibelungen,* 47, 51n4
Wagner-Régeny, Rudolf, *Prometheus,* 369n5
Wain, John, 384n6; *Interpretations,* 130, 138n31
Wall, Bernard, 416; *Headlong into Change,* 417n3
Waller, Edmund, 199, 219n48
Walsh, T. J., *A Tribute to Wilfred Owen,* 554n1
Walsh, William, 186, 216nn7, 9
Walton, Izaac, 523–24n5, 524n10; *The Complete Angler,* 526n39; *The Life of Mr. George Herbert,* 500, 502, 503, 523n2, 524n7
Ward, Leo, *The Condemnation of L'Action Française,* 94n11
Warde, Beatrice, 396n, 396, 397n2
Washington, George, 389–90n2
Washington University, xiv, 374, 376n1, 376–77n6, 377n11
Waterhouse, Marjorie V., 591
Watson, George, 243n1
Watts, Isaac, 199, 200; "Olney Hymns," 220n49
Waugh, Evelyn, 291n1; "The American Epoch in the Catholic Church," 403n14
Weaver, Harriet Shaw, xvi, 324, 327n9, 432n3, 461, 482–83, 484n1, 493–94
Weber, Max, 119
Webster, John, 462; *The Duchess of Malfi,* 230n1
Weil, Simone, 400, 403n9
Weitzman, Arthur J., 445, 445n1
Wellek, René, 471n16
Wells, H. G., 91, 297, 298, 305
Wesley, John and Charles, 220n51
West, Rebecca, 584
West Cornwall School for Girls, Penzance, 415n15
Westcott, Brooke Foss, and Fenton John Anthony Hort: *Revised Version* (of New Testament), 446n4; *Revised Version* (of Old Testament), 446n4
Weston, Jessie, 127; *From Ritual to Romance,* 137n22
Wheeler, Sir Charles, 391n, 394, 394n5
Whibley, Charles, 225, 241n3, 453, 457, 471n13; *Studies in Frankness,* 470–71n11
Whigs, 86–87
White, Eric Walter, 546n3
White, Victor, *God and the Unconscious,* 127–28, 138n23
Whitman, Walt, 406
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 406, 414n7
Wilbur, Richard, 21n4, 217n18, 413n1
Wilde, Oscar, 487–88n1; *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* 269, 274n20
Willey, Basil, 442n1
William of Wykeham, 52n11
Williams, A. T. P., 442n1, 537, 537n1
Williams, H. A., 543n1; "Psychological Objections," 542–43, 543n2, 544nn4–5
Williams, Orlo, 322n1

Williams, Ralph Vaughan, 182n2, 230n1, 579, 589
Williams, Sir William Emrys, 474n42
Williams, Vaughan, 228
Williams, William Carlos, 10n13, 21nn2, 4, 414n2
Williamson, Dennis, 21n3
Williamson, Henry, 327n2
William III, 216n7, 216n10
Wilson, Angus, 584
Wilson, Edmund, 136n10
Wilson, F. P., 591
Wilson, J. Dover, 490, 490n1, 491
Wimsatt, William K.: *Day of the Leopards,* 136n13; "Genesis: An Argument Resumed," 136n13; "The Intentional Fallacy," xix, 136n13; *The Verbal Icon,* 136n13
wisdom, 74–76, 79–80
Wolfe, Bertram D., 581
Wood, Edward, 343n1
Wood, Sir Howard Kingsley, 438, 441nn9–10
Woods, James H., 527n43
Woolf, Leonard, 137n20, 529n1
Woolf, Virginia, xiii, 34n10, 97n2, 137n20, 150–51n13, 164n5, 379n1, 390n5, 492n1, 555
Woolfe, Kurt, 273n1
Wordsworth, Dorothy, 60, 129, 138n27
Wordsworth, William, 93–94n7, 153, 185, 222–23n73; on art, 468; and emotion, 15, 18n1, 221n59; and Goethe, 67, 73; and S. Johnson, 207, 208; and *The London Magazine,* 13n1; Lucy poems, 60, 129, 138n27; *Lyrical Ballads,* 138n27, 221n59, 223n79; prefaces of, 6, 263; Preface to *Lyrical Ballads,* 207; Preface to *Lyrical Ballads,* 2nd edn., 18n1; *Prelude,* 197, 219n42; "Resolution and Independence," 138n27
World Conference of Churches, 422n2
World War I, 109–10n1, 148, 166, 308, 479, 480, 480n3
World War II, 144n1, 149n1, 214–15n1, 487–88n1
Wright, Bernard, 243n1
Wycombe Grammar School, 414n3
Wydenbruck-Purtscher, Nora, 365, 365nn1–2, 366n4, 444n1; *My Two Worlds,* 366n5; *Rilke: Man and Poet,* 366n3
Wykehamists, 50, 52n11

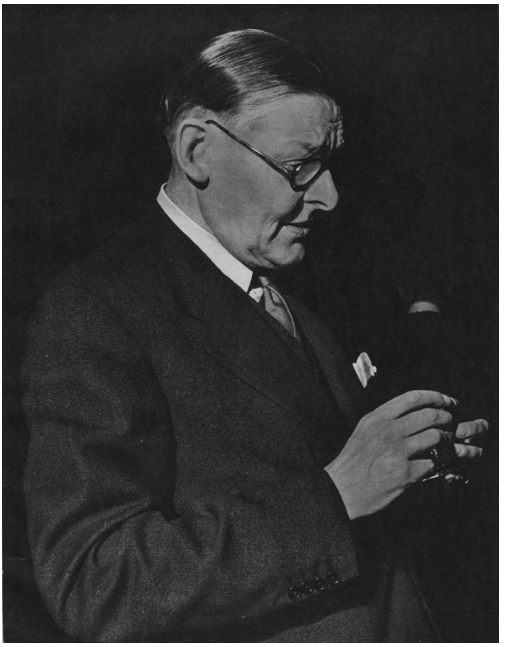
Yalden, Thomas, 186, 216n9; *Aeneid,* 216n7
Yeats, William Butler, 10n16, 43n3, 312, 313n3, 406, 410, 411, 443; "Among School Children," 130; *At the Hawks' Well,* 444n4; *Calvary,* 444n4; *The Dreaming of the Bones,* 444n4; *Four Plays for Dancers,* 443, 444n4; *The Only Jealousy of Emer,* 444n4; *Purgatory,* 443, 444n4; "Who Goes with Fergus," 356n2
Yorke, Dorothy (Arabella), 556n2
Young, Edward, 197; *Night Thoughts,* 194, 195–96, 218n31
Yugoslavia, 581

Zajdlerowa, Zoe, *The Dark Side of the Moon,* 23n3, 173n2
Zelk, Zoltán, 584, 584–85n1
Zen Buddhism, 123
zoetrope, 50, 52n7
Zoppi, Vittorio, 360n1

This page intentionally left blank

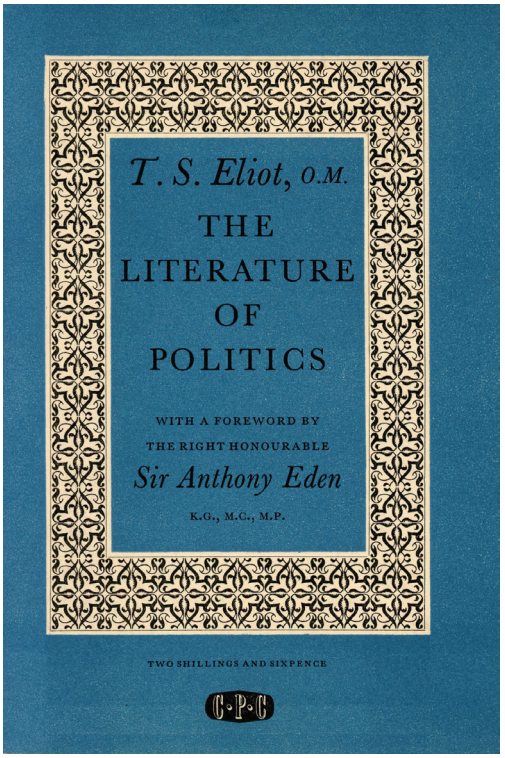
1. Eliot with Geoffrey and Enid Faber on holiday aboard ship in Cape Town, South Africa, photographed by Cape Argus *newspaper and printed on 1 Feb 1950; revisited by the threesome in Jan-Feb 1954 (8.14).*

2. Eliot in the Durban Municipal Art Gallery with Wyndham Lewis's 1938 oil on canvas portrait, photographed by The Natal Mercury, *Jan 1954 (8.14). After the Royal Academy rejected and the Trustees of the Tate refused the portrait, Lewis arranged for the Lefevre Gallery to sell it to Durban for £250. Eliot admired the portrait and wrote to Lewis on 21 Apr 1938 that he thought it "a very good portrait, and one by which I am quite willing that posterity should know me, if it takes an interest in me at all" (CL8 873). The photograph, courtesy of the Eliot Estate, was previously published in* The Letters of Wyndham Lewis*, ed. W. K. Rose (1963).*

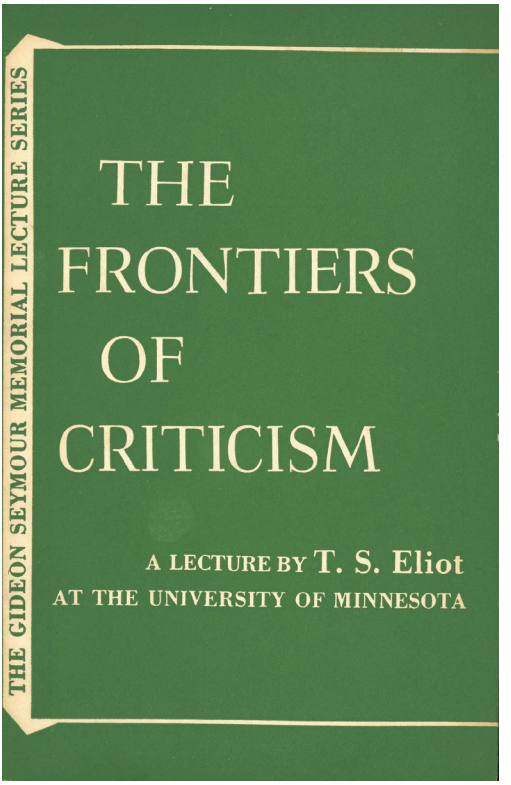


3. Eliot lecturing with a microphone, photographed by Tom Blau for The Sketch*, 30 June 1954.*

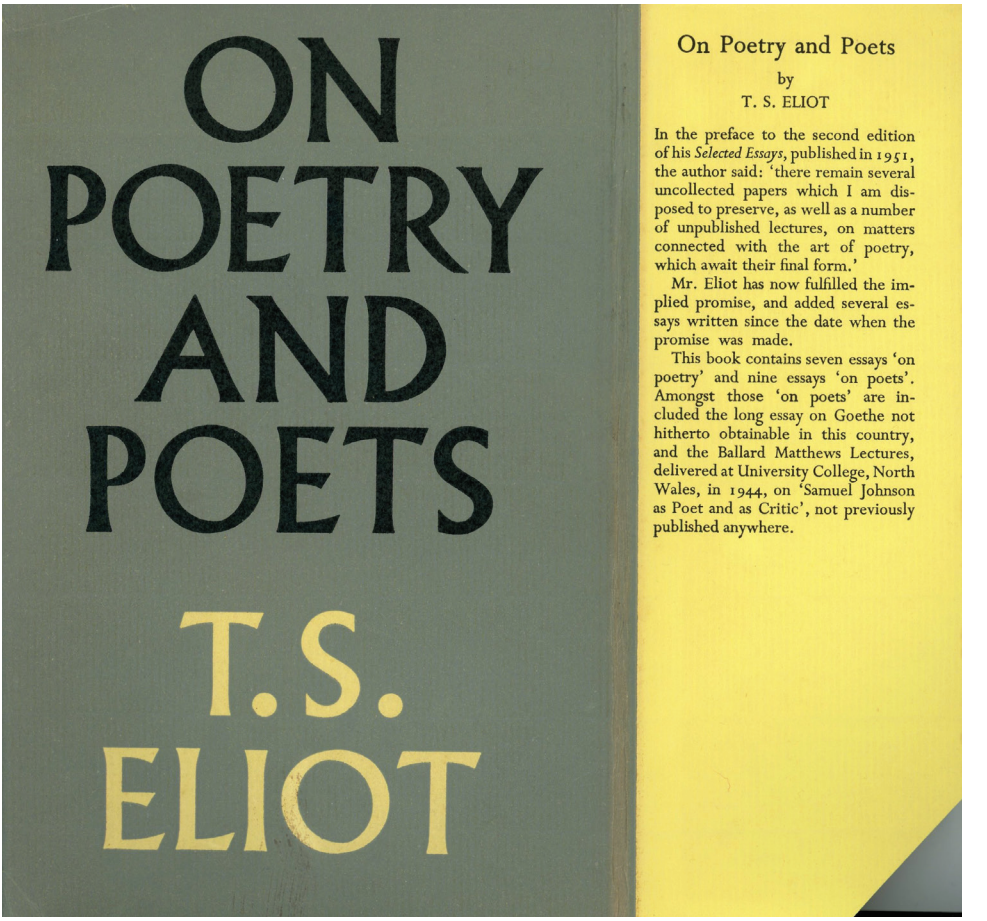
4. Eliot at a Harvard exhibition of his works, after a "most successful" reading on 29 May 1955 for the Harvard Advocate *reading series, "which made me feel like Frank Sinatra for a few minutes." Photograph by Charles McCormick of the* Daily Boston Globe. *Permission of the Houghton Library, Harvard University.*



5. Cover of The Literature of Politics, *first printing in paper wrappers, June 1955, after the lecture to the London Conservative Union, 19 Apr 1955 (8.85).*


THE GIDEON SEYMOUR MEMORIAL LECTURE SERIES
THE FRONTIERS OF CRITICISM
A LECTURE BY T. S. Eliot
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

6. Cover of The Frontiers of Criticism, *first printing in paper wrappers, Aug 1956, after the lecture before an audience of 13,523 in the Williams Arena, 30 Apr 1956 (8.121).*

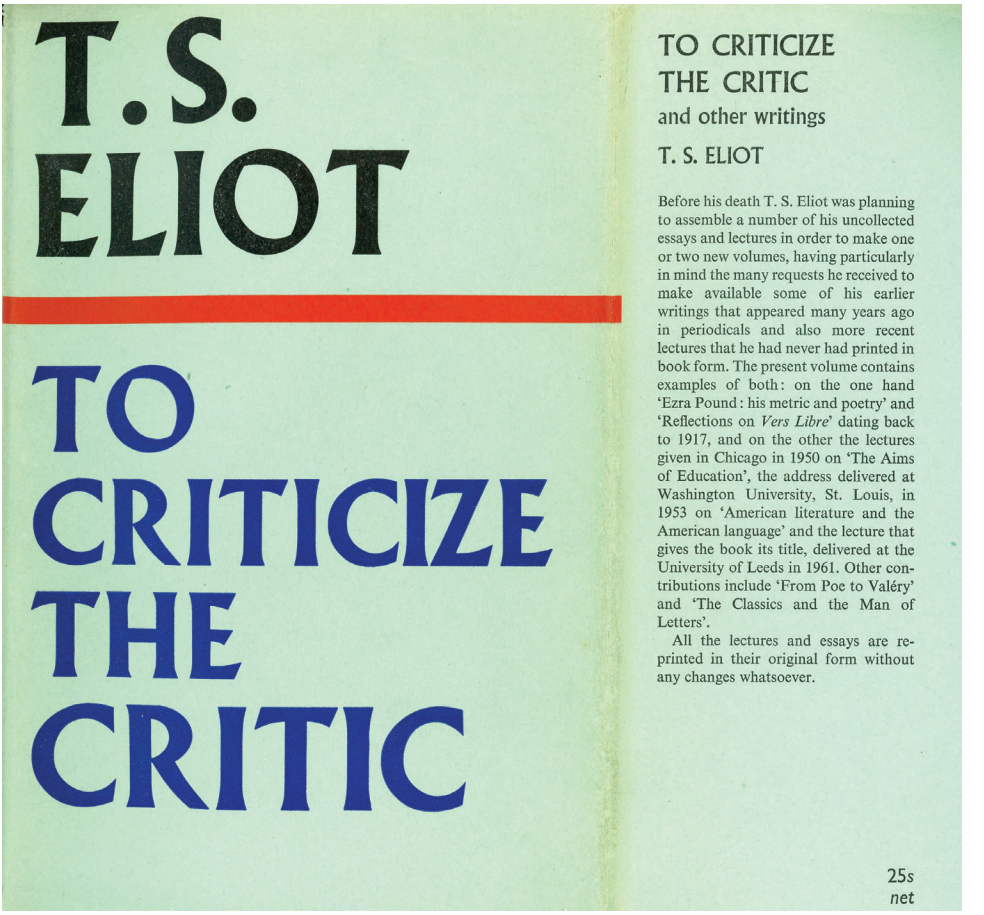

ON
POETRY
AND
POETS
T.S.
ELIOT
On Poetry and Poets
by
T. S. ELIOT
In the preface to the second edition of his *Selected Essays*, published in 1951, the author said: 'there remain several uncollected papers which I am disposed to preserve, as well as a number of unpublished lectures, on matters connected with the art of poetry, which await their final form.'
Mr. Eliot has now fulfilled the implied promise, and added several essays written since the date when the promise was made.
This book contains seven essays 'on poetry' and nine essays 'on poets'. Amongst those 'on poets' are included the long essay on Goethe not hitherto obtainable in this country, and the Ballard Matthews Lectures, delivered at University College, North Wales, in 1944, on 'Samuel Johnson as Poet and as Critic', not previously published anywhere.

7. Dust jacket for On Poetry and Poets, *with inside blurb flap extended; published by Faber and Faber in Sept 1957 (8.225).*

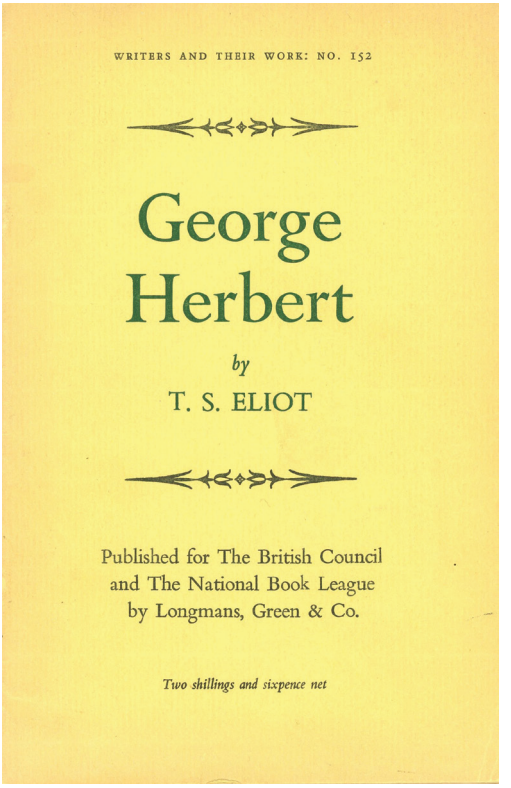
8. The Faber Board of Directors at their weekly Wednesday book meeting: Eliot, Morley Kennerley, Geoffrey Faber, W. I. Crawley, and Richard de la Mare (not shown). Courtesy of Faber and Faber (8.455).

9. Newlyweds in Leeds, 1957-58. © YE News Agency, Leeds. Courtesy of the Eliot Estate.

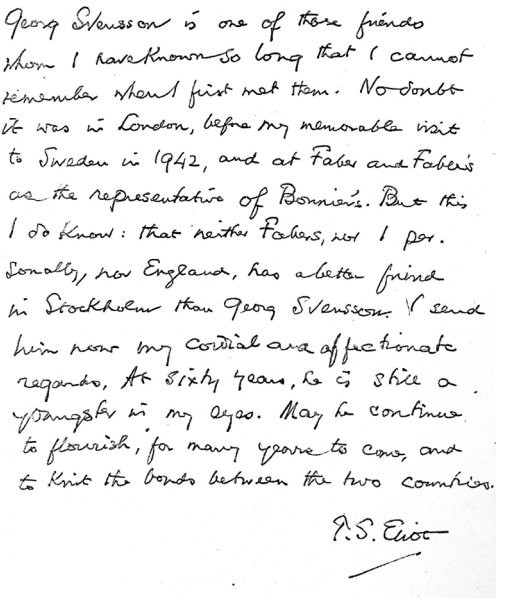
10. Eliot at home in Kensington Court Gardens before a cast of the Jacob Epstein bust, with friends gathered for his 70th birthday on 26 Sept 1958. Epstein was present and proposed the toast, moving Eliot to exclaim, "This is the happiest birthday I have ever known!" Courtesy of the Eliot Estate.


T.S.
ELIOT
TO
CRITICIZE
THE
CRITIC
TO CRITICIZE
THE CRITIC
and other writings
T. S. ELIOT
Before his death T. S. Eliot was planning to assemble a number of his uncollected essays and lectures in order to make one or two new volumes, having particularly in mind the many requests he received to make available some of his earlier writings that appeared many years ago in periodicals and also more recent lectures that he had never had printed in book form. The present volume contains examples of both: on the one hand 'Ezra Pound: his metric and poetry' and 'Reflections on *Vers Libre*' dating back to 1917, and on the other the lectures given in Chicago in 1950 on 'The Aims of Education', the address delivered at Washington University, St. Louis, in 1953 on 'American literature and the American language' and the lecture that gives the book its title, delivered at the University of Leeds in 1961. Other contributions include 'From Poe to Valéry' and 'The Classics and the Man of Letters'.
All the lectures and essays are reprinted in their original form without any changes whatsoever.
25s
net

11. Dust jacket for To Criticize the Critic and Other Writings, *with inside blurb flap extended. Eliot's final collection, it was published posthumously by Faber and Faber in Nov 1965. The title lecture, "To Criticize the Critic," was delivered at the University of Leeds, 1 July 1961 (8.456).*


WRITERS AND THEIR WORK: NO. 152
George Herbert
by
T. S. ELIOT
Published for The British Council
and The National Book League
by Longmans, Green & Co.
Two shillings and sixpence net

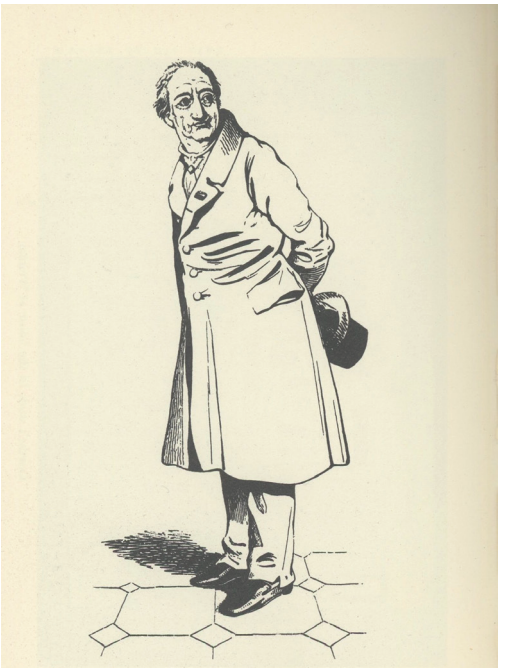
12. Cover of George Herbert *(1962), Eliot's last major essay, previously uncollected (8.498).*


Georg Svensson is one of those friends whom I have known so long that I cannot remember where I first met them. No doubt it was in London, before my memorable visit to Sweden in 1942, and at Faber and Faber's as the representative of Bonnier's. But this I do know: that neither Faber's, nor I per. sonally, nor England, has a better friend in Stockholm than Georg Svensson. I send him now my cordial and affectionate regards. At sixty years, he is still a youngster in my eyes. May he continue to flourish, for many years to come, and to knit the bonds between the two countries.

T. S. Eliot

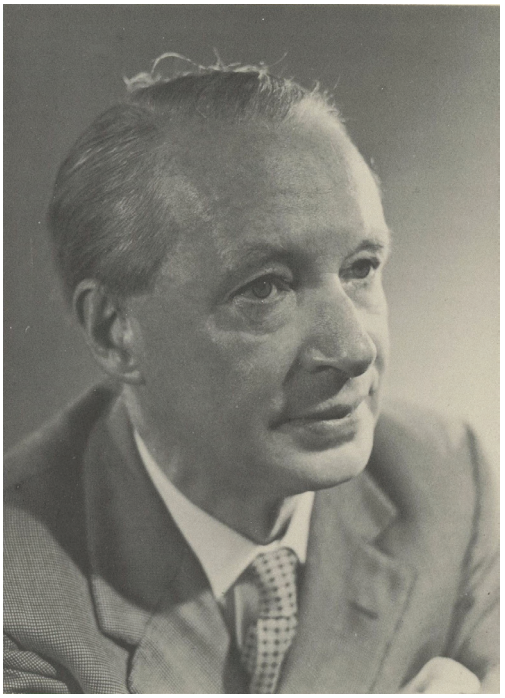
13. Holograph tribute to Georg Svensson, written for inclusion in a single bound collection of manuscript tributes for his 60th birthday (8.568).

14. The mantelpiece and photo wall in Eliot's Faber office, photographed by Stephen Moreton-Prichard on 5 Jan 1965, the day after Eliot's death; © Celia Moreton-Prichard. Top left, *Igor Stravinsky;* bottom, *Marianne Moore;* top center, *E. McKnight Kauffer in his New York office;* below, *drawing of Johann Goethe;* center right top, *Valerie Eliot;* further right top, *Djuna Barnes;* below, *Groucho Marx;* far right, top, *W. B. Yeats;* below, *Paul Valéry;* mantelpiece, left to right: *a text titled "The Apotheosis of Morgan / a tribute"; Bishop George Bell; a younger Djuna Barnes; Virginia Woolf;* far right, *a memorial photo of Ottoline Morrell is behind Reinhold Niebuhr (8.62).*

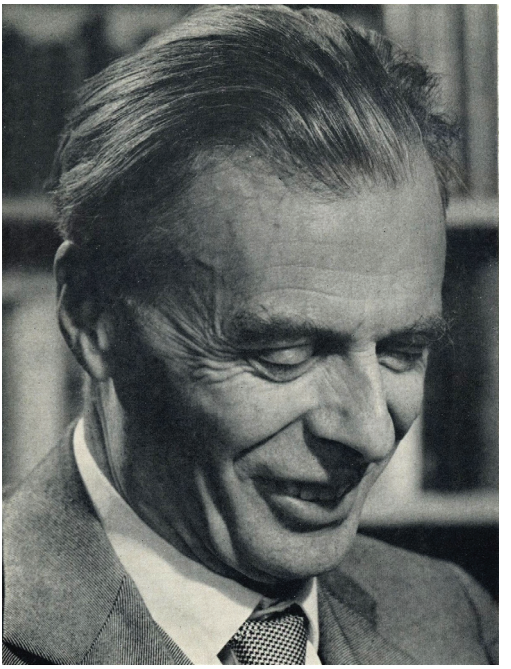


15. Johann Goethe, the 1832 lithograph above Eliot's office mantelpiece, by Daniel Maclise (1806-70), given to Eliot "some years ago" by Philip Mairet, who discovered the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum and had it photographed. "I shall be alluding to this portrait of Goethe in my speech in Hamburg," Eliot wrote to Mairet on 25 Apr 1955. "Do you happen to remember who the artist was and when the portrait was made?" For Eliot's detailed description, see the opening paragraph of "Goethe as the Sage" (8.62).

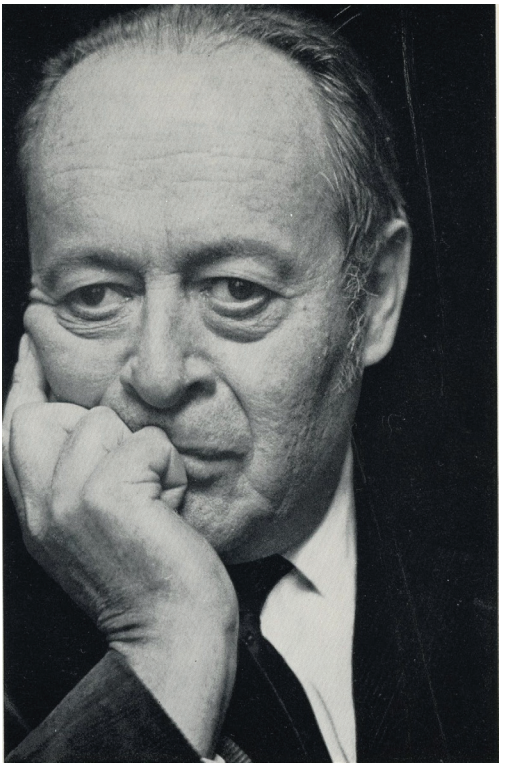
16. Eliot and E. McKnight Kauffer in New York, photographed by George Platt Lynes in front of a Kauffer design for American Airlines (8.101, 475).



17. Edwin Muir in 1955, probably while Norton Professor at Harvard, by an unknown photographer, used for the frontispiece of the American edition of Edwin Muir: Collected Poems, *with a preface by Eliot (1965) (8.564).*

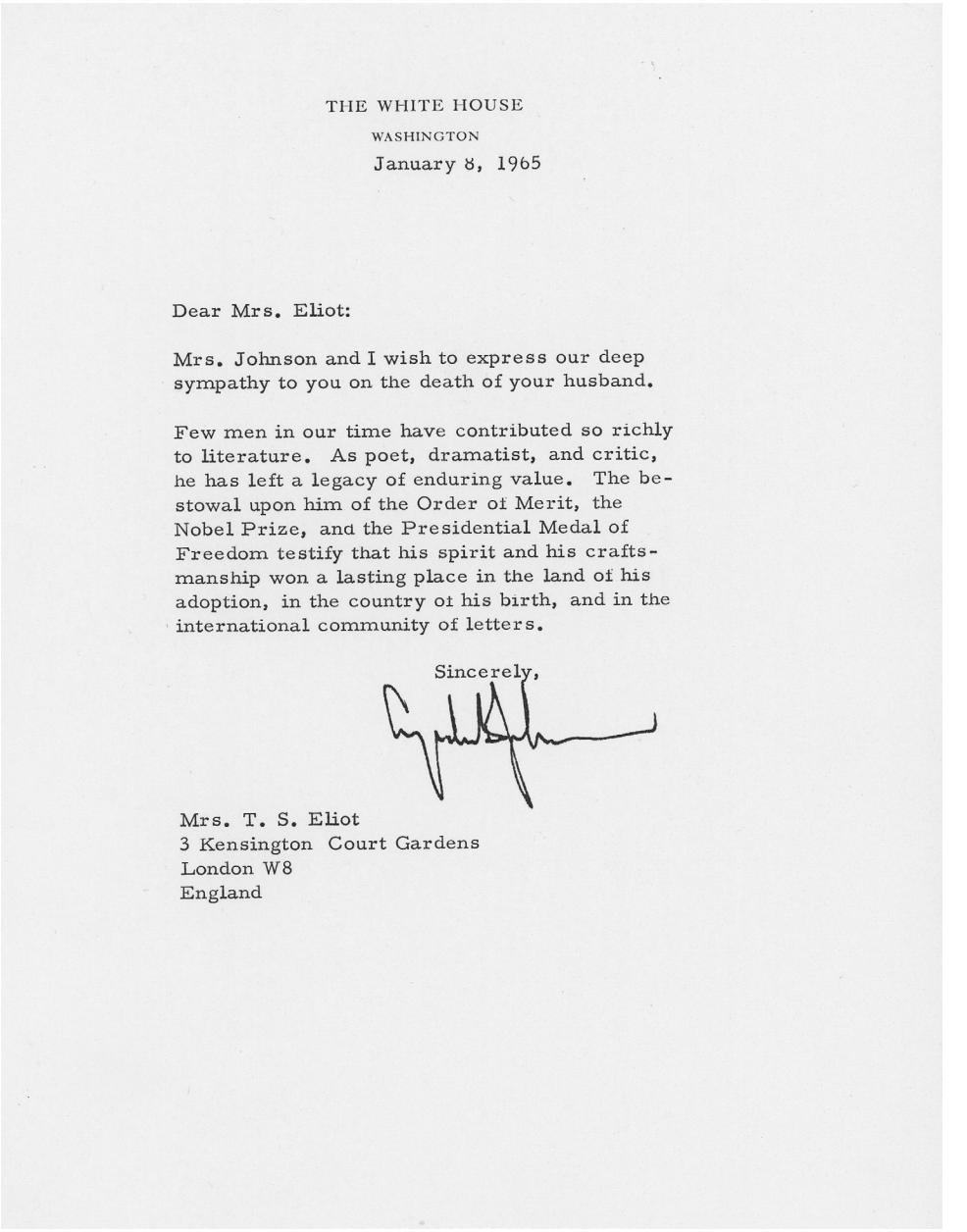


18. Aldous Huxley in 1958, photographed by W. Suschitzky; used for the frontispiece of Aldous Huxley 1894-1963, *ed. Julian Huxley (1965), with Eliot's memorial tribute (8.559).*



19. Mario Praz. Photographer unknown; used for the frontispiece of Friendship's Garland: Essays Presented to Mario Praz on his Seventieth Birthday, *with Eliot's tribute (8.569).*

20. Sylvia Beach, photographed by Gisèle Freund; used for the frontispiece of Sylvia Beach 1887-1962 *by Mercure de France (1963), with Eliot's memorial tribute (8.493).*



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
January 8, 1965

Dear Mrs. Eliot:

Mrs. Johnson and I wish to express our deep sympathy to you on the death of your husband.

Few men in our time have contributed so richly to literature. As poet, dramatist, and critic, he has left a legacy of enduring value. The bestowal upon him of the Order of Merit, the Nobel Prize, and the Presidential Medal of Freedom testify that his spirit and his craftsmanship won a lasting place in the land of his adoption, in the country of his birth, and in the international community of letters.

Sincerely,

Mrs. T. S. Eliot
3 Kensington Court Gardens
London W8
England

21. Letter of condolence from President and Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson. Courtesy of the Eliot Estate and the LBJ Presidential Library (8.xv).

22. Valerie Eliot, "keeper of the flame," from Eliot's death in 1965 to hers in 2012; photographed in Kensington Court Gardens by Nigel Parry in 1988. Courtesy of the Eliot Estate.